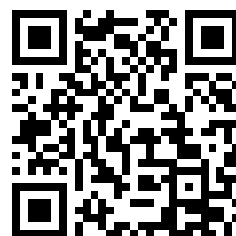


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# **Frederick Douglass**









In Memoriam

# Frederick Douglass

To live—that freedom, truth and life  
Might never know eclipse—  
To die, with woman's work and words  
Aglow upon his lips,—  
To face the foes of human kind  
Through years of wounds and scars,—  
It is enough ;—lead on—to find  
Thy place amid the stars."

—Mary Lowe Dickinson.

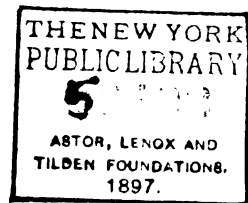
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# In Memoriam

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## Frederick Douglass

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"I have seen dark hours in my life, and I have seen the darkness gradually disappearing, and the light gradually increasing. One by one, I have seen obstacles removed, errors corrected, prejudices softened, proscriptions relinquished, and my people advancing in all the elements that make up the sum of general welfare. I remember that God reigns in eternity, and that, whatever delays, disappointments and discouragements may come, truth, justice, liberty and humanity will prevail."

Extract from address of Mr. Douglass, December 7, 1890.



## PREFACE.

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This simple Memorial Volume tells its own story. It is a record of the spontaneous expression of grief and surprise evoked by the unexpected death of Frederick Douglass. The news of this event startled the country as the ear is startled by the sudden crash when some monarch of the forest suddenly falls to the ground.

These expressions of feeling are a solemn chord from living hearts suddenly swept by the invisible hand. They are instantaneous pictures of the impression which the powerful personality of Mr. Douglass had made upon the human mind, and a sincere tribute to him whose unparalleled life was only possible to, and the outward expression of, a soul upborne by a purpose born of God, and which, pursuing its pathway among the eternal spaces, passed suddenly and swiftly beyond mortal sight.

This unpretending volume is a record of the world's impulse to honor him who so honored humanity, and of whom it can be truly said that "no event had power to disturb his heart; that the pulse of his inner life remained fresh as long as life endured."





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**Obsequies**  
**at**  
**Washington, D. C.**

(15)





## FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

*Died February 20, 1895, Aet. 78.*

The world does not need to be told who Frederick Douglass was, or why he lived. So long had he stood as a synonym for human enfranchisement, so thoroughly had he been identified with the effort for its achievement, that to speak his name was to give an epitome of the anti-slavery struggle in the United States. He was a tower of strength to those whose cause he espoused. He was honored by the virtuous and feared by the mean and wicked. He was without fear and without reproach. Keenly alive to the advantages of wealth and position, their temptations, nevertheless, fled from before his singleness of purpose. His was a living consecration, and he endured unto the end.

At his home, Cedar Hill, Anacostia, D. C., at the close of day, Tuesday, February 20, 1895, suddenly and peacefully, Frederick Douglass entered into his eternal rest. The day had been spent in attendance at the Triennial Session of the Women's Council, then being held in Washington, and upon his return home, while cheerfully recounting the incidents of the day, the strong, sweet Angel of Death drew him gently within the veil, and he was with God.

The winter, though spent mostly at home, had been one of ceaseless activity. On the evening of February 1, Mr. Douglass lectured at West Chester, Pa., when, "toward the close, he laid aside his manuscript and spoke extemporaneously and with his old-time fire." The evening but one before his death he had spoken at a meeting in Washington, called to consider the subject of restoring the right

of suffrage to the citizens of the District, and, a few moments after his death, a friend called to convey him to a neighboring church where he was to address the people. But the voice that, for more than fifty years, had sounded like a tocsin through the land; that had never been heard in advocacy of any doubtful measure; but had declared that in any compromise it is always the right that is compromised, had that day made its last public utterance, which was for the removal of the final barrier to perfect and absolute human freedom, and was already stilled in death. When another day dawned, two hemispheres were saying, "Frederick Douglass is dead!"

Telegrams and letters and visits of condolence and sympathy did their utmost to express the feeling of personal and public bereavement, a bereavement that fell with crushing weight upon the race for whose deliverance and advancement Frederick Douglass spent his life, with a devotion that never faltered, a zeal that never lessened, and a patience and persistency that never wearied; a race for which, turning his back upon all the possibilities that a life in England opened to a mind as sensitive and as aspiring as his, he could say to those who not only urged this, but would see that he and his family were established in competence, "I go back, turning away from comfort and ease and respectability, which I might maintain here. I go back for the sake of my brethren. I go back to suffer with them, to toil with them for that emancipation which is yet to be achieved by the power of truth over the basest selfishness. I could not remain here at peace with the consciousness that there are three millions of my fellow creatures groaning beneath the iron rod of the worst despotism that could be devised, even in hell!"

This fidelity and the spotless integrity of his soul were his to the last. Now, all this was over. The cruel limitations of his life; the scorn, the ignominy and the

contumely and the misapprehension, and the insolence of attempted patronage, often by those upon whom the world smiled, but who could never hope to reach up to his level; from these and all the thousand stings of ingratitude, his soul was free.

Each day, from early morning till late evening, a mournful procession climbed the hillside to look upon the face of the dead, and each turned away feeling that it was his or her dead lying there.

The world knows the heroic figure of Frederick Douglass. His noble and picturesque head was the ambition of artists, and his mobility of expression their despair. Now, when the sensitive features no longer responded to the soul's quick emotion, the fundamental quality of strength came powerfully forth, that reverent, fearless strength, which was a dominant characteristic, and which, in life, flashed out in rebuke of meanness and wrong. It was the highest possible embodiment of the awful majesty of death! The immense torso, the majestic head and the noble dignity of expression, spoke, not of time, but of eternity; the eternity of the past as well as of that to come.

United to heroic size was a remarkable perfection of form. To nothing was the lifeless body so like as to a huge Egyptian monolith. It wore the same calm, dignified, inscrutable expression; the was, and is, and is to be. From it flashed into the soul of the beholder a sudden comprehension, and a voice within the soul said, Now understandest thou old Egypt? An artist standing by, said, "I cannot conceive of Mr. Douglass as dead! He does not speak, but it does not seem to be because he cannot! He seems to be silent for reasons of his own!"

On the morning of Monday, February 25, after a brief service at the house, the body of Mr. Douglass, reposing in a plain but massive oak casket, was removed to the Metropolitan A. M. E. Church in Washington, where

it lay in state until the hour of the funeral at two o'clock in the afternoon of that day. To the colored people of the District the event was one of peculiar sadness. The day was generally observed by them. They closed their public schools and their places of business, and ceased their pursuits and thronged to the church to do honor to the dead—their dead. Early in the morning the throng began to assemble at the church. "As the hours passed the gathering swelled until it reached down M street to Fifteenth, and down that thoroughfare past L street. The front of the church was massed with men, women and children, the throng extending to the westward, even past Sixteenth street. It was estimated that 25,000 persons were gathered in the streets." A few minutes before ten o'clock a plain hearse drove slowly through the waiting concourse to the church doors, where it was met by the trustees of the church, an honorary guard of honor furnished by the General Russell A. Alger Camp, No. 25, Sons of Veterans, division of Maryland, in the fatigue uniform of the United States Cavalry, the detail in charge of Captain Judd Malvin; Past Captain John P. Turner, Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton S. Smith, Sergeant Willis A. Madden and Sergeant Woodson of the Tenth United States Cavalry.

The heavy oaken casket was carried to the dais of the main auditorium of the great church, and members of the guard of honor were detailed to stand at the head and foot of the casket, while others stood at the entrance and exit doors. No attempt had been made to decorate the church. Save a single draping of black about the pillar lights at the pulpit, not a sign of mourning was to be seen. Then through the church steadily poured the procession of sad-faced people. "Some would have stood and shed their tears upon the casket, had time allowed such demonstration of grief. It was a wonderfully impressive throng of people. There were white-haired old men, who had known Mr.

Douglass from the time when the struggle for race liberty began in this country. Fathers and mothers lifted little children to see the face of their champion. Men and women wept, and upon all there was the look of genuine sorrow for the death of a generous benefactor. Here and there in the long, persistent stream of humanity, came one bearing a flower, a fern leaf or a bouquet, which was silently laid upon the casket. Thousands upon thousands thus looked for the last time on the face of Frederick Douglass, greatest of their race in this age." Among the many beautiful floral designs with which the pulpit was banked, was a large wreath of ferns and violets from Mr. Douglass' associates on the Board of Trustees of the Institution of Colored Youth, with the inscription, "Farewell to Frederick Douglass," bearing the signatures of his co-laborers, Rev. Rush R. Shippen, S. A. Bond, Henry M. Baker, Henry P. Montgomery, J. O. Wilson, Dr. Caroline B. Winslow, Emily J. Brigham and Mary J. Stroud; tributes from the pupils of the colored High School; from the various colored schools of the city; from the pupils of Wilson School, Meridian Hill, and from individuals and personal friends. From the Women's Council came a beautiful tribute significantly composed of laurel and palm. The Government of Haiti sent its testimonial, a magnificent victor wreath of roses, orchids, lilies of the valley and violets, within which were woven the leaves of a rare East Indian palm and the national colors in broad red and blue ribbons upon which were engraved in silver, "*République d'Hâiti Temoignage d'Estime et de Regrets.*"

The funeral procession, as it entered the church, was led by Rev. Dr. Jenifer, pastor of the church, reading the litany. The reserved seats were occupied by the family and friends, by the honorary pall-bearers and delegations from New York, Baltimore, Norfolk and Annapolis. Upon the platform were Rev. Dr. Jenifer, pastor, and Rev.

Dr. John W. Beckett, former pastor of the church ; Bishop J. W. Hood, D. D., of the A. M. E. Zion Church ; Bishop A. W. Wayman, of Baltimore, Md. ; Dr. J. E. Rankin, D. D., President of Howard University ; Rev. Dr. Alexander Crummell, D. D., of St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Washington ; Rev. Hugh T. Stevenson, of the First Baptist Church, Anacostia, D. C. ; Miss Susan B. Anthony, President of the National Woman Suffrage Association ; Rev. Anna H. Shaw, M. D., Vice-President of the National Woman Suffrage Association ; Mrs. May Wright Sewall, President of the National Council of Women of the United States ; Mr. John Hutchinson, of Lynn, Mass. ; Monsieur T. Nicolas, Secretary of the Haitien Legation ; Hon. E. W. Durham, ex-United States Minister to Haiti ; Rev. J. C. Embry, of Philadelphia ; Rev. L. J. Coppin, D. D., of Philadelphia, and Hon. C. H. J. Taylor, of Washington, D. C.

Rev. John W. Beckett, D. D., read the opening hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," which was impressively sung by the choir of the church. The Rev. Alexander Crummell, D. D., then offered the following prayer :

We bow down before Thy throne, O God, our Father, with reverence and humility ; with praise and thanksgiving ; with submissiveness. Thou art the great Ruler of the universe ; and we but feeble creatures of the earth ! Deep and marvelous are Thy ways, O Lord, and we cannot always understand them ; and when death enters our circles, we are staggered, not seldom, at Thy providences, and overcome with Thy dealings with the sons of men. "Thou turnest man to destruction ; and again Thou sayest, Come again, thou children of men !" "How unsearchable are Thy judgments, O Lord, and Thy ways past finding out !" "Clouds and darkness are round about Thee," and we cannot understand Thee ; for "Thy righteousness is like the great mountains, and Thy judgments are as the great deep."

But nothing, O Lord, can obscure Thy marvelous goodness to the sons of men. "Thy mercy reachest unto the heavens, and Thy faithfulness unto the clouds." Thou art God ; and so we know that Thou art the Good. We cannot fathom Thy mystery ; but we know Thy graciousness, and we acknowledge Thy great loving kindness.

How wonderful art Thou, O God, in Thy gifts to the sons of men ! How lavish the outpourings of Thy favors to the creatures of Thy

make! How especially do we see Thy bountifulness in the gift, in heaven and on earth, of both angels and men, for the glory of Thy name and the good of Thy creatures!

We bless Thy holy name for the mission, to the societies of men, of patriots and prophets; of apostles and martyrs; of noble Confessors and devoted Reformers; who, all along the lines of history, served their generation, and glorified God.

On this day of sorrow and sadness, and amid the gloom of death, we recognize the light of Thy goodness and the glory of Thy beneficence, in the life and labors, in the zeal and bravery, of the great man whom Thou hast removed from the duties of life and from the bosom of his family. We bless Thy holy name for the strong desires for letters and culture which marked his boyhood! We praise Thee for the currents of his youthful ambition for superiority! We thank Thee for the earnest aspirations of his early manhood for elevation! We glorify Thee for the hungering and thirsting of his soul for freedom!

All these were the gift of God to his manly being! Thou didst put these qualities into his living soul. They were Thine! All the things of good come from Thee! Thou art the fountain of all human excellence; and "of Thine own do we give unto Thee."

We praise Thee, too, O Lord, for the higher gifts of Thy favor to Thy servant:—for the gleams of burning poetry! For the flights of lofty imagination! For the thrilling threads of sensibility! For the strength and dignity of noble speech! For the majesty of subduing eloquence!

We bless Thee, above all, for that constant apprehension of truth which swayed the soul of Thy servant. We thank Thee for the moral elevation of his persistent life; for his devotion to the cause of man; for his self-consecration to the work of freedom and the emancipation of the slave; for his resolute maintenance of the right; for his resistance to the audacity of slavery; for his defiance of the pagan caste-spirit of our sinful country! We thank Thee, O God, our Father, for the gift of this great preacher and prophet of Justice and Freedom!

And now, O Lord, Thou hast removed him from the bosom of his family and the society of his friends! May this instance of mortality serve its proper teaching to us all! May none of us forget that death is our nearest neighbor; that, in a moment, in "the twinkling of an eye," we may be called to the realities of eternity. Give us grace so to live that life may be a constant preparation for Thy presence, and for eternal blessedness, through Jesus Christ our Lord!

Soften, we beseech Thee, the icy touch of death, upon the tender hearts of wife and children and kinsfolk! Calm their sensibilities, under this great bereavement! Open all our eyes upon the grand realities which reach beyond the grave!

And so come to us all, O Lord, with the teachings of duty; of high resolve for the service of man; with the spirit of self-sacrifice; with



the purpose of heroic adherence to truth; with glad and unselfish devotedness to Thee, our Saviour and our God!

Lift up our hearts, O Lord our God, to Thee, with gratitude for the gift of a noble man! Fill our souls with the passion of imitation for excellence and life-long zeal for humanity. AMEN.

Bishop J. W. Hood, D.D., of the A. M. E. Zion Church, Washington, then read the following selection of Scripture :

PSALM XC.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our days as a tale that is told.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is Thy wrath.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

After an anthem by the choir the pastor, Rev. J. T. Jenifer, paid the following tribute to the memory of Mr. Douglass, taking for his text :

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"—2 Sam. iii. 38. "And I heard a voice from heaven saying, Write, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, from henceforth ; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors : and their works do follow them."—Rev. xiv. 13. He said :

Thursday last the peoples of five continents and the islands read with regret the sad intelligence: "Frederick Douglass is dead."

To-day the world unites in sympathy with us who sorrow for our great loss by this death. We mourn the taking away of him who was our eminent and beloved leader and most illustrious example of our possibilities as a people, Frederick Douglass, a representative ever faithful to his people, their champion, wise counsellor and fearless defender. Such a life as his is itself an oration, and this gathering an echo.

No man can give the people Frederick Douglass' funeral discourse; he has delivered that himself by his life and labors. He is in fifty years of his country's eventful history. Seventy-eight years he was passing through the most thrilling epochs of his people's experiences in this, their land of conflicts and sufferings.

Our text tells us of "a great man" that had fallen in the national struggles in Israel. All parts of history are tributaries to the one vast whole, as rivers that go into the ocean help to make a whole. It was the leading spirits among the Egyptian, Assyrian, Grecian, Hebrew and Roman peoples that made them so potent factors in the world's advance in civilization. Each of these peoples at its appointed time came into its place as a part of this vast whole of history. The Hebrews have been large tributaries to the tide of the world's advancement; Moses, David, Abner and their kind evidenced their people's possibilities in leadership.

When this Republic entered as a tributary to the current of events George Washington, pre-eminent among his followers, led them. The Afro-Americans becoming potent factors in American history, Frederick Douglass has been the pre-eminent leader of them. But let us not forget that the courses of each and all the tributaries that run in to make the gulf stream of human history are guided by the Almighty God, whose hidden hand directs the main current in its onward flow to the betterment and broadest happiness of mankind.

Our text says that Abner was "a great man." Men show themselves to be great as they evidence their abilities in overcoming difficulties in

the achievements that benefit mankind. Where in history do we find a more eminent example of this than Frederick Douglass?

What an inspiring example of possibilities the life of Frederick Douglass has set before young men. A hungry slave boy in crocus trousers, tussling with the dog "Tip" for a crust of bread. The sign-boards are made his alphabet; from this he advances to the devourer of the contents of books, the coiner of great thoughts, the orator, the writer, lecturer, editor, author, the foreign traveler, the consort and counsellor with great men and great women; he is Commissioner of the District of Columbia, the United States Marshal, the Recorder of Deeds, the Foreign Diplomat, and then the Haitien Commissioner at the World's Columbian Exposition. Standing second to none in courage and abilities among Garrison, Sumner, Phillips, Ward, Payne, Rock and other brave and pure men and women in the anti-slavery conflict, how full his life! How completely rounded out! How interwoven in the warp and woof of American history!

When any of the great questions involving his country's interest or his people's welfare had been spoken upon or written about, then what Douglass had to say was eagerly looked for, because he always said something that gave an old subject a new setting and threw upon a trite question a new light.

His comprehensive scrutiny and logical expressions in brief and best English compelled the discerning mind, though prejudiced, to say: "We never saw it in that light before." Hence in written matter, or platform oratory, or in companionship, Frederick Douglass was never an occasional man; but ever graded, ever apt and ready, never disappointing those who heard him. Coming into his presence, his simple unassuming manner impressed you with the greatness of his character.

His tenderness of heart, love of little children and of young people, high regard for women, with that broad sympathy for human sufferings, everywhere marked the trend of his great soul. "He regarded man as man and all men brothers." How befitting, therefore, it was for such a man to die on such an occasion, discussing with delight such a subject! One whose life devoted, as Mr. Douglass' has been, in conflict for manhood freedom, on what occasion and from what place more appropriate for such a soul to take its flight from labor to reward than from an assembly of the women of the world, who are striving for larger liberty, higher development of their sex in the interest of wife, mother, daughter, sister and the home.

A great deal has been said and written about Mr. Douglass' religious convictions and of Frederick Douglass as a churchman. What I shall say briefly upon this subject will be what I have been told by Mr. Douglass himself.

I first met Mr. Douglass at the home of my father in New Bedford, Mass., in 1862, since which time I have known him well. The *Washington Post*, Thursday, February 21, said: "Freedom to Mr. Douglass

meant not only freedom of the person. He believed in and was a brilliant champion for the vast liberty of the soul." But let no young man or person in skepticism and love of sin by this fact be deceived and be led astray from light and from truth, following Mr. Douglass' example. Reflect that the liberty of soul which Mr. Douglass sought was not license, but spiritual liberty in a broader sense than he conceived it to be in the American Church. Frederick Douglass was a converted man. I heard him, last summer, tell the Methodist Conference, to which he was invited by Bishop Hurst, that "I remember the time when I bowed at the altar in a little Methodist Church that I now own, on Fell's Point, Baltimore; then and there I caught a stream of light and I have followed that light ever since."

Mr. Douglass broke with the American Church, and with American Christian dogma, when he saw it made to sanction, and defend the enslavement and bondage of a brother, with its horrible consequences. It was then that he had advanced beyond his country, and its church, to where Christ to him was larger than Creed, and his Christianity transcended his Churchianity. And from this point Mr. Douglass never retrograded, but he never ceased to reverence the God of humanity, as he saw God.

In this terrific soul conflict, Mr. Douglass told me that he for a time blundered into bewilderment, but God sent him deliverance. Last fall at the office of his son Lewis he explained this conflict to me in a conversation on religion. The crisis was reached when the Fugitive Slave Bill became a law. The national domain became the enslavers' hunting ground, and any citizen liable to be made a slave catcher. He was then editor of the *North Star* at Rochester, N. Y.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, coming to the city, called upon Mr. Douglass and inquired, "Mr. Douglass, how are you?"

"I am all broken up; done with your church, your Christianity, and your hypocrisy. You have given your country over to slavery, and to slave catchers, and your church sanctions it, as authorized by the Bible."

Mr. Douglass said: "Mr. Beecher sat down upon the head of a keg taking as his text, 'Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!'—Rev. xix. 6. Upon this," he said, "Mr. Beecher for half an hour went into history, into science, reason and into Scripture truths, with other facts as only Mr. Beecher could. When I arose," said Mr. Douglass, "I arose a changed and delivered man. Now," said he, "I am in the trade winds of the Almighty."

Mr. Douglass has several times within a few months expressed to me the joy he experienced in God and in spiritual life. He was a constant worshiper here when weather and health permitted. He always called this his church and took deep interest in its welfare and in the affairs of the connection. He several times after listening to the sermon in the morning hour has grasped the minister's hand saying, "I have

been greatly instructed, edified and inspired this morning." Several times he told me how his soul had been thrilled by Dr. J. W. Beckett, when singing:

"Jesus my Saviour, to Bethlehem, came,  
Born in a manger to sorrow and shame;  
Oh it was wonderful! How can it be?  
Seeking for me, for me."

Death has ended the career of the long and useful life of this great, good and unique man. We can't say of him as of Abner, that he has fallen, but that he has risen, in that to a greater extent, by his death, his true merits and character will be emulated. The hearts of the people will be cemented in closer bonds of sympathy for that, and for those for whom he so ably labored.

Douglass, the Success, the Student, Worker, Philanthropist, Patriot and Leader was given us by God, and the Lord has taken him.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

On his return from the National Council of Women last Wednesday, February 20, the chariot of God met Mr. Douglass in the hallway of his home, when without a struggle, while in conversation with his beloved wife, the two alone, the spirit passed into the better land, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

On Wednesday, February 20, there was caused a great commotion in the Spirit World. There it was announced, "Frederick Douglass has come." There gathered about him among others, Peter Landy, William Lloyd Garrison, William Wilberforce, Daniel O'Connell, Owen Lovejoy, Garrett Smith, William C. Nell, Samuel R. Ward, John Brown, Lewis Hayden, Henry Highland Garnett, William Wells Brown, Charles Sumner, Abraham Lincoln, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, John A. Andrews, Daniel A. Payne, with many heroes prominent in the anti-slavery conflict.

Garrison and Brown inquired, "Well, Frederick, how is it in the world from which you just came? What are the results of freedom for which we all struggled?" Douglass replied, "The victory has been achieved; slaves freed and enfranchised, and made citizens. They have schools, colleges, and great churches. Two millions of children in school, and sixty thousand teachers instructing them. They have their own press, paper and periodicals. They have able men and women in every trade, calling and profession. They have accumulated since freedom \$200,000,000, and my people are advancing along every line and are rising generally."

The angels heard the tidings, took down their harps, and sang, "Alleluia, Alleluia, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

He leaves two sons, a daughter, grandchildren and a wife to mourn his loss. He leaves a race in grief, the world of mankind in respect

and in regret, but heaven and earth will unite in saying, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Father, brother, leader, farewell! Dear family, wife, sons, daughter, grandchildren and relations, we commend you to the God of all grace, in this your deepest sorrows. Be you assured that you will never cease to have the deepest sympathy and profound respect of a grateful humanity for whom your great head gave his life and best efforts.

The Rev. Hugh T. Stevenson, pastor of the Baptist Church of Anacostia, D. C., followed Pastor Jenifer, and tendered these words in memory of Mr. Douglass:

You will pardon me if I can not find words to express the feelings of my soul, for my heart beats in sympathy with yours at the realization of the sad fact that Frederick Douglass has gone. I shall never forget the scene that greeted me last Wednesday night, when I climbed Cedar Hill and beheld the noble form of the great man who had just fallen asleep. I could hardly realize that he was gone. Yes, he is gone. He heard his Master's voice calling him home to His mansion in the skies. His soul, that loved freedom, hastened to respond, and suddenly took its journey to the palace of his King, rejoicing as it burst the chains that bound him, for at last he was free. The price that Jesus paid had ransomed him, and with the imprint of his Saviour stamped upon his soul he entered the gates of paradise.

We shall never see another like him. His life has passed into the world's history, which amid its records of men has none like that of the man whose encasked form lies before us. For as Emerson says, "God once in a hundred years or so creates a great man, and then breaks that mould forever." Frederick Douglass was one of God's great men. Gifted with elements that would have made him a master in any walk of life, his work developed in him three prominent characteristics: breadth of sympathy, dauntless courage, and oratorical power.

Frederick Douglass was a prince among the orators of the world. He swayed men by the power of his eloquence. He moved them from their positions by the tide of his convictions. The eloquent tongue is silent. The great heart, which was the source of his power, has ceased its labor. The heart which beat in sympathy with all mankind, which felt for the oppressed not only of his own, but of every race and clime, which throbbed as never did a heart before in human breast for freedom, shall never beat again. The great soul, which with undaunted courage has faced death time and time again, in his struggles for freedom, justice and equity, has met death with the same courage in the hour of peace, leaving the smile of the conqueror behind upon his lips. "Oh death! where is thy sting? Oh grave! where is thy victory?" Let us give thanks unto God for the victory given through our Lord Jesus Christ.

I shall leave it to others to paint the record of the heroic life which Frederick Douglass gave to the world. If I should paint it, I would take it from your hearts—but then, how poor would be the picture! Yet, you must tell the story; you who have been side by side with him in his conflicts on behalf of his people, you who have followed the leadership of this warrior of civil and religious liberty, amid the strife of agitation, the battling of the sword, and the conquests of peace; you who have received the word of cheer, the encouragement of hope, and the gift of love in your efforts to advance another round on the ladder of life, tell the world—you owe it to us—of his consecrated and concentrated life as the apostle to humanity.

You who have associated with him in the public arena of life, and have seen his love of justice, and heard his demands for "fair play" and honesty, as he toiled for the weal of his country, and the purity of her public life, have a duty to perform, for you must tell the story of his patriotism and faithful services to the land he loved, which gave him birth.

If you have enjoyed the friendship and had the privilege of seeing him in the sacred precincts of the home, tell of the man and the Christian, who in his love for the world, amid the great toils and cares which were his, gave the purest and best of his life to his family and friends. How I wish that some Boswell had followed him, and picked up the gems of purity and righteousness which dropped from his lips when he was alone with friends and family. But then, the pen of no man, much less his voice, could do him justice. No poet could to-day sing his true worth. We are too near to his life and times to do him justice. It will need the future as well as the present to judge him. When the youth of this and future generations read of his struggles to break the fetters which bound his soul in bondage, when they behold "his foot prints on the sands of time" and see him rise above every adverse wave and surmount every barrier to his onward progress, when they learn that "in spite of law and gospel, despite the statutes which thrall'd him, and the opportunities which jeered at him, he made himself by trampling on the law and breaking through the thick darkness that encompassed him," they, too, will be filled with the love for their fellows and be emancipators of men. His life, more eloquent than his silver tongue with its pathos and grandeur, passing through such vicissitudes of degradation and exaltation, will move men of all coming ages to be men.

"In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of life,  
To 'be not like dumb driven cattle,'  
But 'be heroes in the strife.'"

In the future, which I trust is not distant, when the mildewed lips of prejudice shall be forever silent, when there will be no aspirants

filled with envy at the elevation of a brother, when man shall be judged by his character and achievements, then I believe, that men hearing of the burdens Frederick Douglass has lifted, of the crises he has bridged, of his great heart, of his dauntless courage, and his eloquent tongue—then—I believe that he whom we mourn to-day as the leader of a great race will be written down as the greatest man of his times.

A thousand years hence, the story of his life will be the subject of an epic that will be recited with increasing interest as time rolls on, moulding and developing the characters of the men of the coming ages.

Farewell, Frederick Douglass, farewell, till that fair morn of morns, when the disciples of Jesus, emancipated from the slavery of sin, shall gather at the marriage supper of the Lamb. In the words of Mary Lowe Dickinson, whose trumpet commands were inspired by your parting, I would cry:

“Swing wide, O shining portal,  
That opes to God’s new day:  
Make room, ye ranks immortal,  
A conqueror comes your way.  
With greetings meet for victors  
Your hearts and hands outreach;  
Break, with glad song, his silence,  
Too deep and grand for speech.

“Greet him with martial music  
That fits a soldier’s rest;—  
For braver heart for battle  
Ne’er beat in warrior breast;  
A great white heart of pity;  
At war with sin and gloom,—  
His home is with the heroes,  
Stand back—to give him room!

“Room for the stricken millions,  
Unbound by freedom’s wars;  
To whom *his* strife meant light and life,  
And broken prison-bars;  
The love out-poured in prayers and tears  
Along the conqueror’s track  
Is his spent love and life of years  
Bringing their blessing back.

“To live—that freedom, truth and light  
Might never know eclipse—  
To die, with woman’s work and words  
Aglow upon his lips,—  
To face the foes of human kind  
Through years of wounds and scars,—  
It is enough;—lead on—to find  
Thy place amid the stars.”

Farewell, Frederick Douglass, my friend, farewell!



At the close of Dr. Stevenson's remarks the Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D., President of Howard University, followed. He took as his text :

Psalm cv. 17-19. "He sent a man before them. He was sold for a servant. His feet they hurt with fetters. He was laid in chains of iron. Until the time that His word came to pass, the word of the Lord tried him."

Dr. Rankin said :

There is but one parallel to the life of Frederick Douglass, and this is found in the Bible; the Bible, which surpasses all other literature. There is no narrative which in natural pathos and eloquence so reminds me of the history of the favorite son of Jacob as the story of Frederick Douglass. And I find God in one as much as the other. And I think of all the men in his generation, so momentous of great events, so influential upon future humanity, no man is more to be congratulated—could human congratulations reach him—than this man who now sleeps in death's marble before us. God made him great; yes, but God also gave him a great opportunity, and that opportunity began when he was born a slave.

I feel the pathos of it, in every fibre of my being, when this boy, without father, without mother, save as once or twice in his memory she walked twenty-four miles, between sunset and sunrise, to give her son a few clandestine kisses—yes, without beginning of days, for Mr. Douglass never knew the day of his birth, was, in that prison-house of bondage, slowly emerging to consciousness of himself and to consciousness of his surroundings. But that was his schooling for years to come. It was the only way in which he could become a swift witness against the great wrong which was crushing the bodies and souls of millions. It was the secrets of that prison-house of despair which the world needed to know. And God had given him the tongue of the eloquent to tell them. Fascinating as is the masterpiece of Harriet Beecher Stowe, beautiful and touching as are the scenes depicted, dramatic as is the movement, powerful as are the delineations, we all know it is fiction. It is founded on fact. But this narrative is fact.

And I say, that just as God sent Joseph down into Egypt preparatory to great events which were to follow; to save much people alive; just as His word tried him in the house of Potiphar and in the dungeons of Egypt, so it was with the boy, the young man Douglass. When he was praying there with Uncle Lawson, God was girding him for that day when he was to go from town to town, from State to State, a flaming herald of righteousness; to cross oceans, to gain admission to palaces, lifting up the great clarion voice, which no one who ever heard can ever forget or forget its burden. So that I say Frederick Douglass was

fortunate in the misfortune of his birth. If he had not been born of a slave mother, one potent factor in the great work put upon the men and women of his generation would have been wanting. God wanted a witness. After Dante wrote his "Inferno" the people of Florence said as he walked their streets, "There goes the man who has been in hell!" What the cause of freedom wanted was a man who had been in hell; in the hell of human slavery, an eye-witness of the dark possibilities and experiences of the system into which he was born; who had felt the iron enter his own soul; who knew what it was to be compelled to yearn in vain for mother-love; to fight his way, inch by inch, into the simplest rudiments of human speech, of human knowledge, into any of the prerogatives of manhood.

I do not at all underrate the work done by those magnificent champions of freedom, who took this young man at twenty-five into the charmed coterie of their fearless eloquence; who gave him the baptism of their approval, who laid their hands upon his head, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips and their associates. But they needed him as much as he needed them. After their cool and eloquent logic, after their studied irony and invective, which, mighty as it was, was wanting in the tremolo of the voice of one that has suffered, of one whose very modulations signified more than their words; when this man arose, as one rises from the dead, as the ghost of one, the crown and sceptre of whose manhood has been stolen away, while he goes from land to land proclaiming the wrong and asking for justice, then the climax was reached. This man made the work of such men as Garrison and Phillips and Sumner and even Lincoln possible. I do not wish to use the language of exaggeration. It is not fitting the occasion. It is not in keeping with the dignified manner and methods of the man whom we commemorate, or the providential movement of which he was so long a part. But I believe that the birth of Frederick Douglass into slavery was the beginning of the end. And that this was just as needful to his anti-slavery associates as to himself. God planted a germ there, which was to burst the cruel system apart. It was as though he said, "Go to, ye wise men of the Great Republic; ye Websters and Clays, miserable physicians are ye all. I will set this Samson of Freedom in your temple of Dagon, and his tawny arms shall yet tumble its columns about the ears of the worshipers. I will put the ark of my covenant in this man's soul, and the time shall come when your idol-god shall lie toppled over upon his nose in his presence."

I think that Frederick Douglass is to be congratulated on the kind of tuition that came to him—no, that God had provided for him, through these anti-slavery associates. They were regarded as the offscouring of the earth, and yet many of them received their culture in the choicest New England schools, and they sprang from the noblest New England stock. And when he went abroad it was his privilege to hear such men as Cobden and Bright and Disraeli and O'Connell and

Lord John Russell and Lord Brougham. These men Mr. Douglass studied, admired, analyzed. His more elaborate addresses, too, show the influence, of the first and greatest of New England orators, Daniel Webster. But, even beyond the great American orator, whose model orations are in all one's school books, was Mr. Douglass in fervor and fire. Ah, that was a day, when that runaway slave heard that great statesman at Bunker Hill. And he once told me that he owed a great debt to the poems of Whittier. To converse with Mr. Douglass, to hear him in public, one who knew his humble origin and limited opportunities might well ask, "How knoweth this man letters?" But, in the art of which he himself had such a mastery, he had the best teachers and examples the Anglo-Saxon schools could afford, while not one of the great men mentioned had such a theme as his. How carefully he improved his intercourse with such men, his observation of them, one has, only to read his life to discover. Howard University, I believe, gave this man the degree of doctor of laws, and there were some laws that no man knew better how to doctor than he. But there was not an official of the university who could reach high enough to put a wreath on his brow. It had to be done from above, by the winged genius of the university.

Then in the third place, Mr. Douglass is to be congratulated on the wonderful contrasts and antitheses of his life. If we go on in the Psalm from which I have quoted, we read: "The king sent and loosed him; even the ruler of the people, and let him go free; he made him lord of his house and ruler of all his substance; to bind his princes at his pleasure and teach his senators wisdom." The king that loosed this man was the King of kings and not Pharaoh, even as of old, till after the Angel of War had smitten the first-born of the land. If we except this prime minister of Pharaoh, perhaps no man who ever lived ever had such extremes and vicissitudes of experience as Mr. Douglass. There is probably no civilized nation on earth that has not been made acquainted with his wonderful story.

Perhaps he never saw a prouder day than when, as United States Marshal—an official once so offensive to the sensibilities of a free people, because of his participation in the arrest and return of fugitive slaves—he accompanied President-elect Garfield from the Senate chamber to the platform of the portico, where he took the oath of office and delivered the inaugural address. This was the man who ran away from the neighboring State of Maryland, whose territory was once the ground on which the Capitol stands; who had twice exiled himself from his native land to escape arrest, first as a fugitive slave, and then as in complicity with the John Brown conspiracy, whose friends had actually paid the sum of \$100—I have this morning read the bill of sale again—to purchase his freedom from bondage, and who now acted as the representative of the United States in the moment of transition from the term of one President to that of another.

And if we turn from his public to his private career, what more striking and unusual scene, save perhaps Joseph's forgiveness of his brethren, ever was introduced into the lot of man than his visit to his old and dying master, so many years after his escape from bondage? Was there ever an experience more pathetic? Was there ever forgiveness more generous? We pray, "forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." This our great Teacher has taught us. The spirit of forgiveness is the basis on which we stand before God, who has so much to forgive in us; is the spirit which fits us for the kingdom of heaven.

I come now to the last ground on which I think Mr. Douglass should be congratulated. By many it would be thought of first. Mr. Douglass was fortunate in his endowments as an orator. Eloquence is virtue. This the Germans have taught us. That is, there must be virtuous character, genuine truth and manliness behind all eloquent speech. A crafty, deceitful, dishonest, dishonorable man cannot be an eloquent one. He can deceive only the groundlings. His eloquence is all a sham and mockery.

Mr. Douglass had a commanding figure, a commanding presence, a commanding voice. In all these there is leadership. There was something more there. When he rose to his feet, when an audience saw that dignified and serious but kindly face, that venerable and seer-like aspect, when they heard that voice, it arrested attention and hushed everyone to silence and expectation. Utterance with him was the considerate and judicious gathering of great forces; like the gathering of a storm in the sky; now and then a distant mutter, then the marshaling of the winds and the sweeping of the clouds across the horizon; then the descending thunderbolt and the lightning flash; then the rolling back of the clouds as a curtain, the return of the sunshine and the song of birds and the laughter of children. Mr. Douglass' voice was of unequalled depth and volume and power. And back of all this was a great-hearted, generous, forgiving natured soul, which feared not the face of man and believed in the living God.

Mr. Douglass never lost his sense of the proportion of things; never was unduly elated by his successes and achievements. He was uncompromising in his opinions and yet a patient waiter. He had a sagacious, a long patience for the result. When a great man is gone for the first time we begin to see the space he filled, as though a mountain peak had been removed from our moral horizon. It will take a long time to measure the conservative and yet progressive influence of this great man; for he was great, and great in the period of great men. He was greater than his eloquent speech; he was greater than his life. If you write the history of the anti-slavery movement, he was great there; it centered in him and around him; of the civil war and the reconstruction period, he was a man to whom Presidents and Senators, to whom millions of enfranchised people looked for counsel. He taught the Senators wisdom. Shakespeare makes Marc Antony say over the

form of the dead Cæsar: "My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar." I know what that means to-day. Mr. Douglass had qualities that won the heart. No young man could know him without having for him a reverence that was filial. And wise will it be for the young men, whom he tenderly addressed as a father, if they heed his counsels, read his life, study his example, live as he lived.

Mr. Douglass was a consistent man. He had no erratic moods or vagaries. There were men, great men, who drew away from Abraham Lincoln because, carrying upon his shoulders, like Atlas, this great American world, he seemed to move so slow. They were lighter loaded and could dance and cut capers along such a rugged pathway. But not Frederick Douglass. He saw where God was walking on that field and believed that Mr. Lincoln was walking with God. There were men, great men, who broke with President Grant. But not Frederick Douglass. He believed in the man who had fought the nation's battles through. And of Santo Domingo he said: "Since liberty and equality have become the law of the land I am for extending our dominion whenever and wherever such extension can peaceably and honorably be accomplished." A wiser saying to-day than when it was uttered.

If any man had a right to criticise and break down if he could the public policy of our great leaders and executives on the subject of human freedom it was Mr. Douglass. But he had not so learned the duty of a citizen, nor the art of statesmanship. It was his to suggest and counsel and then patiently wait. Lord Beaconsfield has said, "Everything comes, if a man will only wait," and Philip II., "Time and I against any two," and Mr. Douglass has quoted, if he did not originate, that greater proverb, "One with God is always a majority." In that majority he was contented. For he knew that in His own time God would show himself, moving on His great affairs. It was this that made all his methods noble. There was no meanness in this man. He did not conspire and intrigue and backbite and undermine. He was no such mole as that. He was always above the ground, always acting in the open day. He did not poison his weapons and give the thrust of the assassin. But, standing in God's light, he fought what he believed to be God's battles against principalities and powers, with the weapons of a man. He gave hard blows, but never hit below the belt.

In his autobiography Mr. Douglass describes the anxiety with which millions watched the breaking of the day when President Lincoln had promised to let loose the thunderbolts of war against slavery, and give the watchword "Freedom for all" to our gallant soldiers in blue, to see if it would be done. True as the movement of the stars, the mandate came. No such watching was his, when a few days since he was delivered from the entanglements and infirmities of this mortal prison-house, somewhat shattered in its walls by seventy-seven years occupancy, where we all wait the emancipation act of our great captain, of Him who has broken through the bars of death, and brought light and

immortality to light in the gospel. The summons came as came the horsemen and chariots of Israel to Elijah, straight from the excellent glory, and before we could say, "My Father" the splendid retinue of heaven had returned with their delivered guest, leaving only dust and ashes.

It was natural for Mr. Douglass to come back here to the bosom of the Methodist Church. Here he sat in that draped pew, as said Professor Shedd, after resigning his chair, "Getting ready to die," saying to his old Mother-Church that all the past was forgiven, repeating in his heart the words of Ruth to her mother Naomi: "Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God," hiding himself anew, as he used to sing in his Anacostia home, in the "Cleft of the Rock" that was smitten on Calvary. She long ago had made him a preacher before he became an orator. This was the expectation and prayer of Uncle Lawson, while he was yet a slave. So that here, again, like a vessel that had made many a rough voyage, but now comes back to final anchorage, Mr. Douglass each Lord's day sat with his dearly cherished companion in this sanctuary of God. Call this man irreligious, an infidel? This man, whose foundations of truth and righteousness were established in God! This man, with whom one with the form of the Son of Man had so often walked in a hotter than a Nebuchadnezzar furnace! This man, with the spirit of God's kingdom, as the angels sang it, deep within him! Nay, call him father, brother, husband, friend! Have we forgotten the words of our Great Liberator in the synagogue of Nazareth?—"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because He hath sent me to preach deliverance to the captive." Have we forgotten the epithets that were thick in the air about our Master: "Beelzebub! He casteth out devils through the prince of the devils." Gentle with a womanly gentleness, wise with a wisdom beyond that of the universities, patient, long-suffering and kind, always ready to forgive, always ready with the word of cheer; this is the man we mourn! Lips from which have fallen such golden eloquence, eyes from which have flashed such radiance, heart with such great throbs of sympathy for all God's downtrodden ones, hands which were always open and outstretched toward the wretched; these were his; these belonged to that man whom we call Frederick Douglass. Through the changes of the greatest and most eventful period in American history, not once did he lose his footing; not once did he forfeit the companionship of our greatest; aye, not once did he lose his hold upon God.

Here is thy greatest son, my Maryland! Rise up to greet him as he passes through! Seventy-seven years ago thou gavest him the birth of the bondman; but thou hast lost him. The nation has claimed him—the wide world. Thou great Virginia planter, sleeping by the Potomac, let the river bear thee these tidings: "What thou didst with thy bondmen, we have done with ours." The tread of the soldier is around thy slumber no more. And thou, martyr-soul beneath God's throne, to

whom was given to speak the fiat of freedom to millions of men, women and children whose lot was like this man's; who were thus "cabined, cribbed and confined," though God's image was in them, take this martyr-spirit to thy Celestial companionship. And thou, great Empire State, who gavest to this man a home, where he could earn his bread and rear his children, at a time when he had not where to lay his head, and by the flow of whose great river sleeps the dust of Freedom's greatest captain, take to thy central heart and bear on thy bosom, as the ages sweep more and more into the sunlight of the man Christ Jesus, the battle-scarred form of Frederick Douglass. Sleep, Freedom's herald in the land of the free born! Thine exile is over. Thou art dowered with the freedom of the city of God. All Hail, and Farewell!

In response to a letter sent up by Mrs. Douglass, the program was enlarged to allow the participation therein by the sweet singer of the abolition cause, the one who sang what Mr. Douglass talked as they traveled together holding meetings over this country and England, not only the last of the famous Hutchinson family of singers, but the last of the old guard which numbered Garrison, Sumner and Phillips in its ranks. Notwithstanding his great age, Mr. John W. Hutchinson's voice was clear as he recalled his labors with Mr. Douglass, the New York riots, where Mr. Douglass and Ward, another ex-slave, faced the mob when they would not let a white man speak, and other stirring scenes.

Mr. Hutchinson spoke as follows :

Dear friends, our grief and sorrow to-day, on this solemn occasion, is assuaged and relieved by the knowledge of the great life and labors of the loving man and brother who has so suddenly closed his earthly career of earnest activities, and now lies a lifeless form before us. Though dead, his noble life speaks joy and comfort to all who knew him and sympathized in his labors of love and hope, and watched with pride his successes.

As a prelude to the words which I am privileged to utter, I repeat the lines dedicated to him by my brother Jesse, more than fifty years ago:

"I'll be free, I'll be free, and none shall confine  
With fetters and chains this free spirit of mine;  
From my youth I have vowed in my God to rely,  
And, despite the oppressor, gain freedom or die.

Though my back is all torn by the merciless rod,  
Yet firm is my trust in the right arm of God.  
In His strength I'll go forth, and forever will be  
'Mong the hills of the North, where the bondman is free.  
New England! New England! Thrice blessed and free!  
The poor hunted slave finds a shelter in thee,  
Where no bloodthirsty hounds ever howl on his track;  
At thy stern voice, New England, the monsters fall back!  
Go back, then, ye bloodhounds, that howl on my path!  
In the land of New England I'm free from your wrath;  
And the sons of the Pilgrims my deep scars shall see  
Till they cry with one voice, 'Let the Bondman go free!' "

And so did the friends in New England extend the welcome hand. We loved him from his first coming among us, and as we listened to his story of wrongs, we allied ourselves more closely to the cause of the oppressed slave and espoused more earnestly the cause of emancipation. Thus the great work received a new impulse, and the little band of abolitionists labored on, singly and collectively, loving each other more, as the indignities of pro-slavery were heaped upon us; and so throughout evil report and good report, the battle for freedom was earnestly waged.

Mr. Douglass was induced to take up his abode in Lynn, Mass., and resided there for some years. He visited my father's home in Milford, N. H., and we were enamored with his genial, loving nature. I named my first-born son after him. In a letter written a short time before he died, and intended as introductory to my forthcoming history and autobiography, Mr. Douglass said, "I was permitted to hear the whole 'tribe of Jesse' sing in their old family mansion, when thirteen of the family poured out their souls together in pious song, till it appeared as if the very roof were rising skyward. The scene of that hour has been present to me during all these fifty years, and I still recall it as one of the most sublime and glorious hours I ever experienced." In the year 1845 we sailed with Mr. Douglass, in the steamer "Cambria," for England, where we enjoyed, on many occasions, the hospitalities of the people of Great Britain, and for more than a year exchanged friendships and received thankfully cherished congratulations from true hearted friends in the Fatherland. We also often met Mr. Douglass in the course of our journeyings through the States and were most hospitably received in his adopted home in Rochester, N. Y., and again we were, on many occasions, most royally entertained at his mansion at Cedar Hill, Anacostia, D. C. It was my privilege to be associated with him on many notable occasions at the "World's Fair," where for seven months he received the congratulations of multitudes of old and new friends. Thus for more than a half century have we been on intimate relations, and we did what we could to build up a public sentiment that made it possible for Abraham Lincoln, during the progress of the great conflict



and war, to issue the proclamation that emancipated four millions of human beings.

Mr. Douglass also espoused the cause of woman, and his last public effort was in her behalf.

I could not stay away from these auspicious obsequies, but came from my home at High Rock, to extend my sympathies to the bereaved and to look once more upon this form, and commune with the beloved spirit of this Frederick the Great, and chant for him this requiem.

Then raising his voice, impressive, loud and sweet, he half chanted, half sung the requiem of the dead :

LAY HIM LOW.

Close his eyes, his work is done,  
What to him is friend or foe-man?  
Rise of moon, or set of sun,  
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?

REFRAIN :

Lay him low, lay him low,  
Under the clover or under the snow,  
How we loved him, none can know,  
Lay him low.

As man may, he fought his fight,  
Proved his truth by his endeavor,  
Let his name in golden light,  
Live forever and forever.

Great his love for human kind,  
Strong his faith in truth's promotion;  
In his teachings, gems we find,  
Beacon lights along life's ocean.

Wreaths we bring that ne'er shall fade;  
Greener with the passing years;  
Brighter for our error's shade;  
Jeweled with our falling tears.

Pure the radiant path he trod,  
Conscious of the fount 'twas given;  
His allotted years from God  
Are triumphs emphasized from Heaven.

Bend in love, O azure sky;  
Shine, O stars, at evening time;  
Watch our Frederick calmly lie  
Clothed in faith and hope sublime.

God of nations, bless the land  
 Thou hast saved to honor Thee!  
 Guide us with Thy mighty hand,  
 Till every nation shall be free!

We are almost home, almost home,  
 Almost home to join the heavenly band,  
 Come along, dear pilgrims, come along,  
 The time is drawing nigh;  
 The angels stand ready to welcome you home,  
 To join the hosts on high.

Monsieur Nicolas, Secretary of the Haïtien Legation, then expressed the regret and sympathy of the Haïtien Government on the death of Mr. Douglass, as follows :

Le Gouvernement et le peuple haïtiens ont été péniblement affectés par la nouvelle de la mort subite du vénéré Frédéric Douglass.

A cette triste cérémonie qui nous assemble ici et où le peuple américain, en se découvrant devant le cercueil de Monsieur Frédéric Douglass, salue une grande intelligence dont les nobles qualités ont imposé le respect aux nations des deux continents, je renouvelle, au nom de la République d'Haïti, ses témoignages d'estime et de profond regrets.

Bishop A. W. Wayman, of the A. M. E. Church, then spoke in eloquent terms of the worth and greatness of Mr. Douglass, and was followed by the Rev. W. B. Derrick, D. D., who spoke as follows :

Frederick Douglass has accomplished more in his death than in his life. This sad and solemn occurrence has brought the American press, especially that portion of the press which is to be found in the civilized part of the country, to acknowledge, that it was not color, but fitness and character that made the man. The metropolitan press of the great city of New York, unanimously declared that Mr. Douglass was a fit example for all classes and conditions of people, be they black or white. Marvelous declaration. Nevertheless true. Is not this an evidence that the American conscience is right, provided it is properly aroused? As Israel, we mourn the loss of our Moses. God took him.

I would rather occupy the place of a mourner in the pew than to attempt to have anything to say on this occasion. But having been requested, but a few moments ago, to take part in these ceremonies, I have consented, with no set speech, as a representative from the great State of New York, head of a delegation whose presence here to-day is to pay respect to this great man. When I say great State of New York I mean she is great, and may be rightly considered the sun in the solar system of States, around which revolve minor States, deriving

commercial, financial, political and intellectual greatness from her. New York will gladly welcome all that is mortal of her adopted son, Frederick Douglass; and in her rich and prolific soil will give to his manly form a calm and silent repose.

Although Mr. Douglass may not be considered by some to have been a master in the republic of letters, nevertheless it was he who fought and contended in those trying times, in those dark periods of the race's and country's history, to make it possible for you, the young men present, and other young men, to become the masters of the three R's. His great labors and marvelous achievements in the defence of human rights will be remembered and appreciated. In those days when it tried men's souls, his voice was heard above the clamor, "There is light ahead." He was always cheerful, living in a state of bright expectancy, his confidence unshaken, in a Divine and Supreme Being, believing that the right would prevail sooner or later. It was he, who, with a few others, encouraged Mr. Lincoln to issue the Proclamation of Emancipation, the result of which was the freedom of the American negro. To him may be attributed the large number of colored soldiers and sailors who willingly went to the front and fought the battles of the Union. His clarion voice, his bewitching and enchanting eloquence incited them on. It was when the nation was tossed upon a sea of blood and war, and not a star appeared in the firmament, not an ark on the troubled waters, disaster after disaster perched upon the Union's banner, the Ship of State with the flag at half-mast, no one did more during those times of blood and carnage than he, by his stirring speeches and manly efforts. He was and is to be considered one of the leading members of the great army of emancipators who have stamped their moral, social, intellectual and political personalities upon the hearts of the liberty-loving world. Although nearly all these champions and warriors are gone, having already joined the glorified host amid the throng of the spirits of just men made perfect (this galaxy of anti-slavery heroes), their deeds are inscribed in letters of fire in the blue arch of heaven: Garrison, Phillips, Giddings, Garrett Smith, Lucretia Mott, Wade, Lovejoy, Sumner, John Brown, Lincoln and Douglass. Claimed by both races, justly so, such as it ought to be. Yet we are proud of him and are not in any way ashamed of that part of him with which Africa is charged. No, no. Africa, land of precious memory; the land in which Abraham sojourned, Jacob lived and died, Joseph was exalted, Moses born; the country in which God furnished a garden spot in which corn was raised to feed his starving Israel, and still more notable, it was here an asylum was furnished in which the child Jesus and His espoused parents were sheltered from the avenging hands of Herod. We are proud to own our Moses.

Mr. Douglass was fortunate to have lived to see his country free from the foul and infamous stain which had blotted the fair name of the

American Republic and rendered it a hiss and a byword among the sisterhood of nations. He lived to see his country's press unmuzzled, the pulpit unshackled, the judiciary washed from the foul stain of Taney's infamous decision; yes, he lived to see the whip dropped from the hand of the overseer. The bloodhound no longer hunts the fugitive slave in the mangrove swamps of the Mississippi; the hammer of the auctioneer of negroes struck for the last time on his platform, and its hateful sound has died into eternal silence.

He lived to see the flag washed and cleansed, until to-day it is the gem among national emblems, until to-day the stars represent the stars of heaven, the blue the blue vaulted sky, the white the high and lofty Christian civilization, the red the blood of the various nationalities which were spilled upon the fields of carnage to maintain and uphold the principles of justice, equality and truth. Yes, he lived to see the slave pens abolished and in their stead planted the school houses; he lived to see the auction blocks swept away and Christian pulpits planted in their places; he lived to see the day when the barbarous and inhuman voice of overseer and auctioneer was hushed into eternal silence; and from the ice-bound coast of New England, across the tobacco fields of Maryland and Virginia, the rice and pine swamps of the Carolinas, the cotton patches of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Texas and Louisiana, the tread of the slave shall be heard no more.

What means this great outpouring to-day? This great throng speaks in mute language, symbolizing in letters A. P. G., which when explained mean "American Prejudice Going." What means this distinguished gathering, among which are to be found senators from the halls of Congress and judges from the Supreme Bench of the United States Judiciary, gentlemen who occupy high places in the list of fame? It is the strongest evidence of the high and spotless character of him whom we mourn, our champion, our defender, our friend, our countryman. He is not dead, he sleeps. When the historians shall write concerning the greatness of the nineteenth century, they will speak of Mr. Douglass, his virtues which the hard experiences of early life had strengthened in him; of his sincerity and simplicity; of his manly frankness and self-respect; of his large, humane and tender sympathies; of his self-control and good temper; of his truthfulness and sturdy honesty.

Farewell, fearless defender, bold and courageous champion, manly man, true friend, peerless leader, farewell, farewell.

Mr. Moses Hodges, of Boston, then sang Mendelssohn's "Oh, Rest in the Lord;" after which Miss Susan B. Anthony read the following tribute from Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who was unable to be present; as also the letter from Mr. Bonney.

## [ELIZABETH CADY STANTON'S LETTER.]

Taking up the morning *Tribune*, the first words that caught my eye thrilled my very soul. "Frederick Douglass is dead!" What vivid memories thick and fast flashed through my mind and held me spell-bound in contemplation of the long years since first we met.

Trained in the severe school of slavery, I saw him first before a Boston audience, fresh from the land of bondage. He stood there like an African prince, conscious of his dignity and power, grand in his physical proportions, majestic in his wrath, as with keen wit, satire and indignation he portrayed the bitterness of slavery, the humiliation of subjection to those who in all human virtues and capacities were inferior to himself. His denunciation of our national crime, of the wild and guilty fantasy that men could hold property in man, poured like a torrent that fairly made his hearers tremble.

Thus I first saw him, and wondered as I listened that any mortal man should have ever tried to subjugate a being with such marvelous powers, such self-respect, such intense love of liberty.

Around him sat the great anti-slavery orators of the day, watching his effect on that immense audience, completely magnetized with his eloquence, laughing and crying by turns with his rapid flights from pathos to humor. All other speakers seemed tame after Douglass. Sitting near, I heard Phillips say to Lydia Maria Child: "Verily, this boy, who has only just graduated from the 'southern institution' (as slavery was called), throws us all in the shade." "Ah," she replied, "the iron has entered his soul and he knows the wrongs of slavery subjectively; the rest of you speak only from an objective point of view."

He used to preach a sermon in imitation of the Methodist clergy, from the text, "Servants, Obey your Masters," which the people were never tired of hearing. Often after he had spoken an hour shouts would go up from all parts of the house, "Now, Douglass, give us the sermon." Some of our literary critics pronounced that the best piece of satire in the English language.

The last time I visited his home in Anacostia, I asked him if he ever had the sermon printed. He said "No." "Could you reproduce it?" said I. He said, "No; I could not bring back the old feeling if I tried, and I would not if I could. The blessings of liberty I have so long enjoyed, and the many tender friendships I have with the Saxon race on both sides of the ocean, have taught me such sweet lessons of forgiveness that the painful memories of my early days are almost obliterated, and I would not recall them."

As an orator, writer and editor, Douglass holds an honored place among the gifted men of his day. As a man of business and a public officer he has been pre-eminently successful; honest and upright in all his dealings, he bears an enviable reputation.

As a husband, father, neighbor and friend, in all social relations, he has been faithful and steadfast to the end. He was the only man I ever knew who understood the degradation of disfranchisement for women. Through all the long years of our struggle he has been a familiar figure on our platform, with always an inspiring word to say. In the very first convention he helped me to carry the resolution I had penned, demanding woman suffrage.

Frederick Douglass is not dead! His grand character will long be an object lesson in our national history; his lofty sentiments of liberty, justice and equality, echoed on every platform over our broad land, must influence and inspire many coming generations!

(Signed):

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON,  
26 West Sixty-first street, New York.

February 21, 1895.

[MR. C. C. BONNEY'S LETTER.]

DEAR MISS ANTHONY:

Other duties will prevent me from attending the funeral of Frederick Douglass, but I am glad to express, in compliance with your request, my high appreciation of his character and career. He was the most eminent representative of his race, and the most eloquent prophecy of the splendid civilization that is destined to fill all the Dark Continent with its light.

Rising, through his own heroic efforts, from the condition of slavery to the lofty position of the acknowledged leadership of his race in the New World; and finally winning, by his ability, courage and high-minded course of action, the respect and admiration of those who were, at the outset, intensely hostile to his aspirations and claims, Frederick Douglass deserves to live in the history of representative men as one of the noblest examples of the triumph of man over the most adverse conditions.

I therefore honor his memory and send you this tribute to his worth.

With high respect and kind regards,

Very sincerely yours,

C. C. BONNEY.

MISS SUSAN B. ANTHONY,  
*National Council of Women.*

Mrs. May Wright Sewell then spoke, in substance, as follows:

I experience a feeling of great diffidence in standing before an audience wherein are gathered so many of the early friends and so many of

the later companions, if one may not say peers, of the man whose death we are met to mourn, whose career we are met to honor. The words written on one occasion by Daniel Webster, when he was asked to inscribe his name in a book that held the autographs of many wise and great persons, force themselves upon my lips now:

"If by this name I write my own  
'Twill take me where I am not known.  
The cold salute will meet my ear,  
'Pray, stranger, how did you come here?'"

In answer to this inquiry, which I see upon the faces of many, I must say that I stand here by virtue of two claims. The first is small and personal. For many years, I have enjoyed the friendship of Frederick Douglass. The second is large and universal. I stand here summoned by the family of Frederick Douglass to speak for a constituency in which he believed. I come as the representative of the National Council, in which Frederick Douglass spent his last day on earth. What brought him to us in a business session was his sense of the solidarity of human interests. As I saw him moving with the majesty of a king down the aisle, with every eye fixed upon him, I thought, "There moves a page of history, an epic poem, a tragedy:" (for there is no sublimity without the elements of tragedy). He seemed a monolith rising up to remind us of the past and to point us to the future.

We never know in what field we shall reap. When Frederick Douglass began to sow for the freedom of one-half of one race, he little thought the harvest of that sowing was to be reaped in the freedom of the other half of two races; in the emancipation of women from fixed and false opinions. In every field where civilization is known, has been reaped a harvest from his sowing.

Many times during these solemn services, Frederick Douglass has been referred to as the "hero of a race" with the evident restriction of the word "race" to the colored people. His record is a glory to the colored race, but it must not at this hour be forgotten that through his veins there flowed a mingled strain of blood. The white race as well as the black has been uplifted by his career. It is the whole race *human*, not the fractional race *African*, to which he belonged, and the annals of which will be illuminated by the splendid record of his life.

I come to lay on the bier of him we love and honor a crown of laurel and palms. The laurel is from an old tree still standing on the estate on which he was born. So one sees that before Frederick Douglass was born, in Maryland, a tree had been planted there which was destined ultimately to furnish forth his crown when his earthly warfare should end in victory. Can any of us doubt that, before he entered this plain of existence through the humble avenue of a slave mother, there was also planted a tree by the River of Life, which shall furnish forth leaves for his crown in the world that he has just entered? If we

mourn because our little world is made smaller by his departure, we also rejoice knowing that another world is made larger by his arrival.

A letter was then read from Rev. Francis J. Grimké, D. D., who was unable to be present on account of the death of his mother.

Rev. Anna Shaw offered the closing prayer, giving thanks that out of the infinite heart of love the world had been given "this peerless voice, this great heart, this loving and noble soul."

Bishop Williams, of the C. M. E. Church, then pronounced the benediction.

At the close of the services the remains of Mr. Douglass, under the escort of the active pall-bearers, detailed from the letter-carriers, were conveyed to the depot of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad, and, with the family of the deceased, together with General John A. Eaton, ex-Commissioner of Education, and Professor George W. Cook, delegates from Howard University, and Rev. J. I. Shelcutt, of the Asbury Methodist Church, were taken on the evening train to Rochester, N. Y., where they were received with civic honors; and thus, crowned with years and laurels and usefulness and memories, of which the sweet overshadowed the bitter, Frederick Douglass passed out of the bondage of earthly existence, into the freedom of spiritual life.



## IN MEMORIAM.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

The voice we loved is hushed, why should we weep?  
 For him who, full of honors and of years,  
 Has drawn with feeble hands (made strong by death),  
 The curtain hiding life? There is no cause for tears!

Weep rather for ourselves, who, in this brazen age  
 Filled with base ingrates, scorning Nature's plan,  
 Will plead the cause he always loved so well,  
 Of Justice, Freedom, Equal Rights of Man?

ROBERT REYBURN, M. D.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 22, 1895.

## FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Gone, at swift summons, to the Better Land!  
 Risen, like prophet of the Orient clime!  
 The fiery chariot could not, waiting, stand,  
 And Azrael's errand came in God's good time.  
 The white locks rested as a glory crown  
 Upon his noble head. Now, like a peal  
 Of chiming sweetness, all the ages down  
 Shall sound his voice, though death his lips may seal.  
 Dead! Is he dead, whose memory cannot die?  
 Whose life was one long effort to be free,  
 Free as the truth makes free, with purposes high,  
 As well as free from bonds of Slavery!  
 Servant of God, and Priest at Freedom's shrine!  
 Immortal life and pure renown are thine.

PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

NEW YORK, February 26, 1895.

**Obsequies**  
**at**  
**Rochester, N. Y.**



## OBSEQUIES AT ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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PROCEEDINGS OF THE COMMON COUNCIL OF ROCHESTER,  
N. Y., HELD FEBRUARY 23, 1895.

MAYOR'S OFFICE,  
ROCHESTER, N. Y., February 23, 1895.

THEODORE S. PULVER, City Clerk.

*Sir:* You will please call a special meeting of the Common Council for this Saturday afternoon, at 2.30 o'clock, to take such action as may be necessary and appropriate in connection with the funeral of the Hon. Frederick Douglass, for many years a respected resident of this city.

MERTON E. LEWIS,  
*Acting Mayor.*

### SPECIAL MEETING.

Alderman Merton E. Lewis, president of the board, in the chair.

Present—Aldermen Calihan, McMillan, Green, Adams, Edelman, Ashton, Dewey, Cook, Pauckner, Lewis and Harris—11.

Alderman McMillan—

Mr. President: I rise to a question of privilege and beg leave to submit the following memorial and resolutions on the death of our former fellow townsman, the Honorable Frederick Douglass.

### MEMORIAL.

At his residence in Washington, February 20, 1895, Frederick Douglass, a former resident of Rochester, died, and this Council have met this afternoon to honor his memory.

Frederick Douglass was born in Tuckahoe, near Easton, Talbot County, Maryland, February 14, 1817. His early boyhood was passed in slavery upon the plantation of Colonel Lloyd. When about nine years of age he learned to read and write; September 3, 1838, he escaped from slavery and took up his residence in New Bedford, Mass., where he was first

married. It was here he met and was assisted in his efforts to secure an education by William Lloyd Garrison. In 1841, Mr. Douglass made a speech at an anti-slavery convention at Nantucket which brought him before the attention of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, and this society at once employed him as one of its agents; for them he lectured through New England for about four years, upon the subject which he was so eminently qualified by nature and experience to speak. So successful was he that in 1845 he made a tour of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, receiving marked attention everywhere. Rochester was honored by his making it his home in 1847, and here he resided for the most part until 1870.

When he first settled in Rochester he began the publication of a paper known as the *North Star*, an organ devoted to the abolition of slavery, and which he continued a greater part of the time until the emancipation of his race removed the cause for its existence.

Mr. Douglass filled many positions of trust with eminent credit to himself and his country. In 1871 he was appointed assistant secretary to the commission of Santo Domingo, and later by President Grant as a member of the Territorial Council of the District of Columbia. In 1872 he was elector-at-large for the State of New York and the messenger of the Electoral College. From 1876 to 1881 he was United States Marshal for the District of Columbia, and Recorder of Deeds for that district from 1881 to 1886. But it was as an orator and author that Mr. Douglass was perhaps best known from the time when he fired the hearts and zeal of the New England abolitionists until his last public appearance a few years since. He was an orator whose oratory was spontaneous, natural and convincing, and the citizens of Rochester have not forgotten the occasions when he held, as if by magic, the large audiences which would congregate to hear him. As an author he achieved distinction by his works: "Narrative of My Experience in Slavery," "My Bondage and My Freedom," published here in 1855, and "Life and Times of Frederick Douglass."

Rochester is proud that he was one of her sons and that he will rest in her beautiful city of the dead.

In his life and life work, our youth can find much worthy of emulation, and its lesson to all cannot be lost.

" Whoe'r amidst the sons  
Of reason, valor, liberty and virtue  
Displays distinguished merit, is a noble  
Of Nature's own creating."

*Resolved*, That we do hereby tender to the family and relatives of Honorable Frederick Douglass our sympathy in their affliction, and that this memorial be spread upon the minutes of this Council, a copy of this memorial and these resolutions be sent to his family, and further

*Resolved*, That the family of Mr. Douglass be requested to permit his body to lie in state in the City Hall on the day of the funeral, and further

*Resolved*, That this Common Council attend the funeral services in a body.

Adopted.

Alderman Pauckner moved that a committee of five members of the Council be appointed to make arrangements for the funeral of Mr. Douglass. Carried.

The Chair appointed as such committee: Aldermen Pauckner, Adams, Ashton, Green and Harris.

On motion of Alderman Dewey the board then adjourned.

THEODORE S. PULVER, Clerk.

The Common Council and the friends of Mr. Douglass in that city united in a public funeral, as a tribute of respect to his memory, held February 25, 1895. The whole city was in mourning. From the public buildings and from many places of business flags floated at half-mast. All of the public schools were closed, and the pupils, in charge of teachers, joined in the exercises of the day, and thus became a part in this historic event.

Aldermen Adams and Ashton joined the funeral cortege at Canandaigua. With every token of love and sad respect, Rochester received the mortal remains of her former citizen and the world's friend. Often, in the earlier times, had Frederick Douglass moved about the streets and in and out of the city, to ordinary comprehension a presuming, illogical fanatic, bent on his Quixotic errand; to the divinely seeing, out of the many called, one of the few chosen. To-day, though dead, he had returned a victor, bringing his sheaves with him; for he had fought the good fight, and finished the course. The draped banner, the tearful faces, were a living response to the pleas his burning zeal had urged, and for which his mute lips now made their final appeal. They were witnesses, not only of a last sad welcome, but of the coming of the clearer vision, to bring which had been the travail of his soul, and for which he had lived and died. Solemnly and

slowly the heavily draped hearse, followed by the Fifty-fourth Regiment Band, a platoon of police, the Douglass League, the Mayor, members of the City Council, and other city officials, honorary and active bearers, and the family and friends of the deceased, passed on through the lines of uncovered heads. Beautiful floral tributes lay upon the casket, which was borne to the City Hall, where, under a guard of honor, it lay in state until two o'clock in the afternoon, the hour of the funeral. The decorations of the City Hall were beautiful and elaborate. From the tower floated the United States flag at half-mast. The portico of the main entrance was heavily draped. The sides and ceiling of the main corridor were nearly hidden beneath flags, and black and white bunting hung from the ceiling, converged to a point above the catafalque in the centre of the room. Beneath the chandelier and over the casket the American eagle held by its beak the Stars and Stripes draped in black, and flags draped the entrances to the Mayor's and other offices. To the palms and tropical plants in profusion, which lent their beauty and suggestions to the scene, was added a beautiful floral tribute from the colored people of Boston, representing in miniature Bunker Hill Monument, at whose base Frederick Douglass stood entranced at Webster's noble periods in his address at the unveiling of that monument. To-day no voice was needed to intensify the eloquence of the scene. The mute lips of death told their own message, as, in a continuous procession, from all the avenues leading to the City Hall; from the suburbs; from the country towns; from Syracuse; from Buffalo and Boston, came, in unbroken line, to pause a moment at his bier, those to whom the life now ended had stood in the past, and would stand in the future, unflinching, for an idea, a principle.

Thus Rochester received her dead, and publicly emphasized her recognition of the heroic qualities of Frederick

Douglass, his moral worth and the principles for which he lived and died.

Again the solemn notes of the funeral march; the draped colors; the reversed arms; the slowly moving hearse; the thronging populace with uncovered head; and the Central Church, before which, for an hour, the people had been waiting in line for admittance, opened its doors, and in a profound silence, broken only by the deep tones of the organ pealing forth Chopin's Funeral March, the casket was reverently borne down the aisle and deposited in front of the altar. Above the pulpit were draped large flags hung with mourning, and floral decorations filled the front of the platform upon which were seated Rev. Dr. H. H. Stebbins, of the Central Church; Rev. Dr. William R. Taylor, of the Brick Church; Rev. Dr. J. P. Sankey, of the United Presbyterian Church; Rev. H. Clay Peebles, of the Park Avenue Baptist Church; Rev. Dr. W. C. Gannett, of the Unitarian Church; Rev. G. W. Peck, of the North Presbyterian Church; Rev. Wesley Ely, of Zion Methodist Church; Rev. Dr. J. H. Mason, Presiding Elder of the A. M. E. Church of the district; Mr. Sherman D. Richardson, Miss Mary Anthony, Mayor Lewis and the Aldermanic Committee consisting of Messrs. Pauckner, Harris, Ashton, Adams and Green, and Mr. Cleary, Superintendent of Police. Five hundred seats in the centre of the church had been reserved and were occupied by the family and friends, the bearers, officials and organizations.

The solemn hush that pervaded the assembly was broken by the rich voices of the male quartette of the Central Church, in "Remember Now Thy Creator," after which the Rev. William R. Taylor, of the Brick Church, offered the following invocation:

Unto Thee, O Lord, do we lift up our souls.

We are in the presence of a dread reality and a solemn mystery—the reality and mystery of death.



But we are also face to face with a greater reality and a greater mystery—the reality and the mystery of a human life that was full of divine goodness, divine feeling and divine power.

Only Thou dost still continue to make men and women in Thine own image, and share with them Thine own divine nature; only Thou who, by Thy Providence, dost rule in their affairs, bringing liberty and peace out of their bloody conflicts, and a higher righteousness from their very sins; only Thou who didst kindle a divine fire within the soul of this man, whose mortal body we are this day to bury in the earth, who didst give him his great heart and eloquent tongue, and didst make him a power in the stirring and eventful period in which Thou didst cast his lot; only Thou couldst teach us the lesson of his life, and through it fit us the better to serve Thee and our fellow men.

We therefore entreat Thee for the influence of Thy Holy Spirit upon our spirits, that we may see Thee and recognize the solemn realities, the noble opportunities and the unescapable responsibilities of our life.

Forgive and cleanse us. Set us free from every form of bondage; teach us, lead us, help us, inspire us, and save us through Him who hath taught us to pray saying:

“Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.”

Rev. Dr. Wesley A. Ely, of the Zion Methodist Church, Rochester, then read the following selections of Scripture:

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep; in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength may be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may be glad and rejoice all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.—*Psalms xc.*

There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory.

So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption:

It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power:

It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body.

And so it is written: The first man Adam, was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit.

Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual.

The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from heaven.

As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly.

And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

Behold, I shew you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed.

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible and we shall be changed.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law.

But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.—*1 Corinthians xv. 41-58.*

The Scripture reading was followed by an adaptation of the hymn, "Hide Thou Me," sung by Mr. George W. Walton, of the Central Church Quartette.

#### HIDE THOU ME.

In Thy cleft, O Rock of Ages,

Hide Thou me;

When the fitful tempest rages,

Hide Thou me.

Where no mortal arm can sever

From my heart Thy love forever,

Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,

Safe in Thee.

From the snares of sinful pleasure,

Hide Thou me;

Thou, my soul's eternal treasure,

Hide Thou me.

When the world its power is wielding,

And my heart is almost yielding,

Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,

Safe in Thee.

In the lonely night of sorrow,

Hide Thou me;

Till in glory dawns the morrow,

Hide Thou me.

In the sight of Jordan's billow,

Let Thy bosom be my pillow;

Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,

Safe in Thee.

The following original poem was read by the author,  
Mr. Sherman D. Richardson :

## DOUGLASS.

I saw the slave of Maryland  
Upon the soil of freedom stand.  
The waves that once the Mayflower bore,  
Were dashing on New England's shore.  
The Stars and Stripes showed Northern will  
On breezes from old Bunker Hill;  
And, as he drank in liberty,  
I saw the man from serfdom free.

I saw him like a monarch stand  
With Lincoln's edict in his hand;  
With lips infused from heaven's fire,  
With thoughts that would all time inspire,  
Transfigured on Columbia's sod;  
A living type from Freedom's God;  
Incarnate soul of Liberty  
He stood. A race and land were free.

I saw again God's pioneer  
In grand repose upon his bier.  
The lines that showed the reaper's path  
Were softened with Death's aftermath.  
But yet that face more grandly taught  
Of will and power, of battles fought,  
Of victories won for Liberty;  
The crown, at last; the soul was free.

Miss Mary Anthony, representing the great body of women with whose efforts toward establishing a universal nobler womanhood, Mr. Douglass had always been in close sympathy, made the following address :

It is so seldom that any person, man or woman, born amidst the most unfavorable surroundings, making a life work of the most unpopular subjects, lives, as did this husband and father, to see the world come to recognize the beautiful precepts of the brotherhood of man, that the most hopeful and best word one can say, is, Thank God and take courage!

When we think of the first years of his life in our midst, and compare them with the last visit he made here, with the Presidential party of Harrison, to take part in the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument,

and his being one of the honored guests at the Cottage Banquet at Ontario Beach, we may well exclaim, "The world does move!"

The struggles and trials, and they were legion, which Frederick Douglass endured for seventy-eight years, are to-day crystallized into a grand prophecy, of which this hour is the beginning of the fulfillment.

The appreciation and love which we, the women of Rochester, bear toward our friend and co-worker, cannot be better expressed than by reading the resolutions passed at the meeting of the National Council of Women, in Washington.

Miss Anthony then read the Memorial adopted by the Woman's National Conference at Washington, on the death of Mr. Douglass. [See page 95.]

The following hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," was sung in an impressive manner by the Quartette :

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on ;

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see

The distant scene ; one step's enough for me.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile,

Which I have loved long since, and lost a while.

The Rev. W. C. Gannett, of the First Universalist Church, of Rochester, then delivered the following address :

It is an impressive moment in our city's history. There was a man who, when a fellow-citizen among us, lived in one of the humbler houses of the city ; a man whose race debarred him from reception in its wealthy mansions ; a man whose color exposed him to insult on the streets. This man has come home to us to-day. Three years ago he came surrounded by a Presidential company, but then the greeting to him lost itself in that given to the magnates of the land. To-day he comes alone, alone, though guarded by the little circle of his best beloved. The greeting now is all his own. For once he has been welcomed for himself, and in the most impressive manner. Our city went

forth to meet him at its gates. Our mayor and other official representatives counseled together to show him honor due. As he passed along our streets, the citizens have paused with lifted hat. In our City Hall he has lain in state, and the very children of our schools have been dismissed that they may be able to tell their children, "We looked upon the face of Frederick Douglass." And now at this very hour of the day the people have gathered here to do him honor by at least their silent presence around his silent form.

What does such a demonstration mean? It has a two-fold significance, both personal and impersonal. It is, first, a personal tribute. A personal tribute to a public officer? To the orator who held great audiences in the spell of eloquence? Yes: but more than this, it is a tribute to a man. A man, who, under God, made himself. America is called the land of opportunity; but for this man at his beginning it was the land of infinite obstacle. Out of appalling obstacles he had to carve his opportunities. Could a future look more unpromising than that which opened upon Frederick Douglass at his birth? Nature granted him the birth; the institutions of our country granted him a nameless father and almost denied him mother. He was born in a slave-cabin of Maryland some fourteen years before Garrison's "Liberator," with its watchword of Emancipation, was born in the Boston garret. You know what the South was in those years; how the black man there was the white man's chattel, his more intelligent and, by that, more dangerous brute; how the laws of a Southern State were links of a chain to hold him safely fastened to the ground; how it was crime for a slave to learn to read, and a crime unto death for a slave to lift his hand against a white man. You know what the public opinion of the North concerning slavery was in those years; how at its best it was indifference and acquiescence, readier to change to anger than to sympathy as the solitary protests began to rise; and you know how the North was by the Constitution pledged to send the fleeing slave, on a master's claim, back to his southern hell. It was in that time, it was to that lot, that this man, lying here in honor now, was born.

What was his training? A kind mistress and hard masters were his trainers. The mistress in her innocence taught him the A B C. The masters gave the lash. That combination of lash and letters made him the Frederick Douglass he became. Would you know more of his schooling, read the chapter in his autobiography called "My Last Flogging,"—the story of a two hours' combat between the sixteen years' old slave boy and the white master. The boy came off the unflogged victor. Those two hours, he says, were the turning point in his life. At their end he was still a slave in body, but a freeman in his soul. "I was nothing before: I was a man now."

Already the hope of liberty was burning in his breast. Five years more it burned in him, till at last came the escape. Three years he carried the hod and rolled the oil-casks on New Bedford wharves, and

then came the Nantucket speech. Lord Byron wrote a book, went to bed, and woke up famous, it is said. Frederick, the fugitive slave, went to an anti-slavery meeting on a little island off the New England coast, made a speech, and sat down famous. An orator had been discovered! From that time on his fame increased. It quickly reached across the water. It was yours to watch it grow; for before long he had come here to live his quiet life among you,—to edit his paper, speed on black fugitives to liberty, go about the country roads on rounds of anti-slavery lecturing, now and then to face a mob somewhere, now and then to electrify some city audience. One of the minutemen in the long, slow emancipation rally of the North. Through it all a man, self-making, adding cubits to his inner stature.

Meanwhile, history was also making. In our great central valley the rivers, run they east or run they west, all run into one, the Mississippi. So for forty years before the war the streams of national life, whatever they were called in shifting politics, were really running into one,—the great dark stream of slavery. The war at last began. The war at last was over, and the country still was one, but slavery was no more. And then for Frederick Douglass, also, America became the land of opportunity. Thenceforth he was by law, at least, the equal of every other in the land. Honors and trusts began to seek him. The State of New York made him elector-at-large to choose the President. He was made Marshal for the District of Columbia. He was made Minister of the United States to Haiti. Though not himself a soldier of the war, few but the greatest of its leaders were better known than he. In a sense all his own he stood, a clear-cut silhouette, against the background of the nation's history.

So to this man, under God self-made, we render tribute here. Tribute also to the man magnanimous. For to the last, when all is said, there was a chronic insult waiting him. And Douglass' soul was as sensitive to insult as his back had once been to the lash. It lurked in a street-boy's epithet, it broke forth in a newspaper, it met him on the cars, at any moment in society it might surprise him. And he matched the chronic insult with a chronic forgiveness. America has been, indeed, is still, the black man's land of opportunity for that,—forgiveness! The charity in his heart ennobled more and more the face, mellowed more and more the manner, until he walked among us visibly distinguished, one of the nation's loftier gentlemen.

But the full significance of this hour is more than personal. As we think of Frederick Douglass, we see a race behind him; his name becomes transfigured, representative, impersonal. In honoring him here we render ever tardy gratitude and honor to his people. This large mind, this larger heart, this royal manner, bid us remember that the spirit knows no color; that man is man not by the lightness or the darkness of the face, but by the worth of soul. Do we talk of equality? Here, if we are to draw comparison, is a fact not of equality, but of

shining superiority to most of us. Give the fact full weight against the ancient and still current prejudice. Judge a race, like a man or a poem, by the best lines in it. Let Douglass stand as type.

Few persons in our little city are famous through our State; very few grow famous through America; but when this man died last week, the journals of two continents printed editorials about him. So far as world-fame is concerned, he is one of two who, a generation hence, are likely to be remembered as Rochester's "First Citizens,"—in the sense in which the poet Bryant bore that title in the city of New York. And—be the law of after-fame remembered—if such title come to them, each of our two earned it amid ridicule and contumely, and each one as a helper in the emancipation of bondmen and bondwomen. "The things of a man for which we visit him were done in the dark and the cold," says Emerson.

We have as yet but one bronze monument upon the squares of Rochester. Shall the next one be the monument of Frederick Douglass, ex-slave and orator of anti-slavery? If the wish be realized, the monument will stand, as Lincoln's yonder stands, no mere memorial of a man. A great man is ever greater as a symbol than as an individual; his name suggests a movement, an endeavor, an achievement, of his age. Lincoln, there in bronze, embodies the struggle for the Union; the soldier and the sailor at his feet are the people offering life to keep the nation one. Douglass in his bronze would represent the same great struggle, but in an even more pathetic form; for he would be the symbol of the struggle in its cause,—that cause, the nation's crime against the black man. In him the actual victim would be pedestaled,—the man who had been born the slave, whose back had felt the lash, whose lifetime spanned the period from the first stir of the people's conscience in a few "fanatics" to the doom which crashed upon the guilty land, and the great Hallelujahs of emancipation and release which closed the war.

When inscriptions shall be sought for such a monument, let six words, traced to Douglass' own lips as their apparent source, be graven on it: "One with God is a majority." Words fit for church-walls or for Bible pages. Words to warn all prospering plotters of a wrong, to hearten all forlorn hopes and strengthen all reformers. "One with God is a majority."

The lips that said the words are silent now,—are silent here before us. Our citizen has come home to us once more. We give the stately form its burial in our Mount of Hope. "His soul is marching on!"

After the singing, by the Quartette, of the following hymn :

#### GATHERING HOME.

They are gathering home from every land,  
One by one! One by one!  
As their weary feet touch the shining strand,  
Yes, one by one, one by one,



They rest with the Saviour, they wait their crown;  
 Their travel-stained garments are all laid down;  
 They wait the white raiment the Lord shall prepare  
 For all who the glory with Him shall share.

Gathering home! Gathering home!  
 Fording the river one by one!  
 Gathering home! gathering home,  
 Yes, one by one!

Before they rest they pass through the strife,  
 One by one! One by one!  
 Through the waters of death they enter life,  
 Yes, one by one!  
 To some are the floods of the river still,  
 As they ford on their way to the heavenly hill;  
 The waves, to others, run fiercely wild.  
 Yet they reach the home of the undefiled.

Gathering home! Gathering home!  
 Fording the river, one by one!  
 Gathering home! Gathering home!  
 Yes, one by one.

The final prayer and benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. H. H. Stebbins, of the Central Church, Rochester. He said:

Almighty God, who hast been our dwelling place in all generations, in whose hand are our times, who hast appointed the bound of our habitation, we are here reverently and humbly to worship Thee, to acknowledge the benefits with which every day is loaded, to confess our manifold unworthiness, to supplicate Thy continued favor, and especially to bow submissively before that Divine decree that has removed from our nation one of its most distinguished citizens.

We bless Thee for the man. We bless Thee that above the color of his face and the bondage of his earlier years, that with such scant opportunity, that throughout the severe hardship, extreme peril, the violent prejudice and the bitter persecution, to which he was exposed, he was, and remained, the man.

We bless Thee for the divinely implanted instinct of freedom that could never essentially make him a slave to any man. We bless Thee for the character he developed; for his steadfast devotion to his race; for the great ideas that stirred him; for the honest heart, out of the abundance of which he spake; for his fidelity to conviction; for his steadfastness, and for his ready and active sympathy. And we bless Thee for the effective pen and the eloquent tongue that gave such

brave expression to what was in him. We bless Thee, most of all, for his faith in God, a faith wrought by love, that purified the heart, and that stimulated to manifold endeavor. We bless Thee that between the birth of the man and the death of the man, there lie so many fruitful years. We bless Thee for the brave fight he fought, for the course he so nobly finished, and for the faith he kept. Surely a crown of life has been awaiting him, and now he wears it.

Surely he has been welcomed into the higher life, with the greeting, "Well done, good and faithful servant." We would add our tribute of respect and gratitude, and admiration and affection. We bless Thee that so much of the good that men do lives after them, and that he, whose mortal remains lie before us, being dead, yet speaketh. Help us to hear and to heed the lesson his notable life teaches. Let our admiration inspire imitation, make us better men, men of God, men of faith, men of action, truer to conviction, more ready to do and to dare, for God and man, for country and world.

Apply Thy balm of consolation to the wife and family of Thy deceased servant. Comfort all who mourn over this event. We thank Thee for the safe conduct, thus far, of these precious remains. Attend them to the resting place, where we shall gratefully and sacredly cherish them. Bless our city. Into our municipal life may there enter such laws and such administration as shall make us an upright, happy, contented and united community. Bless our beloved land. Bless our President and his immediate advisers; our Congress, the governors of our States, the judges of our courts, and all who bear any authority. Help us, stimulated by the lives of worthy citizens who have gone to their reward, to cultivate the righteousness that exalteth a nation. Bless all lands and all peoples that on earth do dwell. May governments become more liberal! May God be universally acknowledged as Father, and may all men live together as brethren!

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit, be with us all. Amen.

At the close of these impressive services, as the funeral cortege was leaving the church, Beethoven's *Marcia Funebre* was played. At Mount Hope Chapel there was also a brief service, consisting of a prayer by the Rev. W. R. Taylor, of the Brick Presbyterian Church, a reading of selection of Scripture, and the singing, by the Central Church male quartette, of the "Hymn of Parting."

Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest;  
Lay down thy head upon the Saviour's breast;  
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best,—  
Good Night! Good Night!

Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep;  
 But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep;  
 Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep,—  
 Good Night! Good Night!

Until the shadows from this earth are cast,  
 Until He gathers in his sheaves at last,  
 Until the twilight gloom be overpast,—  
 Good Night! Good Night!

Until we meet again, before His throne,  
 Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,  
 Until we know, even as we are known—  
 Good Night! Good Night!

In the beautiful cemetery of Mount Hope, Rochester,  
 N. Y., repose the mortal remains of Frederick Douglass.

Well named Mount Hope! And here thy ashes rest,  
 And here is gathered to thy peaceful breast,  
 The calm repose that Nature gives her own.  
 'Tis thine at last. Sleep on, beloved! Sleep on!

Thy great heart bore one race's woe, another's shame!  
 It scorned not aught but violence and wrong,  
 But clasped within its patient tenderness,  
 All, whom the Father's likeness spoke His own.

O Titan soul! The scorn, the hate  
 Of souls so little they could never guess  
 The glorious freedom of thy spirit's realm,  
 Are lost in utter worthlessness,

Whilst thou, blest soul! whom ignominy could not reach,  
 Freed from the sorrow of beholding littleness,  
 Art one in rapturous glory with the mighty ones,—  
 The Almighty's primal messengers of love to man:

And in the Hallelujahs of thy song  
 Stirred with a deeper note of thankfulness,  
 The pæans of the ages yet to be,  
 Tremblingly swell the eternal harmony.

**Tender Words**  
from  
**Loving Hearts.**

(67)



## TENDER WORDS FROM LOVING HEARTS.

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NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, ENGLAND,

February 21, 1895.

MY DEAR MRS. DOUGLASS:

How shall I write to you, in view of this deep sorrow? I know not what words can convey all I feel,—but you will understand better than any expression of mine, the sympathy I feel for your very sudden bereavement. Truly, stroke after stroke has come upon you, lately.

I share very deeply with you in the loss of our dear Frederick. How unexpected that he should be taken away before me.

His beautiful letter which came with yours is a prize. His last words to me, so full of deep feeling,—and again, his letter to my cousin, Caroline Richardson, read to me this morning—his closing words so nobly expressed, as his always were, are a legacy.

I write in bed and must be brief. I have been, indeed, very ill; I am now relieved from pain, but weak, still. \* \* \* \*

My thoughts dwell with you. To think of dear Frederick stretched on a bed of death! \* \* \* \*

Sincerely yours,



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WASHINGTON, D. C., February 21, 1895.

MRS. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

*Dear Madam:* It is with profound sorrow that I hear of the transition of your illustrious husband. In my native State he has many friends who will mourn his death.

But he is not dead, but has awakened to life eternal. His labors for his race and for every good cause testified that his spirit was not of the earth, earthy.

The liberty-loving citizens of Massachusetts loved and honored this great apostle of liberty and truth, in the past, and will continue to do so in the future. Garrison, Phillips, George Thompson, and all great men, loved him as a brother.

"The storm and peril overpast,  
The howling hatred shamed and still,  
Go, soul of freedom, take at last  
The place which thou alone can fill.

"Not for thyself, but for the slave  
Thy words of thunder shook the world ;  
No selfish griefs or hatred gave  
The strength wherewith thy bolts were hurled.

"From lips that Sinai's trumpet blew,  
We heard a tenderer undersong ;  
Thy very wrath from pity grew ;  
From love of man, thy hate of wrong.

"Go, leave behind thee all that mark  
The work below of man for man ;  
With the white legions of the stars,  
Do service such as angels can.

"Wherever wrong shall right deny,  
Or suffering spirits urge their plea,  
Be thine the voice to smite the lie,  
A hand to set the captive free."

(Whittier's poem sent to the funeral of Garrison.)

Sincerely yours,

FRANCIS B. WOODBURY, *Secretary,*  
*National Spiritualists' Association of the U. S. America.*

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"THE CONCORD,"

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 21, 1895.

MRS. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

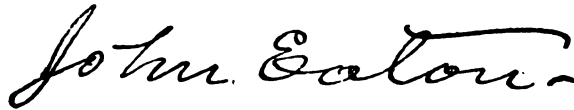
*My dear Madam:* We are greatly shocked this morning at the news of the death of Mr. Douglass last evening. How sudden! It is difficult to realize that we are to meet his familiar presence no more among us. What a loss to his family, to the race, to the country, nay, to the world! A veritable prince among men has fallen! What a record he has left behind him! Where is there a parallel?

I first met him on the occasion of one of his earliest visits to Concord, New Hampshire. How many incidents illustrative of his noble life are brought to mind? In 1864 difficulties connected with my duties in the war compelled me to seek their solution in Washington, and I came by way of Toledo, Ohio, where I arrived in season to hear a part of an evening address by Mr. Douglass. I talked with him a moment after he closed, and again the next morning, and was deeply impressed with the

fact that he misunderstood the President. When going over my business with Mr. Lincoln I alluded to the fact that I heard Mr. Douglass and mentioned his misapprehensions. The President questioned me about them and expressed a desire to know Mr. Douglass, and said, that considering the condition from which he had arisen and the obstacles that he had overcome, and the position to which he had attained that he regarded him as one of the most meritorious men, if not the most meritorious man, in the United States, and wondered whether Mr. Douglass knew of his letter to Governor Hahn—a copy of which he took from his private drawer and read to me—and wondered too, whether he would be willing to see him. I replied, telling him what I knew of Mr. Douglass' movements. The interview was speedily arranged. Mr. Douglass, while in town, stopped at the house of a wealthy colored man. Immediately after the interview, I called upon him and found him with pen, ink and paper on the table, pacing the parlors, and concentrating his thoughts, in a state of marked satisfaction. He no longer misunderstood the President, and was to pen for him his views on some of the difficulties of the situation. He could hardly find language to express his favorable impression of the great Emancipator. With much emphasis, he said there was nothing in Mr. Lincoln's manner to make him feel that he was black or that there was any difference in their color. The friendship that followed is well known. Mr. Douglass won the confidence and admiration of the greatest and best men the more they knew him. Those nearest him may feel his loss more keenly, but they cannot mourn him more sincerely than the multitudes of every race and clime, who were familiar with his life-long struggles, and the exertion of his great powers for the liberation and elevation of the oppressed. He was a true man. Who can fill his place?

Heartily sympathizing with you in this great bereavement, I am,

Very truly yours, etc.,




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CEDARHURST, UNIVERSITY HILL,

February 21, 1895.

MY DEAR MRS. DOUGLASS:

My first duty is to write you, and tell you how much I regret the departure of your great and noble husband. To a singular degree, my heart has always gone out to him in reverence and love. The question of race has never entered into our relations; I have always thought of him as a man so remarkable in gifts and endowments and achievements, that, whatever his nationality, my heart must hasten to pay him homage. It is very pleasant to me to recall many of his kind words and deeds, and to



feel that he appreciated, and in some measure reciprocated, my attachment.

It is a severer stroke to you, because of your recent afflictions. May the Lord comfort you !

To the university he is a great loss. I had a partial promise from him, that he would speak at the opening of our new chapel. But, his great heart has felt its last throb. His great voice has thrilled with its last wise utterance. His counsel must now come only from memory. To a singular and unique degree, God has kept him in such ways, that to call him a sage, as to all the great and agitating questions which have been presented to him, is not exaggeration.

And now he is gone, as though the Lord of Elijah had sent Elijah's chariot of glory, so that he saw no decay of his faculties, no loss of his vigor; his eye still undimmed, and his natural force unabated. I am thankful for that! I wish to think of him as the tall oak, that yields to no decay, but is felled by a single stroke, not of wrath, but of infinite love.

Please regard me as one who wishes to enter the circle of personal mourners with you, and does not stand aloof in the general grief.

Very truly,



*President Howard University.*

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WASHINGTON, D. C., February 21, 1895.

MRS. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

*Dear Madam:* A great man has gone ! The news of your lamented husband's death came to me this morning with a great shock.

He was among the earliest to be present at the District Suffrage Meeting, on last Monday night, and spoke with his usual feeling and emphasis.

In introducing him at the District Suffrage Meeting, held in last January, I spoke of his labors in the cause of freedom, and trusted that he would long be spared to us, to assist in the cause of justice and equal rights in this District.

Our loss is irreparable, and is only mitigated by the reflexion that he leaves behind him a hallowed memory of good deeds and a hallowed life.

Yours in hearty sympathy,



BAY RIDGE, N. Y., February 21, 1895.

MRS. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

*Dear Madam* : Reading my morning paper brought me, a few moments since, the great shock from which you must suffer so intensely, if I myself feel the loss so keenly.

He has passed away—so noble—so rounded and strong ; so beloved and revered ! There is one golden thought ; one perfect and unbroken halo about him ! He filled his days with honor. He served his kind and his cause to the last full moment of his life, and all who honor freedom and esteem man will feel their love for the noble orator and statesman—the stalwart soldier of liberty—deepen into the truest reverence. May this be to you his best legacy.

He was my friend and his passing away is a personal loss. That he sent me, but a few days since, so friendly a letter, so full a tribute to my small work, is to me a great pleasure, even in the midst of this sorrow.

My deepest sympathies go out to you, Dear Madam, and my wife joins therein.

Always with profoundest respect,  
Yours faithfully and truly,

*Richard J. Hinton*

PULLUN AVENUE, CINCINNATI, OHIO,

February 21, 1895.

DEAR MRS. FREDERICK DOUGLASS :

The sad tidings of the death of your dear husband carry sorrow through the land—I may say many lands ; but nowhere more surely than to the family that has cherished his name for more than fifty years. Permit me to offer their sympathy in the tender words he addressed to me when he heard of the irreparable loss they had sustained.

“Be assured, my dear friend,” he said, “you and yours have my fullest sympathy in the great sorrow that has befallen your house. But what can I say, what can any one say, that can lift one shadow cast by this death upon your heart ? Alas ! sorrow must bring its own solace, and mourning its own comforter.”

And then, after speaking of the long and useful life of one he had known in “youth, maturity and age,” and of “her abundant charity in early taking up the cause of the slave, pre-eminently the cause of Christ,” he continued, “But here I am, trying to do the impossible ! I cannot, by word or thought, console you. Sometimes I find myself reminding friends, whose dear ones have departed, that we will soon join the unnumbered throng in the silent continent of eternity. I do this now more than formerly, because I am sensibly growing old. I am now in my seventy-eighth year. My friends tell me that I do not seem old, and

assure me that I have many days left me ; but I do not deceive myself by such illusions. I am looking to the sunset and doing so very calmly. I know I am in the care and keeping of the Almighty, and, whether I live or die, I still remain within the arm of His power."

Very sincerely your friend,

*Richard B. Pullen*

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NO. 146 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

February 21, 1895.

MRS. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

*Madame:* Permit me to join in the universal condolence which will be offered you on the sudden demise of our champion and friend—your talented and public-spirited husband, who, judged by any standard, was one of the greatest men America has produced ; and, measured by the heights attained and the obstacles overcome, confessedly the greatest.

I little thought, when I had the honor of introducing him at the Providence meeting, that I should never see him again in the flesh, and I shall count it among the hallowed memories of my life that I did then meet him, and had a chance to grasp his hand and to hear his voice.

My wife and Mrs. Fleet and her sons join with me in condoling with you and Mr. Douglass' children, in what must, from the nature of things, be an irreparable bereavement.

I am Madame,

Yours most respectfully,

*Richard G. Greener.*

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ANN ARBOR, MICH.

February 21, 1895.

MRS. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

*Dear Madame:* News has just reached the West of the sudden demise of your honored, beloved and illustrious husband, Frederick Douglass. Allow me to express my heartfelt sympathy and condolence in your hour of affliction. Your sobs, your groans, your sighs are reverberated in the sobs, the groans, the sighs of twelve millions of negroes who loved him ; who idolized him, and who will cherish his name and his memory as no name and memory were ever before cherished.

Your loss is not sectional, not national ; but a universal loss. Therefore feel not alone in your sorrow and affliction, but consider that, at this

same moment, thousands, yea millions, mourn with you for the death of Frederick Douglass.

Again expressing my sympathy and condolence, I have the pleasure to be  
Yours very truly,

*Titus M. Hubbard*

LÉGATION DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE D'HAÏTI,  
NEW YORK, le 21 Février, 1895.

*Madame:* C'est avec une douloureuse surprise qu'Haïti apprendra la nouvelle de la mort subite de l'honorable Frédéric Douglass, votre époux.

Le Président Hyppolite, le Gouvernement et le Peuple haïtiens regretteront vivement la perte du grand tribun de la race noire, de celui qui par ses vertus et par ses talents a conquis l'admiration et le respect des classes éclairées de tous les pays du monde.

Veuillez agréer, Madame, l'expression de mes sentiments personnels de profond chagrin.

*C. Haentjens.*  
*Ministre d'Haïti.*

MADAME VVE. FREDERICK DOUGLASS,  
Anacostia, D. C.

"THE STRATFORD,"  
PHILADELPHIA, PA., February 21, 1895.

MY DEAR MRS. DOUGLASS:

How swiftly that great soul passed on into the Light!

It seems but a day since we were talking pleasantly together,—only two days before his transit to a better world.

When we read the account, this morning, Lady Henry Somerset and I said, in one breath, "How thankful we are that we saw him!" It was one of life's pleasantest experiences—that little talk with your great and good husband. I shall never have his voice for my phonograph, but the autobiography is a noble monument to his memory. Lady Henry and I have been reading it with great pleasure, and we highly value the autograph inscriptions.

Dear friend, may the blessing and comfort of our Heavenly Father help you, is my prayer.

Ever sincerely,

*Francis Pickens*

SAGINAW, E. S., MICH.,

February 21, 1895.

MY DEAR MADAME :

I have learned with profound regret of the death of your husband. I condole with you most sincerely on the sad event, and if sympathy of friends can be any consolation under the trying circumstances, be assured that all who knew him share in your sorrow for his loss. There is, however, a higher source of consolation than earthly friendship, and, commending you to that, I remain,

Respectfully,

J. H. GRAY.

To MRS. FREDERICK DOUGLASS,  
Washington, D. C.

P. S. Please accept the enclosed lines.—J. H. G.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., February 22, 1895.

TO THE BEREAVED WIDOW AND FAMILY OF

HONORABLE FREDERICK DOUGLASS, ANACOSTIA, D. C.

*Dear Madam and Friends:* We, the officers and members of St. Augustine P. E. Church Aid Literary, of Brooklyn, realizing the great and irreparable loss that the race has sustained by the demise of the Honorable Frederick Douglass, the chief pioneer of emancipation throughout the Union, respectfully tender to you, the bereaved family, our sincere and inexpressible condolence, and trust that you may find some solace in the fact that "he is not dead, but gone before," to receive the fruits of his lifelong labors.

We remain yours in sympathy,

SUMNER C. LEWIS, *President.*MRS. J. A. YOUNG, *Vice-President.*

HENRY S. WILLIAMS,

LOUIS A. JEPPE

and members, } *Special*  
*Committee.*

125 HIGHLAND STREET,

ROXBURY, MASS., February 22, 1895.

MY DEAR MRS. DOUGLASS :

The announcement of your honored husband's swift translation to another life, came with a shock to me, as to all his friends and to the world at large, and you have my deepest sympathy in your great bereavement. But while I deplore his departure, and keenly feel the irreparable loss which the country has sustained in the disappearance of his unique and noble and inspiring personality, I am glad that the great change came, as I believe he would have wished it, without pain, or suffering, or

decay, and in an instant, and the last happy day of his life, spent as it was at the Woman's Council, the honored guest of that great representative gathering, and by the side of old friends, seems to me not the least of the many dramatic and felicitous incidents of his wonderfully romantic life. I like to think, too, of his last visit to Boston, when his surviving anti-slavery co-workers flocked to greet him, and the Legislature of the State welcomed him in both its Houses; and I am glad I heard his masterly address on the lynching question, at that time. I have many pictures of him in my memory, from the evening when the Emancipation Proclamation was first read in Boston, and he led the great audience in singing "The Year of Jubilee Has Come," to his last appearance in this city, thirty-one years later.

I recall him as he appeared in the camp of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment, and again, among the exultant speakers in Faneuil Hall, after the fall of Richmond; and I remember with peculiar pleasure his and your visit to my father's old home here, in 1886. He belonged not only to two races, but to two nations, and both and all realize to-day their common loss. In how many homes in England and Ireland his name is spoken with tender affection and sadness to-day!

The marvelous contrast between his early years of bondage and suffering and his serene and happy afternoon of life, is the common theme to-day; but only his nearer friends know how serene and happy your companionship made these last years to him. Be assured that they appreciate it and are grateful to you for facing so unflinchingly whatever of trial it involved. That you are and will ever be grateful for the privilege of that companionship with such a great and world-embracing spirit as his, they know full well, and their congratulations go to you with their condolence, now that the earthly limit is reached. Certainly his career here was most happily rounded and crowned.

Believe me, with sincerest sympathy and regard,  
Faithfully yours,

*Francis J. Garrison.*

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"THE STRATFORD."

PHILADELPHIA, PA., February 22, 1895.

MY DEAR MRS. DOUGLASS:

The tidings of your great loss and the loss of the entire world, in the death of your noble husband, comes to me as a personal grief, for the impression made by that dignified and genial presence and statesmanlike intellect is still fresh in mind and heart.

I shall always be grateful and glad that I was privileged to grasp the hand of the great leader of his race in this century, and one of the chief apostles of the universal freedom of mankind.

God bless and comfort you with the realization of all your husband has been spared by such a swift and happy transition into the land of light.

I see him, as I last looked on him, with his noble head and bright smile and his kindly good-bye, and I am glad to think I have another friend over there, where so many are fast gathering as the day of life grows late.

Yours in sincere sympathy,

*Label Somersell.*

McKINLEY REPUBLICAN CLUB,  
BALTIMORE, MD., February 22, 1895.

MRS. DOUGLASS AND FAMILY :

We sincerely commiserate you, in this fearful and awful visitation ; not only we, of the above-named club, but our colored citizens of Baltimore.

It is true that we live in a world where dark shadows are continually falling on our path, and we must all, one by one, yield to them.

Mr. Douglass was good, in every sense of the word. His charities, his willingness to relieve any real distress ; his talents and his charms endeared him to all.

Accept our sympathy, and weep not, for he only awaits you upon the heavenly shores.

We are sincerely yours,

ALEXANDER MCDANIELS, *President.*

WILLIAM MURRAY, *Secretary.*

50 TUDOR ROAD, SOUTH HACKNEY,  
LONDON, N. E., ENGLAND, February 23, 1895.

TO MRS. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

*Madam :* We, the undersigned members of the Central Council of the International Society for the Recognition of the Brotherhood of Man, beg to tender you and your household our heartfelt sympathy in your bereavement. To some of us Mr. Douglass was personally known, and by all of us he was admired, respected and loved.

Madam, the great services which your noble husband rendered the cause of Brotherhood have already borne good fruit, which must increase a hundred-fold as years roll by. In his removal humanity has sustained a sad loss. Yet there is comfort in the inspiring remembrance of his noble life and all that it achieved, which encourages each of us to follow faithfully along the broadening path of freedom, whose thorny entrance was marked so deeply and cleared so well by his courageous footsteps and his strong arguments.

In yielding to our strong desire to assure you, Madam, of our fervent sympathy, we would not intrude unduly upon your privacy at this sad

junction. Yet would we fain express our earnest hope that God may abundantly comfort and bless you in your great sorrow. May His consolation be given to you and your household. We are, Madam,

Yours most respectfully and in deepest sympathy,

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO,  
Aberdeen.

REV. S. G. WOODROW,  
Aberdeen.

FRAU ERCKMANN,  
Alzey, Hesse, Germany.

GEORGE FERDINANDS, M. D.,  
Ceylon, E. I.

E. CAMERON MAWSON,  
Ashfield, Gateshead.

MARY A. M. MARKS,  
155 Adelaide Road, London.

FANNY L. KINGERBEY,  
50 Tudor Road, London.

MARY G. BURNETT,  
52 Lower Sloane St., S. W.

EDWIN J. NORRIS, M. R. C. S.,  
10 Cottage Grove, Southsea.

HELEN SILLSBIE,  
50 Tudor Road, London.

WILLIAM THOMPSON,  
19 South John St., Liverpool.

BOSTON, MASS., February 23, 1895.

MY DEAR MRS. DOUGLASS:

I regret exceedingly that I cannot be present at the funeral of Mr. Douglass, to represent the family of his old friend, as well as to testify my own personal respect. The attendance and the tributes will doubtless be worthy of the remarkable man and the occasion. No one succeeds him, for he

"hath not left his peer."

I shall always esteem it an honor to have presided at his last lecture in Boston. His vigorous presence then indicated many years of life in store, and the announcement of his death came with a sudden shock. Yet it was merciful to him, and he has escaped the pains and infirmities of age.

Our hearts go out in sympathy to you and the bereaved family.

Very sincerely yours,





STORER COLLEGE,  
HARPER'S FERRY, W. VA., February 23, 1895.

MY DEAR MRS. DOUGLASS :

The nation and a common humanity share with you your great sorrow. All have lost a tried and noble defender.

His was a deep and abiding interest in Storer College. On the day of his death I received his assurance that he would be one of the lecturers in our anticipated course for the benefit of our church building.

His autograph letter will always be held as a sacred memento, and his name stands at the head of our noble list of contributors.

Yours, in the consolations of the Gospel,

E. W. PORTER,  
*Pastor Harper's Ferry Free Baptist Church.*

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES.  
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT,  
INDIANAPOLIS, IND., February 23, 1895.

TO THE FAMILY OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS :

The National Council of Women of the United States send affectionate and sympathetic greeting to the bereaved.

At a meeting held by the working body of the National Council, it was ordered that through a committee appointed for the purpose, the National Council should express its consciousness of its own participation in the universal sense of loss experienced by the nation in the death of Frederick Douglass. The special committee thus constituted feels that the communication is properly of a fourfold character. Hence a resolution has been framed by a sub-committee, a copy of which will accompany this letter. Hence, also, a poem has been written by a patron of the National Council, appointed by this committee, a copy of which also will be found enclosed herein. The floral tribute, which this letter and its enclosures accompany, is another expression of the Council's participation with you, the personally bereaved, in doing honor to the memory of him you mourn.

This letter would not be a proper medium for expressing the Council's conception of the character of Frederick Douglass, or of his unique contribution to the solution of the vexed problems involved in the doctrine of human liberty, and if in other respects proper, it would surely be inadequate.

Therefore, in this letter, the Council, leaving the public rostrum, approaches your fireside in the spirit of those who "mourn with them that mourn."

The women constituting the Council have so often been called upon to realize in their own experience and in the observation of their own sex, that capabilities of brain and heart do not exist in inverse, but in direct proportion with each other, that they would find it incredible that a man

endowed with the intellectual powers of Frederick Douglass, should not be endowed also with a correspondingly universal capacity for affection.

Women have also observed, notwithstanding the almost universal misconception of them in this respect, that the women whose hearts are the quickest to respond to public appeals for help and sympathy are also quickest to respond to every private claim. Therefore, the women of the Council realize that the home at whose centre beats a heart strong with love for all humanity, vital with affection, sympathy and tenderness, must feel, now that that heart has ceased to beat, that the world itself is cold and dead.

In the first hours of such bereavement, it is difficult to realize that there can be any compensation for their pain. But, while we mourn with you your present loss, we also rejoice with you in your past and therefore permanent possession; and, in a world wherein death has not yet been conquered and barred, is it possible to conceive of a more welcome shape in which it could come than that in which it came to your husband and father?

That one should "by reason of strength" approach fourscore years, and far from finding that all life is "vanity and vexation of spirit," find that life is one precious opportunity, every fleeting moment of which has been used in its passing to its highest purpose—every fleeting moment has been so used that it has enriched the life of which it formed a part and every other with which that life touched.

To have come up to fourscore with an almost unimpaired physical vitality, with perfect vigor of intellect, and with unabated vivacity of emotion—this is to have drunk life from a full and sweet chalice.

To be permitted in this condition to meet the mysterious transition, is to be blessed indeed.

So, dear friends, we cannot wholly mourn, because of the rejoicing in our hearts that such a life has been; that such a valiant struggle has found issue in a certain victory.

The highest honor which we can show to the memory of him who has passed from the visible world to the world invisible—and to you whose longing eyes are straining into the impenetrable darkness to follow him—is to contemplate his life as an inspiration, and to respond to his example by an answering devotion to human liberty and to human equality.

MAY WRIGHT SEWELL,

*President of the National Council of the  
Women of the United States.*

SUSAN B. ANTHONY,

LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS,

ANNA H. SHAW,

EMILY HOWLAND,

J. ELLEN FOSTER,

MARGARET RAY WICKENS,

*Committee.*

TOLEDO, O., February 23, 1895.

MY DEAR MRS. DOUGLASS :

I join the sorrowing millions who mourn with you the sudden death of your distinguished husband.

"Oh, the land he loved will miss him ;  
Miss him in its hour of need."

In an address delivered by me on the twelfth instant, I did not forget to group your husband's name with those of the great anti-slavery men and women whom I profoundly venerate. No one of them all commanded my enthusiastic admiration more than he ; no one better deserves the generous love of mankind.

Respectfully,




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TUSKEGEE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE,  
TUSKEGEE, ALA., February 23, 1895.

MRS. FREDERICK DOUGLASS, Anacostia, D. C.

*Dear Madam :* With thousands of others, I write to express, in your hour of mourning, my sympathy with you in the loss of your *good and great* husband.

We shall hold memorial services here Sunday evening.

Yours truly,

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

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MILL FIELD STREET,  
SOMERSETSHIRE, ENGLAND, February 23, 1895.

DEAR MRS. DOUGLASS :

Although a stranger to you, I feel I can hardly refrain from saying a few words to you, to express something of the great sorrow I felt last evening on hearing of the removal of your noble husband from our earthly life. He seems the last of that band of remarkable men whom from childhood we have learned to admire and esteem—the heroes of the great anti-slavery struggle.

It is only a day or two ago that I was saying in my family how much I still hoped to see Mr. Douglass again in America. I had a beautiful letter from him a few months ago, in kind reply to some inquiries of mine. I have read and re-read it to myself and to others. I cannot but deeply regret that I had never thanked him for it, having left it partly in

the hope that I might be able to say something more satisfactory relating to matters I had inquired about. I cannot but grieve that I had not written and said all that was in my mind to say.

Mr. Douglass' little visit to us seven years ago will always be a great pleasure to look back on. I have been always particularly glad that my children could remember his venerable and noble figure.

Last night I was thinking of the reunion which may have taken place, the meeting with many of the old associates, and I thought that, after his own family, there would be few who, if permitted, would welcome Mr. Douglass with more warmth than my father, who loved him for his gifts, for his early sufferings, and for his great work for both races.

It is with a true personal sorrow that I venture to send you these few lines, \* \* \* \*

Believe me, dear Mrs. Douglass,

Yours very truly,

*Helen P. Bright Clark*

11 GROVE STREET,  
BOSTON, MASS., February 23, 1895.

MRS. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

*Dear Friend:* All classes of New England unite with the civilized world in mourning the death of your distinguished husband.

The notices in our leading journals but feebly express the universal feelings of our hearts in the death of one we dearly loved. God called him suddenly because of his life work of faithfulness. "The King's business demands haste," and only responsible messengers are ordered "into the presence of the King."

His work for humanity was his preparation to enter into the rest prepared for the children of God. May his soul rest in peace!

Yours in sympathy,

*Robert L. Ruggin*

153 WEST FIFTY-THIRD STREET,  
NEW YORK, N. Y., February 23, 1895.

MRS. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

*Respected Madam:* The officers and members of the "Society Sons of New York" desire to tender to yourself and family their deepest sympathy for the loss sustained by you through the death of your devoted

husband, our honored friend and the nation's statesman, Frederick Douglass. He has ever held the choicest place in our hearts for his gracious interest in our society, and, in accepting the title of "honorary member," he gave fresh impetus to our efforts, and proved his love for the race which is constantly seeking "a nobler manhood."

Yours, with profound regret,

THE SOCIETY SONS OF NEW YORK.

W. RUSSELL JOHNSON, *President*.

JOSEPH F. TREADWELL, *Secretary*.

W. H. CARTER, *Chairman Executive Committee*.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 23, 1895.

MRS. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

*Most Bereaved Lady*: I would bear thee up and lay thee on the breast of thy martyred husband.

His labors are finished; he has kept the faith; his course has been consistent; he has stretched onward and reached the mark.

He was the Toussaint l'Ouverture of the nineteenth century. He looked like our Saviour, and did nobly emulate Him by being the saviour of our people.

Yours, in most sincere sympathy,

CHARLES A. BRADLEY.

12 BLANDFORD ROAD, BEDFORD PARK,  
LONDON, February 26, 1895.

DEAR MRS. DOUGLASS:

I have been thinking of you all these days since the first telegram brought us the sad tidings of your loss, of the colored people's loss, of woman's loss, of America's loss, and I must put my hand in yours to let you know, in a measure at least, how much I feel for you.

I know that the light of your life is darkened, and that henceforth nothing will be quite the same to you as in the happy days when he stood by your side, and you felt in all your woman's soul that he was yours, and that you stood together, one and strong, in the unity and strength of your love. Frederick Douglass was a noble man and you might well be proud of him. \* \* \*

As yet we have only the cable messages. I hope the *Woman's Journal* will give full particulars. He was always a faithful champion to woman; a true knight of chivalric mould as ever was. Nearly seven years have passed by since I was at your charming Cedar Hill. \* \* \*

Always in sympathy and sincere affection yours,

REBECCA MOORE.

FRONTIER LODGE, NO. 14.  
KNIGHTS OF HONOR OF THE WORLD.

HARTSHORN, INDIAN TERRITORY, February 26, 1895.

MRS. FREDERICK DOUGLASS:

The sad news of the death of so noble a man as the Hon. Frederick Douglass meets our ears in our little city with profound sorrow, and we feel with heartrending sympathy for you and the loved ones. Not only you have lost a husband, but the race has lost the noblest man of our race.

With these words of condolence, may the God of peace be with you and ever console you in the hour of bereavement.

We, this sacred order of Knights of Honor, have lost a loving brother, as well as a race leader.

We beg to remain yours in truest sympathy,

W. S. WEBBER,  
A. TURNER,  
CHARLES VINCENT,  
of Frontier Lodge, No. 14.

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8 CLIFTON PLACE,  
BROOKLYN, N. Y., February 26, 1895.

DEAR MRS. DOUGLASS:

I cannot refrain from expressing my sincere sorrow and regret at the passing away of your noble husband.

One of the earliest recollections of my boyhood is that of sitting on his knee, in my father's house, in Providence, and listening to his stories of his life in slavery and his escape to freedom. Contact with the brave pioneers of the anti-slavery movement, I count as one of the chief factors in my moral training. None came to our house, I think, who was so much loved as Mr. Douglass. There was no bitterness mingled with his earnest devotion to the cause of freedom. He was always genial, kind, brimming over with the pure wine of human nature.

Of all the men of our time, I know of none who can be named as surpassing him in genuine achievement. The time will come when America will be proud to give him place among the noblest of her sons, and when we shall look back upon their petty race prejudice, the long-dying heritage of chattel slavery, with wonder, shame and sincere contrition.

I honor Frederick Douglass, too, as the friend of religious as well as secular liberty—the large-minded champion of every factor which goes to make up our progressive civilization.

With sincere sympathy with you in your bereavement, believe me,  
Faithfully yours,

*Lewis G. James*  
President of the Brooklyn Ethical Association.

171 WARWICK ROAD, C., SPARKHILL,  
BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND, March 1, 1895.

TO THE FAMILY OF THE LATE FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

*Dear Friends:* Our annual meeting was held in the Priestly Road Church, on February 26, 1895. Having listened with feelings of deep emotion to the eulogy on the late and much lamented Frederick Douglass, delivered by the Rev. Peter Thomas Stanford, D.D., England's colored preacher, it is resolved that the officers and members of the Sturge Lodge No. 7, Independent Order Good Templars, and visitors assembled, do hereby earnestly desire to express to the family of our departed brother, and to the race to which he belonged, our deepest and heartfelt sympathy for the great loss they have sustained. The unselfish, devoted life he lived has, we feel assured, won for him a crown of everlasting glory. His name will always be held in sacred keeping by us and by all lovers of liberty throughout the world.

We would further desire to say to our beloved friends in America that, while we must needs share with them their grief and weep with them in their hour of affliction, we must also entreat them to share our thankfulness to God for having raised up such a noble man, and with us to bow submissively to Him who doeth all things well.

It is further resolved that a copy of our resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased and to the national colored papers of America, and to the *Watchward* I. O. G. T., England.

R. SMITH, *Secretary D. G. C. T.*

CALDWELL, OHIO, March 1, 1895.

MRS. FREDERICK DOUGLASS,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

*Dear Madam:* I have learned with sorrow that my dear friend, your husband, Frederick Douglass, has been called away from the scene of earthly labor and trial into a brighter and better world. It should be with us, as doubtless it is with him, matter of sincere rejoicing that this life of pain and sorrow is exchanged for one free from all suffering and sin; but such is our nature that we must weep, even when our friends pass to a brighter shore.

I know that when my darling son was so suddenly taken from me, you and he both wept with us, though we could not but know that the lad was better off over yonder "on the ever green shore." Such is our frailty that we weep and refuse to be comforted when death takes our dear ones away.

"We shall meet, but we shall miss him" forever and everywhere, and where not? What great scene these forty years where he was not a conspicuous figure? If I went to a National Convention, he was there! if to the National Encampment of our G. A. R., who all loved him as a comrade, he was there. In the great cities, in the towns, in the corridors

of the Capitol, I was not surprised any day to meet Frederick Douglass ; always modest, always self-forgetful, always mindful, first of all, of the comfort and welfare of others ; genial and with a smile, how warm was the clasp of his honest hand, the beam of his friendly countenance.

During the first days of our journey through Indiana, in 1880, he was sad and hopeless, and talked of giving up and going home. Our meetings were slim and wanting in spirit and enthusiasm. His keen faculties took it all in, and, naturally he traced it all to Grant's defeat. But one morning when I came down to breakfast, the stalwart man with the flowing mane of snow was beaming with smiles. "Say, Dalzell," he said, cheerily, "did you hear anything drop in the night?" I was puzzled and stupidly said, "No." He laughed outright. "Look at that," he exclaimed, handing me the morning paper, and pointed with one bronze finger to the headlines. I saw it all at a glance, "Grant and Conkling at Warren," and I saw why he smiled. After that all went merry as a marriage bell. Our meetings became larger and the enthusiasm intense, until, towards the last, he traveled in one continuous ovation, and Indiana was ours and Garfield elected.

I knew him well. He had his moods. "He wrought in sad sincerity." He was too large and good for malice, revenge, envy or petty meanness of any kind. Conscious of power, he was always modest. I never heard him boast of anything,—least of all, of anything he had said or done. Praise enough, even flattery enough, had been accorded him in both Europe and America, to have spoiled an ordinary mortal, though his skin were fair as Parian marble. But it did not spoil him.

His ideal was lofty, but, of course, unattainable in mortal life ; but in the sweet rest of heaven, to which I believe this good, kind soul has surely gone, that ideal will, in God's own time, be realized.

I shall miss him while I live; but no heart can know your sorrow or enter into the sacred domain of your affliction to offer you the sympathy and comfort you so much need in this, your great trial.

May God comfort you and the children of our departed friend.

Most sincerely,



THE QUARRIES,  
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, March 2, 1895.

*Dear Madam:* Your telegram, so soon after the letter from Mr. Douglass, written on February 12th, was very touching.

The English papers had told us of your loss, and were full of the most appreciative notices.



I trust that the knowledge of all Mr. Douglass did for his people will help you to bear the blow. All who knew him must feel that they are richer for even a slight acquaintance. Those of my circle, who shared your telegram, wish to join me in the warmest expressions of sympathy.

Believe me, yours very truly,

*Caroline Richardson*

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9 RUE DE BASSANO,  
CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES, PARIS, March 2, 1895.

MY DEAR MRS. DOUGLASS:

We have just heard of the great loss that has befallen you, and we hasten to send our sincerest expression of real sympathy.

I can never forget those most delightful hours with Frederick Douglass, during his sojourn with you in Paris, in the autumn of 1886. I have just written an article for a New York paper in which I recall them.

What a grand, noble man he was! I frequently thought of him last month as I was reading "Uncle Tom," with my children; not that he resembled the hero of that powerful work, but because he was one of the strong men who helped, like Mrs. Stowe, to destroy the curse of slavery.

And now he is gone! His loss is not only yours, but that of the whole nation, for he was a magnificent and unique example of moral and humanitarian greatness.

Mrs. Stanton joins me in warmest regards.

Sincerely yours,

*Theodore Stanton*

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PARIS, FRANCE, March 3, 1895.

MY DEAR MRS. DOUGLASS:

I infer that by this time you will have gone back from Rochester to Washington.

As to Frederick, I have already said my say. I have said it in verse.

But what I have said—now that I have said it—seems to me to be written in so intimate, so personal and so affectionate a vein, that I question the good judgment of publishing my eulogistic stanzas at the present moment.

I will not trust them even to yourself. \* \* \*

Meanwhile, my object in this note is to say that, ever since I had the news of his death, I have been filled with every friendly emotion except one, and that is, grief, for of this sombre sensation I have felt none at all; but, on the contrary, I have experienced a strange joy and pride that he has rounded out his many years amid such universal honor, and has gone down into his grave with such a magnificent exit from this calumnious world.

I have shed no tears—pardon me for saying so—and I have therefore a more than common privilege of speech.

Please remember me to the boys and tell them to be as proud of their father as if he had been Miles Standish, or Israel Putnam, or James Otis.

With kindest regards,




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WASHINGTON, D. C., March 8, 1895.

MRS. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

*Dear Madam:* At the last meeting of the Woman's Anthropological Society, the secretary was instructed to communicate to you their unfeigned sympathy in the affliction which has fallen upon you.

They are deeply conscious that words are utterly inadequate to reach sorrow such as that which now overwhelms you, but they earnestly hope that this expression of their heartfelt sympathy may, in a measure, impart to you strength to bear your irreparable loss.

As one whom the Father comforteth, may the dear Lord comfort you.

Very sincerely,

MARIANNA P. SEAMAN,

*Corresponding Secretary, W. A. S.*

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HUMBOLDT, HUMBOLDT COUNTY, IOWA,

March 13, 1895.

MRS. F. DOUGLASS, Washington, D. C.

*Bereaved Friend:* Although not privileged with your personal acquaintance, I beg permission to express to you and the other members of the family of my old-time friend, your departed husband, my deep and

abiding sympathy with you in your great bereavement. All true friends of human progress who have known Mr. Douglass, or have known of his faithful work along all lines of reform, join with you in mourning his death. Permit me to add that it is your privilege to mingle with your sorrow the sentiment of gratitude to God for the blessing of his companionship and counsel for so many years.

I enclose herewith a copy of my remarks at the memorial service held in Des Moines, Iowa, which please accept with the assurance of my abiding sympathy.

Very truly yours,



PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI, March 15, 1895.

MY DEAR MRS. DOUGLASS:

Permit me, in the name of all the members of my family, and in my own name, to make a pilgrimage across the waves of old ocean; to take a seat in your family circle, of which the chief link has just been rudely broken, and enter into your grief as far as it is possible for a deeply sympathizing friend to do. \* \* \* \*

Indeed, it is only because the stupendous blow has come upon us suddenly and without preliminary warning that we may be excused if our pained bosoms are swelled with unwonted grief. Otherwise, we can but rejoice that our dear departed brother, having filled out the full measure of his days with glorious deeds, heroically performed in harmony with lofty thoughts, breathed forth in burning words nobly uttered, has at last gone to his high, hard-earned and well-merited repose.

Mr. Douglass was truly a grand man, and his life was noble and sublime. Not only his dear family, his native country, his peeled, scattered and persecuted race; not only humanity entire, of whom he was a bright and shining light, but the whole constellated universe is also better for his having lived, suffered, labored and died, faithful to duty unto the last.

He was one of those rare spirits that the earth labors long and weary centuries to conceive and bring to birth, and who, on their appearance, take of right the vanguard in marshaling the toiling and suffering millions and leading them to "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

And oh! how grand and glorious was the death that fitly closed a half century of God-inspired labors in the cause of humanity. He fell at his post of duty, with all his armor on, and prepared as ever to do battle in the sacred cause in which he had been enlisted for a full jubilee of years. His heroic face was still fronting the foe, ready to make another desperate charge, as the mortal coil fell from his liberated spirit, which soared upwards whence it came.

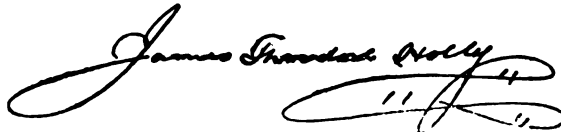
Moreover, I rejoice that the last public services which he was called to render to his country were honorably discharged in his capacity of Minister Resident near the Government of this independent republic of the Caribbean Sea, where my humble lot has been cast for a period now well on to forty years; and where, in his integrity in contending for the principles of everlasting justice and equity established by the "Higher Law," he had the courage to put his manly foot upon the head of tortuous diplomacy.

This last official function in the service of his own country was happily supplemented by an honorable public service for the Republic of Haiti, as her accredited commissioner at the Universal Columbian Exposition, at Chicago.

It was indeed fitting that this lifelong champion of the rights of his long oppressed race should have thus crowned his closing labors, in such trusted and intimate relations with the sovereign and independent people of this black republic, who were the first of their race to break off, with their own hands, the fetters of slavery and to dash them into the faces of their inhuman oppressors; and who thereby vindicated, not only their right, but also their ability to free themselves, and gave the needed emphasis to the philanthropic appeals in behalf of the race that had been voiced by the Clarksons, the Wilberforces and the Gregories.

And now that the curtain of eternity has dropped upon this sublime and closing scene of his public life, let us again, dear madame and all the afflicted family, lift up our sorrowing hearts and thank our Heavenly Father for the gift to earth of such a noble man, and bless His holy name for the light shed upon humanity's upward pathway by such a splendid life!

Meanwhile I am, dear Mrs. Douglass, very faithfully, your deeply sympathizing friend and brother,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "James Theodore Holly". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above a short horizontal line.

#### A TRIBUTE FROM SOME ROCHESTER FRIENDS.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., February 24, 1895.

The many friends of Frederick Douglass have been stricken by sorrow at the news of his death.

We who were his only sympathizers and helpers in the great cause to which he was dedicated, feel and mourn his loss in a peculiar manner.

His friendship is one of those memories which we shall always cherish. He was our near and dear friend, as well as the great leader to whom we looked up in a cause which held our fullest sympathy.

His memory is indeed blessed and glorious—the memory of a brave spirit and a strong man—who strove and dared all things in the sacred cause of Freedom.

MARY H. HALLOWELL,  
SARAH C. BLACKALL,  
JACOB K. POST,  
SARAH L. WILLIS,  
LAURA RAMSDELL,  
LENIA C. SMITH,  
MARIA E. PORTER,  
DR. PORTER FARLEY,  
MARY S. ANTHONY,  
JEAN BROOKS GREENLEAF,  
LENIA C. SMITH,

To this I gladly append the name of

*Susan B. Anthony*

**Preambles**  
**and**  
**Resolutions.**

(93)



## PREAMBLES AND RESOLUTIONS.

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### THE FACULTY AND STUDENTS OF SHAW UNIVERSITY, RALEIGH, N. C.

WHEREAS, A gracious and inscrutable Providence has been pleased to call from this life the race's great and illustrious champion and defender, Frederick Douglass; and

WHEREAS, His departure entails an irreparable loss, not only to his struggling race, whom he served so well and long, but also to the great country of which he was a citizen; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That the faculty and students of Shaw University view with a deep sense of sorrow the national and race calamity involved in the death of Frederick Douglass.

*Resolved*, That in his passing away, freedom loses one of its bravest and best advocates; humanity, one of its most faithful and eloquent friends; and the world, one of its noblest and most remarkable men.

*Resolved*, That in this hour of exceeding sadness and loss, we extend to the surviving family and relatives the earnest sympathy of our hearts, and pray for them that sweet comfort and consolation that comes from a devout trust in God, who does all things for the best.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent for publication to the leading race journals, and that one of such be forwarded to Mrs. Frederick Douglass, Anacostia, D. C.

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### IN MEMORY OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

During the early part of the evening of February 20th, the Women's National Council, then convened at Washington, D. C., received the news of the death of Frederick Douglass, and this was announced to the convention in a brief speech. Mr. Douglass had been extended the courtesies of the meeting at the business session the previous morning. In the course of Mrs. Sewell's remarks she said :

The report, as unwelcome as it is sad and solemn, has come to us of the sudden and most unexpected death of Frederick Douglass. That historic



figure, which personally and intellectually was the symbol of the wonderful transition period through which this generation has lived, has been with us in our Council as an interested witness during both of our sessions to-day. When we entered the hall this morning it was ordered that an escort be appointed to conduct him to the platform.

We felt that this platform was honored by his presence, and I am sure there was no division of feeling upon the subject among all the organizations here represented, although including women whose families are related to all the different political parties of our country, and who, by ancestry, have been connected with both sides of the great questions which have been presented to our common country for solution.

Mr. Douglass expressed his deep interest in the significance of our proceedings by returning in the afternoon; but he declined to occupy a place on the platform, desiring to sit where he could see and hear all that was going forward.

Surely it will be regarded as an historic coincidence that the man who, in his own person, embodied the history of almost a century, in the struggle between freedom and oppression, should spend his last day as a witness of the united efforts of those who have come from so many different places and along such various avenues, to formulate some plan upon which they may unite to demand a new expression of freedom in the relation of woman to the world, to society, and to the State, and in the application of woman's brain and conscience to the great questions pending at this hour.

The following memorial, in honor of Mr. Douglass, was adopted by the National Council:

*Resolved*, That in the death of Hon. Frederick Douglass, the National Council of Women of the United States, assembled in Triennial Session, feels itself sorely bereaved, and, with tender respect and patriotic devotion, joins in memoriam of the great and good man, passed from the scenes of time.

We mourn him as a great and good man gone, as a great figure of prophecy, of hope and of fulfillment in the annals of American history; but keener is our sense of loss because he was so lately in our midst. His last day on earth was passed with us. His familiar form, his dignified and genial bearing on our platform was his last tribute to woman's progress toward higher ideals in society, in custom and in law.

His shadow still lingered on our portals; his words of sympathetic interest in our aspirations and our hopes still echoed through the evening air when the summons came; out of life into death he went; out of death into life eternal. With reverential thought, because of this swift, this unannounced transition, and with solemn exultation because of the possible dignity of human character and human achievements, which his life illustrates—we bring our tribute.

Born a slave, his human instinct drove him early to forge his way to freedom. Liberty secured, his robust manhood made for himself an heroic career of service to his kindred, to his race, to his country and to the world. The tenderness of a refined nature sweetened his family life and ennobled his personal friendships. In the army of progress he was the trusted comrade and the respected leader of men and women, living and dead, whom the years more and more will understand and honor.

He was a student of books, of men, and of institutions. He wrote with clearness and force ; he spoke with eloquence and power.

The woman movement found in him a friend and champion. His sense of justice and his soul of honor made their cause his own. He urged and aided the enlargement of their opportunities for education, for industrial independence, and for political equality. He believed the quality of woman's service would be as helpful to the government as it had been blessed in the home.

He stood for temperance, and purity and religion, and personified the virtues he exalted.

In him the hopes of his race were realized ; in him humanity was dignified. The world is poorer because he is gone ; humanity is richer because he came. The legacy of his life and service attests the truth that God keepeth watch above His own, that He shall turn and overturn until injustice dies, and the right eternally triumphs.

MAY WRIGHT SEWELL,  
SUSAN B. ANTHONY,  
LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS,  
MARGARET RAY WICKENS,  
J. ELLEN FOSTER,  
REV. ANNIE HOWARD SHAW,  
EMILY HOWLAND.

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### THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF ILLINOIS.

*Resolved*, By the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring therein, that the General Assembly of Illinois has learned, with sorrow, of the death of Frederick Douglass, the great editor, orator and liberator, who, by his own efforts and industry, transformed himself from the condition of a slave, to the estate of a freeman ; from an ignorant boy to an intelligent man and one of the leaders of the world's thought. Recognizing that he contributed largely to the final overthrow of the slave system in the United States and the enlargement of theories and practices of a free government and the liberties of its citizens, the General Assembly of the State of Illinois recognizes his high character as a citizen and pays tribute to his memory.

Passed February 21, 1895.

## THE STAFF OF PROVIDENCE HOSPITAL, BALTIMORE, MD.

BALTIMORE, MD., February 21, 1895.

TO HONORABLE MRS. FREDERICK DOUGLASS:

WHEREAS, We, the undersigned, members of the staff of Providence Hospital, of this city, have this morning heard with profound sorrow, of the death of your husband, the Honorable Frederick Douglass; therefore

*Resolved*, That we tender to you, his widow, our sincere sympathy and condolence, and hope that the same Divine Providence which succored and aided him through his stormy voyage of life, may continue with *you*, and be helpful to *you*, in every trial.

REVERDY M. HALL, M. D.,  
CHARLES H. FOWLER, M. D.,  
W. H. THOMPSON, M. D.,  
L. D. DYER, M. D.,  
J. MARCUS CARGILL, M. D.

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A Memorial Meeting at Mt. Zion Baptist Church, Peoria, Ill., February 21, 1895, unanimously adopted the following in honor of Mr. Douglass :

Inasmuch as death has suddenly removed from our midst our highly esteemed, much-beloved, famous citizen, statesman, friend and brother, Frederick Douglass, in advanced years, but apparently in the vigor of perfect health; in the crowning glory and success of his cherished duties; in the unfeigned love of a large and rapidly increasing circle of friends (world-wide); and in the unsullied respect and confidence of all races; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That we have received, with the most profound sorrow, the announcement of his death.

*Resolved*, That we have lost one whose presence and memory we shall ever be proud to recall; an active and zealous member of our race; an honor to our country; a fearless advocate of liberty and equal rights for all men of all races and nations; the leader and defender of the negro race in this and other lands; the prime cause of negro soldiers enlisting to support the Union; the companion and supporter of John Brown; the real hero of America, standing easily head and shoulders above any man living or dead, in the advocacy of his people.

*Resolved*, That the nation has reason to bow in humble sorrow at the loss of a noble and exemplary citizen, a faithful friend and advocate of the Union; a statesman, author, orator, diplomat, and an ornament to his race, a credit to his country, an honor to America, and a fit example of morality,—a worthy father, husband and friend.

*Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with the grief-stricken family of the deceased, and assure them of the sincere fellow-feeling of all who know of their sad affliction.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent the family of the deceased, and also be furnished the city press, for publication.

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TEMPERANCE INDUSTRIAL AND COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE,  
CLAREMONT, VA.

WHEREAS, We have, with great sorrow, been to-day notified that it has pleased Almighty God to call from labor to reward the Honorable Frederick Douglass, the late Recorder of Deeds in the District of Columbia; and

WHEREAS, The said Mr. Douglass was undoubtedly the greatest man of his age, and always a speaker for, and an honor to, the negro race to which he belonged; and

WHEREAS, We, as young students of the Temperance Industrial and Collegiate Institute, looked upon Mr. Douglass as the greatest man of his age; and

WHEREAS, We look upon his work as an honor to all young negroes and Americans; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That we tender to his devoted wife our heartfelt sympathy.

*Resolved*, That we request our president, John J. Smallwood, if possible, to represent us, as well as himself, at the funeral of our race's distinguished dead.

*Resolved*, That, in the death of the Hon. Frederick Douglass, our race has lost its greatest orator, statesman and leader; and the nation the greatest man of his day and generation.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. Douglass and family.

M. E. COLEMAN,  
ELNORA BROWN,  
W. R. WRIGHT,  
JOHN L. WYATT, *Chairman*,  
E. J. OVERLY, *Secretary*,  
*Committee.*

February 21, 1895.

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FACULTY AND STUDENTS OF STORER COLLEGE, HARPER'S  
FERRY, VA.

The following resolution was most heartily adopted by the faculty and students of Storer College, on February 22, 1895:

*Resolved*, That in the death of the late Honorable Frederick Douglass, we recognize the fact that a "great man has fallen," and, as an

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institution, we wish to pay our tribute of appreciation and affection to his memory.

He was great in the wealth of a noble character, broad principles and true ideas of liberty, that made him akin to a common humanity.

Thus he best served one race and people, by defending the rights of all men.

One of his latest expressions was in sympathy with Storer College and the assurance of a service that death prevented his rendering.

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### THE ROBERT G. SHAW VETERAN ASSOCIATION OF BOSTON, MASS.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, the Almighty Ruler of the Universe, to remove from this life, Frederick Douglass, the greatly esteemed leader of the negro race; the champion and defender of the oppressed, and a true representative of the black race, in its onward march to greater freedom and advanced culture; and

WHEREAS, The death of such a leader and defender is a great grief, not only to the members of the negro race, but also to thousands of Caucasian extraction in this country and in the countries on the other side of the Atlantic; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That, as members of the Robert G. Shaw Veteran Association, we take this, our earliest opportunity, to record our appreciation of the late Frederick Douglass, as a citizen and as a co-worker with such eminent advocates of liberty, as Garrison, Sumner and Wendell Phillips.

*Resolved*, That we hereby tender to the family and relatives of the deceased, to whom his death is a severe affliction, the condolence of our sympathetic hearts in their bereavement.

*Ordered*, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the widow of the departed, as an evidence of the sympathy of this command.

JOHN D. N. R. POWELL, SR.

JOHN H. TILLMAN, *Lieutenant*.

BURRILL SMITH.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, *Sergeant*.

W. D. FOWLER,

GEORGE GOLER, *Color Sergeant*.

GEORGE W. CROSS, *Sergeant-Major*.

MAJOR WESLEY J. FURLONG, *Commander*.

D. MILES, *Captain*, Company "A."

Adopted February 22, 1895.

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### THE WEST END AUXILIARY CLUB, OF CHICAGO, ILL.

WHEREAS, The sad intelligence reaches us from Washington, D. C., that the Honorable Frederick Douglass, the foremost negro of his race, has been summoned to his eternal rest; and

WHEREAS, In his death, humanity loses a great friend; his country, a great national character; the Republican party, a safe counsellor; and his race, a strong advocate; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That we, the officers and members of the West End Auxiliary Club, of the Third Ward of Chicago, Ill., do greatly deplore his death, acknowledge his purity of character, his sterling worth, and his illustrious career.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be forthwith sent to the bereaved family.

A. H. ROBERTS, *President*.

E. B. HALL, *Secretary*.

Adopted February 22, 1895.

### THE FREDERICK DOUGLASS LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

BALTIMORE, MD., February 22, 1895.

At a called meeting of the Frederick Douglass Literary Association, of Baltimore, convened to take action of its sorrow on the sad announcement of the translation of the Honorable Frederick Douglass, from his earthly labors to his ineffable reward, Thomas I. Hall, president of the association, made feeling mention of his translation, and the following resolution was, on motion of Mary L. Butler, unanimously adopted and ordered to be transmitted to the bereaved family:

#### MRS. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

*Madam* : In the presence of overshadowing sorrow, we, at the behest of a large and growing organization, reverently lay before you its sympathetic testimonial, in mournful appreciation of the bereavement that has fallen upon you, upon us, and upon the community. With painful satisfaction we discharge this trust.

Accept this testimonial as the sincere expression of our earnest feelings of the community's irreparable loss in the translation of Honorable Frederick Douglass.

"A great man has fallen in Israel." When Death would make a startling and profound impression, he selects a shining mark for his shaft.

He has stricken down a giant whose colossal proportions towered as possibly the foremost figure of the African race. He was a giant of wonderful powers, which he controlled by unerring judgment and benign

philanthropy; sought exercise in doing good, harming none, and causing blossoms to spring where'er he trod.

Justice, in judgment and actions, kept pace with his vast powers; and, what might be deemed the brightest gem of character, he arose from the depths of African slavery to exalted American citizenship.

We have never failed to receive the encouraging smile of his approval in all our efforts at moral and social elevation, and to-day our race mourns a true and tried friend, laid low. Verily, "A prince has fallen in Israel!" In solemn sorrowing, with bowed heads and reverent steps, our mourning millions approach and crave leave to lay the laurel wreath on the honored tomb of departed worth.

*Resolved*, That, as a mark of our respect, a committee be appointed to attend the funeral of Honorable Frederick Douglass, and that a copy of this resolution and its accompanying letter, be transmitted to his family and entered on the journal.

THOMAS I. HALL, *President*.  
SAMUEL W. OCKMEY, *Chaplain*.  
MARY L. BUTLER, *Treasurer*.  
WILLIAM F. HALL, *Secretary*.

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THE CENTRAL TENNESSEE COLLEGE,  
NASHVILLE, TENN.

At a meeting of the faculty and students of Central Tennessee College, held in the College chapel, February 22, 1895, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The hand of Divine Providence has removed from this world and the busy cares of life, Honorable Frederick Douglass, of Washington, D. C.; and

WHEREAS, We, the faculty and students of Central Tennessee College, recognizing the irreparable loss sustained by his family and the race, and desiring to express our deep appreciation of the many and lasting obligations we owe to him, by words and outward tokens; and also to extend our sincere condolence to the bereaved family; and

WHEREAS, His life and character have been such as deserve the highest emulation of young Americans; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That we set apart a day upon which to commemorate the life and deeds of this illustrious American.

*Resolved*, That the school be suspended between the hours of eleven and twelve, in honor of our deceased benefactor.

*Resolved*, That we tenderly condole with the family of our deceased citizen, in this their hour of trial and affliction, and devoutly commend

them to Him who looks with compassion upon the widowed and fatherless.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and to the various newspapers.

E. S. FOREMAN,  
*President of Committee.*  
 JOHN H. BROWN, *Secretary.*  
 E. S. FOREMAN,  
 JOHN H. BROWN,  
 J. E. GUINN,  
 J. M. THOMAS,  
 T. G. EWING, JR.,  
 MATTIE A. CARR,  
 ROSA McDONALD,  
 PROF. M. W. DOGAN,  
 PROF. H. W. BYRD,  
*Committee.*

#### THE CITY COUNCIL OF ROCHESTER, N. Y.

*Resolved*, That we do hereby tender to the family and relatives of Honorable Frederick Douglass our sympathy in their affliction, and that our memorial be spread upon the minutes of this Council, and that a copy of it and of these resolutions be sent to his family; and further

*Resolved*, That the family of Mr. Douglass be requested to permit his body to lie in state in the City Hall on the day of the funeral; and further

*Resolved*, That this Common Council attend the funeral services in a body.

THEODORE S. PULVER, *Clerk.*

Adopted February 23, 1895.

#### HOWARD UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 25, 1895.

MRS. FREDERICK DOUGLASS, Anacostia, D. C.

*Dear Madam:* I have the honor to communicate to you the following resolutions adopted by the Board of Trustees of Howard University, at a special meeting held February 23, 1895:

*Resolved*, That in the death of Honorable Frederick Douglass, LL.D., the Trustees of this University have lost the most remarkable of their number; a man singular in the humility of his origin, as well as in his



wonderful career as an orator and public man ; a man recognized and honored by two continents of the Anglo-Saxon race ; the acknowledged representative and leader of the Afro-American race, in richness of intellectual endowment and wisdom ; and the emphatic and lasting disproof of the theory that men and women of African extraction cannot stand unchallenged among the great ones of the earth.

*Resolved*, That we put on record our sense of the value of the services of Mr. Douglass as a member of this board, and of the dignity and inspiration of his counsel ; and that, as an expression of the recognition of our loss and the loss of the country by his death, we, as a body, attend his funeral services, and delegate Honorable John Eaton, ex-Commissioner of Education, and the Reverend F. J. Grimké, to accompany the remains to Rochester, N. Y.

*Resolved*, That this action be recorded in our minutes as a corporation, and communicated to the widow and other relatives of the deceased, for whom, in their affliction, we have sympathy, the deepest and most sincere.

With great respect I am yours, etc.,

J. B. JOHNSON, *Secretary*.

A Mass Meeting of colored citizens of St. Joseph, Mo., adopted the following resolutions on February 25, 1895 :

WHEREAS, It has pleased the great Giver of life to summons from the walks of men the great freeman, statesman, orator and diplomat, Frederick Douglass, and

WHEREAS, We stand here, a stricken people, at the imaginary bier of the champion of our rights and liberties ; and

WHEREAS, With wounded hearts and anguished spirits, we have assembled to do honor to the great liberator and statesman who, by his own efforts and industry, transformed himself from the condition of a slave to that of a freeman ; from that of an uncultured and unlettered boy to an intelligent man without a peer in the world of thought and action, therefore be it

*Resolved*, That in the recognition of the fact that he contributed largely to the overthrow of slavery in the United States and to the emancipation of thought and speech ; to the enlargement of the theory and practice of free government, and to the personal liberties of the negro citizens of St. Joseph, a part of the beneficiaries of his life's labors, and realizing that in his fall the whole race has lost a champion and the nation one of its most devoted patriots ; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That, although the whole race rests in the shadow of the deepest sorrow and most poignant grief, and our hearts are torn with the sense of our bereavement, we bow humbly to Heaven's decree, trusting that we shall meet him in a land where conflicts are unknown and

where sorrows never come. During the various vicissitudes through which this people have passed; in the midnight of their struggles for liberty and a foothold among the races, as well as in the approaching triumph of the new era, Frederick Douglass, the fallen chieftain of Africa's race, always stood in the vanguard of duty fighting the battles of his people; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That we, the negro race of America, suffer, by his death, an irreparable loss. He labored under great difficulties and discouragements never fully appreciated, often misunderstood; yet patiently he labored in what he considered the path of duty. Steadfastly he clung to us, sharing in our labors and suffering in our discouragements; and now, Heaven has called him, full of years and crowned with the approbation of the world.

*Resolved*, That we look beyond our present grief to the Hand which rules and controls the destinies of men, learning the lesson of devotion to duty. The lesson taught is impressive and should be seriously considered. Our best days, and not merely our last hours, belong to God. Amidst the cares of State, the earnest pursuits of business and the general rush of life, He holds His unyielding claim upon us. Whatever the world may demand of us, we belong, in a paramount sense, to Him. This was the great success of Frederick Douglass' long years and multiplied successes. He translated this lesson into a practical experience.

*Resolved*, That the young men of this country have, in the life of Frederick Douglass, a most brilliant example of moral purity, setting forth the benefits that surely follow a consistent Christian effort in the cause of social advancement and spiritual progress. His life was of such a character as to merit all the demonstrations called forth by his death.

*Resolved*, That we extend to the bereaved family our heartfelt condolence and sympathy in this their loss, assuring them that we shall ever cherish the name and memory of the late Honorable Frederick Douglass.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased, and also furnished the metropolitan dailies and *Weekly Mirror* of our city.

ISAAC FREDERICK, *Chairman*.  
CHARLES S. HUNTER, *Secretary*.  
J. M. TRENT,  
PROF. J. H. SIMMS,  
HARRY ROBINSON.

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The colored citizens of Marshall, Mo., adopted, February 25, 1895, the following:

*Resolved*, That we have learned with deep sorrow of the death of Honorable Frederick Douglass, the great editor, orator and liberator, who, by his own efforts and industry, transformed himself from the condition of a

slave to the state of a free man; a man who always fought for the rights of his race.

*Resolved*, That Frederick Douglass was one of the leaders of the world's best thoughts. Recognizing that he contributed largely to the final overthrow of the slave system in the United States, and to the enlargement of the theory and practice of a free government and the liberties of a citizen, the colored citizens of Marshall, Mo., remember his high character as a citizen and pay tribute to his memory.

He absorbed the good only to diffuse it in a thousand fold. He seemed to have been conceived in the womb of Liberty, rocked in the cradle of Freedom, and he found his workshop in the broad field of human emancipation. He sought the good and he condemned the bad. He breathed the air and sunlight of freedom, and he declared and decreed that all men should enjoy the fruits of personal liberty.

He was good in spite of the gods of the earth; religious in spite of creeds, and moral in spite of vice. The world came to be his home, and to do good was his religion. No one was so humble but that he was below them, and none were so exalted but that he towered majestically above them. His sympathies were with his race. His withering frown gazed down on the tyrant. From every wrinkle on his benevolent face burst forth well-springs of love for his race.

*Resolved*, That although Frederick Douglass is dead, yet he will live in the hearts of his race. The emancipation of the mind and body of man was delivered to him as one of the leaders, and as an everlasting gift. All this because Frederick Douglass lived, and with his death he made secure all these gifts and sealed them as everlasting trophies to all human kind.

*Resolved*, That no people ever lived who owed as much gratitude to one man as our people owe to Frederick Douglass. Call for no proof. It is gratifying to know that our dear people appreciate the acts of that great and grand old man, Frederick Douglass.

*Resolved*, That this meeting send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the late Honorable Frederick Douglass.

COLONEL A. A. JONES, *Chairman*.

REV. HARRISON GREEN,

REV. DANIEL HAWKINS,

HENRY S. SMITH,

LEWIS PRESLEY,

TALTON ROBINSON,

MISS NELLIE BROWN,

MISS DELIA HAWKINS,

MISS SADIE BUSH,

DOUGLASS MURRAY,

GEORGE MURRAY,

*Committee on Resolutions.*

THE EMANCIPATION ASSOCIATION OF THE DISTRICT OF  
COLUMBIA.

The following resolutions were passed by the Association, February 25, 1895 :

*WHEREAS*, The Supreme Ruler has called from our midst one whose services as a leader will be remembered eternally by the Emancipation Association of the District of Columbia, therefore be it

*Resolved*, That in the death of Honorable Frederick Douglass the Afro-American race has sustained an irreparable loss, and the country a man of pure character and of patriotic devotion to all of its interests.

*Resolved*, That the emancipation societies in all the States be requested to set aside a day in their respective States for memorial services upon the life and character of the deceased as a great instrumentality in the emancipation of his race.

*Resolved*, That the Emancipation Association of the District of Columbia be requested to meet on Friday, April 12, in such place as the President shall hereafter name, to conduct such services.

*Resolved*, That, as a mark of sympathy, a copy of these resolutions be furnished the relatives of the deceased.

Mr. George W. Stewart offered the following amendment :

*Resolved*, That all societies, both military and civic, of the District of Columbia, are hereby requested to wear a badge of mourning for the period of sixty days, in commemorating the dead statesman and acknowledged leader of the colored race, and the "Gladstone of a struggling people."

THE COLORED AMERICAN LEAGUE, OF CHEYENNE, WYO.

CHEYENNE, WYO., February 25, 1895.

MRS. FREDERICK DOUGLASS, Cedar Hill, Anacostia, D. C.

*Dear Madam* : I am directed by the Colored American League, of the city of Cheyenne, State of Wyoming, to forward you and Mr. Douglass' family, the enclosed preamble and resolutions, which we consider only a faint token of our sorrow and respect for your departed husband.

Very respectfully,

D. D. MOORE.

*WHEREAS*, The sad news has reached the members of the Colored American League, of the city of Cheyenne, State of Wyoming, that God,

in His infinite wisdom and all-wise Providence, has seen fit to remove from our midst here on earth, by death, Frederick Douglass, that honored and foremost of all American citizens, the statesman, orator, diplomat, teacher, leader, husband, father and Christian, who, with the galling bonds of slavery once about him, yet reached that eminence and fame which shall ever shine as bright in the hearts of his countrymen, as the stars in the brilliancy of heaven.

*Resolved*, That the profound admiration of the members of this league, herein recorded, is but a faint expression of our desire to honor, and to record, our appreciation of his efforts and success in the elevation and the protection of our every right as American citizens.

*Resolved*, That we cause the foregoing preamble and these resolutions to be spread upon our journal, as a mark of respect.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these be forwarded to the bereaved widow and children of the deceased.

D. D. MOORE,  
CASSIE CONDOL,  
J. W. PRICE,  
*Committee.*

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THE ACADEMY AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL AT ASHEVILLE, N. C.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., February 25, 1895.

TO MRS. FREDERICK DOUGLASS AND FAMILY :

At a memorial service held to-day, the students of the Academy and Industrial School, desiring to show their high appreciation of your illustrious husband and father, adopted the enclosed resolutions of sympathy and respect, which they beg leave to offer to you in your hour of bereavement.

Most respectfully, yours in sympathy,  
ALSIE B. DOLE, *Superintendent.*

WHEREAS, In the dispensation of an unerring and all-wise Providence we are called, in the death of Honorable Frederick Douglass, to mourn the departure of the chieftain of our race—the most eminent man it has yet produced ; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That, in the death of this eloquent orator ; this honored statesman ; this profound scholar ; who was the chosen counselor of our martyred Lincoln ; we have, as a people, lost a loyal and devoted friend ;

one who was ever ready to fearlessly champion the cause of justice and right.

*Resolved*, That, while we bow in tearful submission to this heavenly mandate, we tender to the wife and family of our deceased leader our deepest sympathy and condolence in their bereavement.

*Resolved*, That, recognizing the grandeur and dignity of his character, and the high attainments he had reached, as citizen, orator, scholar and statesman, and that, with true heroism and the invincible courage of a great cause, he had, amidst adverse circumstances, won his place among the honored of the earth ; we, as students, find in his success, a realization of the possibilities that are open to us, and are stimulated by his example to loftier ideal and greater effort, and to strive to make of our lives also, "one grand, sweet song," and to leave behind us the benediction of a well-spent life.

A. CLARK,  
ETNA R. HOLDERNESS,  
ZULA R. POPE,  
MAGGIE GREENLEE,  
ELLA J. EDGARTON.

#### THE KANSAS STATE PROTECTIVE HOME ASSOCIATION AND W. T. C. U.

At a joint session of these bodies, held in Leavenworth, Kas., February 25, 1895, the following were adopted :

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father has, in His all-wise Providence, permitted the removal, by death, of our noble statesman, benefactor and representative, and we are therefore made to mourn, as never before, for one of our race whose peer among us is yet to be found ;

WHEREAS, He canvassed, in his broad mind, the true conditions of all people, impartially encouraging justice and liberty as a safeguard to all true happiness, thereby making himself our chief benefactor ; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That no warmer friend to the great reforms conducted by the women of our present age, could be found, than was manifested in Mr. Douglass, even to the end of his life, and that, in his death, the members of this body have, indeed, lost a true champion ; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That in the midst of our sorrow, we bow in humble submission to our God, and say,

"Not our will, but Thine be done !"

*Resolved*, That this message of condolence be sent to the family of the Honorable Frederick Douglass.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be published in our home papers.

MRS. S. A. BLAND,  
MRS. W. A. TOWNSEND,  
MISS M. J. MITCHELL,  
*Committee.*

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The Sturge Lodge, Independent Order of Good Templars, Birmingham, England, adopted the following, February 25, 1895 :

*Resolved*, That, having listened with feelings of deep emotion to the eulogy on the late and much lamented Frederick Douglass, delivered by the Rev. Thomas Stanford, D. D., representative of the negro race in this country, we, the officers and members of the Sturge Lodge, Independent Order of Good Templars, and visitors assembled, do hereby earnestly desire to express to the family of our departed brother, and the race to which he belonged, our deepest and heartfelt sympathy in the great loss which they have sustained.

The unselfish and devoted life which he lived has for him now, we feel assured, a crown of everlasting glory.

His home will always be held in sacred keeping by us and all lovers of liberty and truth throughout the civilized world.

*Resolved*, That we further desire to say to our beloved friends in America, that, while we must needs share their grief and weep with them in their hour of affliction, we must also entreat them to share our thankfulness to God for having raised up such a noble man, and also to bow with us in submission to Him who doeth all things well.

Proposed by the REV. W. A. H. BABIDGE,  
Seconded by SISTER L. THOMAS, *D. S.*  
Supported by the REV. P. T. STANFORD, *D. D.*  
Councillor JOSEPH MALINS, *G. C. T.*  
W. H. WOODWARD, *W. C. T.*  
A. D. EKINS, Esq.

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Mass Meeting of the Colored Citizens of Knoxville, Tenn., convened February 26, 1895, adopted the following :

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His all-wise Providence, to remove from the midst of the American people, one of its most illustrious citizens and distinguished sons, in the person of the Honorable Frederick Douglass, who departed this life, at his home in Anacostia, D. C., Wednesday, February 20, 1895, and

WHEREAS, The Honorable Frederick Douglass was, in his lifetime, the recognized leader and the ablest representative of the negro race; a leader who never faltered, never feared, and a representative of which any race might be proud; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, By the colored citizens of Knoxville, Tenn., in mass meeting assembled for the purpose of doing honor to the memory of our distinguished leader and illustrious chieftain, that, in the death of the Honorable Frederick Douglass, the race has lost its greatest and grandest representative, and the world, one of the best and noblest types of man. Frederick Douglass possessed all the elements of greatness, and, in answer to the charge that is often made, that he was only great because he was a negro, we make reply that he was great despite the fact that he was a negro, and that, had he been a white man, he would have occupied the highest positions within the gift of the people, and would have been regarded by the American people with the same respect and veneration that they accord to Washington and Grant, to Lincoln and to Garfield. From the lowest condition of slavery, by an indomitable will that could not be repressed, he became known and respected throughout the civilized world; and all true and fair men will do homage to his greatness, and regret his sad and sudden decease; and, while we realize the fact that we have but one Frederick Douglass, we can but hope that the same kind Providence who gave us him, will raise up another, to labor and battle in our behalf. Be it further

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and to the local papers for publication.

W. F. YARDLEY, ESQ.,

T. GARNER, M. D.,

REV. J. R. RILEY,

REV. G. W. PARKES,

W. L. MAPLES, M. D.,

*Committee on Resolutions.*

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The Young Men's Foraker Club, Cleveland, Ohio, at a meeting held February 27, 1895, adopted the following:

WHEREAS, Being moved upon by the Spirit, and the deepest sense of regret at the loss of one of America's brightest stars, the late Frederick Douglass, who was a statesman, a diplomat and a great counselor, and as the nation mourns his death, and the nations of the world join in sympathy with us in our bereavement, and while we as a race feel the pain deeper than tongue or pen can express, nevertheless, we bow to the will of Him who rules the destiny of nations and of mankind, remembering that man is mortal and all mortals must fade away; but in all this we feel



that we have lost the brightest historical figure of our race, the greatest national leader, and

WHEREAS, The hand of Almighty God has been laid heavily upon him whom we love, and has removed from our midst the Honorable Frederick Douglass, who shall ever live in our memory, and ever be dear to our hearts, therefore be it

*Resolved*, That we ever hold him dear to us in memory and in heart; and be it further

*Resolved*, That we join in sympathy with the wife and family in this their hour of sad bereavement.

*Resolved*, That we spread a copy of these resolutions upon our books, and that another copy be sent to the family.

Yours in sympathy,

THE YOUNG MEN'S FORAKER CLUB,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

CHARLES S. GORDON, *President*.

J. W. WINTERS, *Secretary*.

#### CITIZENS OF WACO AND OTHER TOWNS OF TEXAS.

WACO, TEX., February 27, 1895.

MRS. FREDERICK DOUGLASS and members of the bereaved family of a loving husband and a kind and indulgent father:

We, the undersigned, speaking in these chosen but inadequate words, for the citizens of our city and of the many surrounding towns and cities of Texas, herewith extend to you our deepest sympathy in your hour of sorrow; a sorrow, though overwhelming in yours, the hearts nearest him, is hardly more deep than in the hearts of the American people.

As a mark of our sincere regret, the following resolutions were drawn up by us, in memory of the late and much-beloved Frederick Douglass. We know that words are inadequate to truly express our sorrow, but we give of our best:

WHEREAS, On the twentieth day of February, eighteen hundred and ninety-five, it pleased Almighty God to remove from the walks of men,

the Honorable Frederick Douglass, orator, statesman and diplomat, full of years and honor, and

WHEREAS, His death is historic in importance, by reason of the prominent place his deeds occupy in the affairs of the American people ; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That we, in mass meeting assembled, do feel our loss irreparable. It not only takes from the race its grandest representative, but from the whole American people, one of their strongest, most virtuous and most patriotic citizens.

*Resolved*, That we recognize that, in exalted character, comprehensive views, courageous advocacy of human rights and liberty against peculiar disadvantages, and despite almost insuperable opposition, he stands in civic stature uncircumscribed by race or class distinction, among the few great men of all time. His life has wrested honor from obloquy, added glory to private citizenship, and made simple manhood the highest title of nobility. His soul responded to all the harmonies, but silently rejected all the discords of humanity. The broad-minded, everywhere, will acquiesce in the decree of the world's court, which adjudges to every man who maintains a high course with power and persistence, honor and success. In the death of Mr. Douglass, the wife loses a loving husband, and the children a kind father.

*Resolved*, That we extend to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy, and that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to them.

BEN. F. WALLACE  
G. S. PRYCE,  
H. T. WALKER,  
J. H. HINES,  
S. J. JENKINS,  
B. J. HENRY, *Chairman*.  
G. L. WYLIE, *Secretary*.  
W. L. DORSEY, *Assistant Secretary*.

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Citizens of South Charleston, Ohio, in a Town Meeting assembled, February 27, 1895, adopted the following :

WHEREAS, The God of the universe has, in His blessed omniscience, permitted the exit of our own friend, Frederick Douglass, from this world of toil and care, of responsibilities and accountabilities, to the world of rest and peace, of happiness and joy ; and

WHEREAS, Though this be true, yet there are sad souls in the family, in States and nations, and in the world at large, by reason of the removal of our own Douglass from us ; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That we, the undersigned, with a countless number of other friends and sympathizers, do hereby extend to Mrs. Douglass and the

bereaved family, to the race of which Mr. Douglass was a member, to the States and nations by which he has been so often honored and esteemed, both in and out of public life, and to other countries and nations who feel his true worth, as gentleman, orator, statesman, counselor and manly man, our most profound sympathy in their and our inestimable loss in the decease of Honorable Frederick Douglass.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. Douglass and bereaved family; and that a copy be sent for publication to the *Freeman*, of Indianapolis, and to the *Sentinel*, of South Charleston, Ohio.

*Resolved*, That while our hearts are filled with sorrow in view of our great and irreparable loss, and with sympathy for the family so suddenly and sorely afflicted, yet we would bow in submission, saying, "It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth to Him best!" and "The will of the Lord be done!"

S. MOTEN, M. D.,  
JOSEPH REED,  
AARON MYERS, SR.,  
WILLIAM MITCHELL,  
JOHN STEWARD,  
WILLIAM WHITE,  
GEORGE WHEATLY.

Citizens of Helena, Arkansas, assembled in Mass Meeting, February 27, 1895, adopted the following:

*Resolved*, That we stand pledged to contribute the sum of twenty-five dollars (\$25), to be applied to the erection of a monument to the memory of the Honorable Frederick Douglass, which said amount we stand ready to forward to the proper authority, upon notice, after necessary arrangements shall have been made for the erection of said monument.

HENRY AVANT,  
*Member of Committee.*

### THE ANTI-LYNCHING LEAGUE OF NORTHERN OHIO.

CLEVELAND, O., February 27, 1895.

*Resolved*, That we, the members of the Anti-lynching League of Northern Ohio, experiencing as we do, a deep sense of personal loss and bereavement, in the sudden and unexpected death of Frederick Douglass, extend to his stricken family our deepest sympathy.

*Resolved*, That our country, which so long knew and so often honored this magnanimous man, has lost a citizen who was ever earnest and influential in the promotion and advancement of good government, and in the interest of the black people of the United States.

*Resolved*, That a certified copy of these resolutions be mailed to the family of our deceased leader and champion, and that a copy be furnished the daily papers, with a request that the same be published.

REV. R. C. RANSOM, *President*.  
S. P. BOYD, *Secretary*.

CITIZENS OF CHRISTIANSBURG AND CAMBRIA, VA.

CHRISTIANSBURG INSTITUTE,  
CAMBRIA, VA., February 27, 1895.

MRS. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

*Dear Madam* : Enclosed resolutions in honor of your late husband were passed, last night, in a Mass Meeting held in memory of our beloved countryman. So faithful, so true was he to the interests of his race, that all mourn his loss.

We have the honor of being

Yours sincerely,

FACULTY,

Per H. H. THOVEATT,

*Principal*.

#### RESOLUTIONS.

*Resolved*, That, in the death of the late Honorable Frederick Douglass, the negro has lost sight of the brightest star in the constellation of his great men. Not only have the negroes lost their greatest man, but one of the most distinguished personages who has ever graced the Western Continent, is sleeping in death.

*Resolved*, That, as an indefatigable laborer for the upbuilding of his race, and in his efforts to place the negro in his worthy and proper light before the criticising world, Mr. Douglass stood alone.

*Resolved*, That, although his inimitable career cannot, in its fullness, be exemplified, his life is worthy of recognition and should be a guide and inspiration to those of present and future generations.

*Resolved*, That we heartily and sincerely join in sympathy with his bereaved family, in the loss of their husband and father; and assure his loved ones that Mr. Douglass "is not dead, but sleepeth," and shall forever live in the hearts of his countrymen.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the wife of the deceased as from the people of Christiansburg and Cambria, Va.

*Resolved*, That we also send a copy of these resolutions to the *Colored American*, for publication.

THE WOMAN'S POLITICAL EQUALITY CLUB, OF  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., February 27, 1895.

*Resolved*, That in the transition from this mundane to an immortal life, of our beloved friend and advocate, Honorable Frederick Douglass, the cause of woman's enfranchisement, and that of humanity, have lost a power of almost boundless good. He was a man whose love of right outweighed all other interests.

His face was set, like burnished steel, against every wrong and injustice, and his plea for woman's equality before the law, was, like sweet incense, ever rising toward Heaven; and his whole life of noble self-sacrifice and generous deeds, was a bright example worthy of all imitation.

*Resolved*, That, by his life of faithfulness and integrity and never-failing love of justice and equality for all, he has left an undying memory, as Freedom's advocate, which memory we will cherish as a sacred trust, and as a divine benediction of priceless worth.

*Resolved*, That the Woman's Political Equality Club of Rochester, tenders its heartfelt sympathy to his beloved and bereaved wife and family.

HARRIET M. TURNER, *Secretary*.

CITIZENS OF CALVERT, TEXAS.

A Mass Meeting of colored citizens of Calvert, Tex., held February 28, 1895, adopted the following :

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to take from our midst our friend and father, advocate, orator and champion of liberty, the renowned and beloved Frederick Douglass, therefore be it

*Resolved*, That we bow in humble submission to the will of the Almighty Father, who has graciously spared to us the long and inestimable services of one of His most illustrious heirs of the Celestial Kingdom, and that we patiently bear the loss, that he may reap the glorious harvest of a long and well-spent life.

*Resolved*, That we recognize in his demise the loss of one whose exemplary life, under the most trying ordeals, and whose sacrificing devotion to suffering humanity, and burning eloquence for human liberty, will kindle the flames of patriotic zeal in the hearts of our people through all generations.

*Resolved*, That in his transition, the wife loses a noble and devoted husband, the children a kind and sympathetic father, and his race and country a most illustrious and patriotic citizen.

*Resolved*, That we hereby extend to his bereaved family our most profound sympathy in this, the hour of their deepest sorrow. Well may we say in the language of Buel :

Our Douglass is gone, and we are alone ;  
'Tis the debt which all mortals must pay ;  
Yet with all the sorrows our lives have known,  
We never knew grief till to-day.

As the sun went down 'neath the hills about,  
And the shadows stole forth, as in dread,  
So the light of his life and ours went out  
And left us forlorn with our dead.

Nearly four-score years he walked as our guide,  
As our leaning staff, all the way ;  
But the Angel of Death has taken our pride,  
And what can we do but pray ?

O, grant us, Lord, through Thy heavenly worth  
And Thy grace, so freely given,  
That so long we've journeyed together on earth  
Thou'lt receive us together in heaven.

Farewell ! The leaf-strewn earth enfolds  
Our stay, our pride, our hopes, our fears .  
And winter's setting sun beholds  
A nation bowed, a world in tears.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and to the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, the *Texas Independent*, and the *Illuminator*.

E. A. DURHAM, M. D.,  
MRS. R. L. SCOTT,  
J. W. TALLEY,  
W. B. PATTERSON,  
*Committee.*

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### THE IDA B. WELLS WOMAN'S CLUB AND THE FREDERICK DOUGLASS MEMORIAL MEETING.

Held at Quinn Chapel, Chicago, Ill., February 28, 1895.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty to remove from our midst our beloved leader, statesman and orator, Frederick Douglass, and

WHEREAS, In his death we feel that the negro race has lost its ablest representative ; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That, while we know that he has been called from unceasing labors to well-earned rest, still we deeply mourn his loss.

*Resolved*, That, in the death of Frederick Douglass, the negro race has lost an active and zealous worker, ever ready to assist the oppressed ; prompt to advance the interests of the race, at home and abroad ; devoted

to its welfare and prosperity ; wise in council and fearless in action in its behalf ; a man good, great and kind, and whose virtues endeared him, not only to his race, but also to all of his fellow citizens.

*Resolved*, That we extend to the family of the deceased our profound sympathy, and that these resolutions be entered upon our minutes, and that a copy of them be sent to the family of the deceased.

A. L. HARVEY, *Secretary*.  
 MRS. R. E. HATTON,  
 MRS. H. E. HARRIS,  
 MRS. C. B. HENDERSON,  
*Committee.*

### THE CLEVELAND SOCIAL CIRCLE, OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.

WHEREAS, Death has removed Frederick Douglass from the scenes of his earthly labors and triumphs ; therefore

*Resolved*, That we, the members of the Cleveland Social Circle, desire to express, in such degree as we may by this method, our appreciation of his life and services by saying that we look upon his wonderful and brilliant career as an inspiration to all the poor and oppressed, and as an incentive in the ever upward struggle which has developed all the good in humanity ; that we regard Mr. Douglass as one of the great men of American history, in courage, in eloquence and in mental equipment. He spoke his burning message when it required fearless courage to speak it. He fought the battles of an oppressed race, and, through them, the battles of all downtrodden humanity when the struggle seemed hopeless ; and he lived to rejoice in the victory he had helped to win and to share in its fruits.

*Resolved*, That we cherish, in our hearts, the memory of Frederick Douglass, and that we will hand it on to our children, as an imperishable inheritance.

*Resolved*, That we extend to his bereaved family our sympathy in the loss which we share with them, and that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to them at Washington.

CHARLES W. CHESNUTT,  
 FREEMAN H. MORRIS,  
 GEORGE VOSBURGH,  
*Committee.*

Adopted February 27, 1895.

The citizens of Springfield, Mo., in Mass Meeting assembled, February 28, 1895, adopted the following :

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the Universe to remove from our midst the Honorable Frederick Douglass, and

WHEREAS, The relation which he sustained to the race renders it proper that we should place on record our appreciation of his service as a leader ; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That while we bow with humble submission to the will of our Heavenly Father, we do not the less mourn the loss of earthly friends.

*Resolved*, That in the death of Frederick Douglass we lose not only a profound thinker, wise counselor and fearless leader, but also a brilliant orator, statesman, diplomat, journalist, scholar and Christian gentleman—a man whose many virtues endeared him not only to his own people, but to all his fellow citizens.

*Resolved*, That the people of Springfield, Mo., tender their heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family and relatives of the deceased, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to them, that they may know that we are not unmindful of the fact that a great man has been called from the stage of action to that blissful shore where all is peace, love and everlasting happiness, and be it further

*Resolved*, That we pledge ourselves to assist in erecting a monument to the memory of him in whose honor we are here assembled.

B. A. HARDRICK, *Chairman.*

MISS M. A. HERNDON, *Secretary.*

MRS. J. W. MILLER,

WILLIAM SMITH,

N. R. SMITH,

THOMAS CAMPBELL,

*Committee.*

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Syracuse Lodge, No. 10, K. of P., of St. Joseph, Mo., adopted the following, February 28, 1895 :

WHEREAS, An all-wise and beneficent Providence has removed from our midst the Honorable Frederick Douglass, after having allotted to him more than three-score years and ten, and

WHEREAS, He has removed from us a public servant of eminence and superior executive ability ; therefore

*Resolved*, That in his death the nation has lost a statesman and a leader who always responded to duty's call and championed the cause of the lowly and oppressed.

*Resolved*, That he was an honor to the nation and to his race, and that we commend the example of his exemplary life to the present and future ambitious youths of America, and that we are, in his life, reminded of the grand and sturdy oak, towering majestically skyward while sending its roots deep and wide.

*Resolved*, That our most profound sympathy and condolence be extended to the bereaved widow and family, and that we most reverently



commend them to Him who careth for the widow and protecteth the orphans.

*Resolved*, In regular convention of Syracuse Lodge, No. 10, Knights of Pythias, that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the bereaved widow, and that the hall of this lodge be draped for thirty days in honor of the lamented Frederick Douglass.

R. H. YOUNG, C. C.

T. P. LANGDON, K. R. and S.

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### THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY.

WILBERFORCE, O., March 1, 1895.

#### MRS. HELEN DOUGLASS AND FAMILY:

The Alumni Association of Wilberforce University, at Wilberforce, O., in regular mid-winter session assembled, appointed the undersigned committee to express

1. Its appreciation and cherished love for the late Honorable Frederick Douglass as a man of world-wide renown, superior intellect, powerful eloquence, worthy integrity, dignified bearing, moral refinement and Christian influence.

2. Its admiration for his forceful efforts to free the human slave, his ardent advocacy of the cause of the American negro, and the tribute of honor and credit he gave to his race by honorably representing our government at posts of trust and glory while at home and before courts abroad.

3. Its reverence for the edifying influence of his whole life, because he was a *man* and inspired all toward *manliness*.

To the family we assure our deepest sympathy, and ask to share the sorrow occasioned by the death of its head—the sage of Anacostia.

Very respectfully,

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF

WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY.

HENRY Y. ARNETT, B. S., *Chairman*.

ELIZABETH L. JACKSON, A. B.,

WILLIAM A. ANDERSON, A. B.,

*Committee on Resolutions.*

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DAVID HUNTER POST, No. 9, G. A. R., BEAUFORT, S. C.

WHEREAS, We have received with profound sorrow the intelligence of the death of the Honorable Frederick Douglass; therefore

*Resolved*, That it is meet that we pause in our labors and testify our sense of the worth and our appreciation of the character of the departed leader of the race.

*Resolved*, That we extend to the afflicted family our heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of deep distress, and that we commend them to the all-wise God for support.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this meeting, that a copy be sent to the bereaved family, and also a copy, for publication, to the papers of our town.

RICHARD WASHINGTON, *Commander*.  
EDWARD WALLACE, *Adjutant*.

Adopted March 1, 1895.

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CITIZENS OF WORCESTER, MASS.

WORCESTER, MASS., March 1, 1895.

MRS. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

*Dear Madam*: On Sunday, February 24, 1895, the colored citizens of Worcester, Mass., in Mass Meeting assembled, at Zion A. M. E. Church, called to take action on the death of the late Honorable Frederick Douglass, adopted unanimously, the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, Honorable Frederick Douglass, a member and leader of our race, has been removed by death, from our midst, therefore be it

*Resolved*, That, by his death, we have lost a worthy leader whose wise counsel, extensive knowledge and courteous manner won universal admiration and esteem, therefore

*Resolved*, That the sympathy of the colored people of Worcester, in Mass Meeting assembled, be conveyed to the widow and family of our deceased friend and leader, committing them, in this hour of their bereavement, to the kindly consolation of Him who doeth all things well.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the widow and family, and published in the daily papers.

F. JONES,  
*Corresponding Secretary*.

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THE CITY COUNCIL OF CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

CITY OF CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,  
CLERK'S OFFICE, March 9, 1895.

MRS. FREDERICK DOUGLASS, Anacostia, D. C.

*Dear Madam*: I have the honor to transmit herewith a copy of the resolutions unanimously adopted by the City

Council of this city, in expression of its respect and esteem for the memory of your husband, the late Honorable Frederick Douglass.

Sincerely yours,



CITY CLERK.

IN COMMON COUNCIL.

CITY OF CAMBRIDGE, March 5, 1895.

*Resolved*, That the City Council of the city of Cambridge has learned with profound sorrow of the death of Mr. Frederick Douglass who departed this life on the twentieth day of February last.

He was the distinguished friend and advocate of human freedom and a champion of the civil and political equality of American citizenship, and, since his escape from slavery, to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, fifty years ago, he has enlisted the admiration and appreciation of all true lovers of liberty.

*Resolved*, That the City Council extends its sincere sympathy to the family of this late illustrious citizen, and that a copy of these resolutions, properly attested, be forwarded by the City Clerk, to the family of the deceased.

*Concurred*, March 5, 1895.

*Approved*, March 6, 1895.

A true copy.

Attest:

W. W. PIKE,  
City Clerk.

CITIZENS OF HARPER'S FERRY, W. VA.

HARPER'S FERRY, W. VA., March 2, 1895.

The committee appointed by the citizens of Harper's Ferry, to draft resolutions relative to the late Honorable Frederick Douglass, prepared the following :

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst, the Honorable Frederick Douglass, and

WHEREAS, We, the people of Harper's Ferry, feel that the said Frederick Douglass was the greatest orator and statesman of our race, and one of

the leading American diplomats; and that he spent his life in the service of the people, doing much to ameliorate their condition and to procure their liberty; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That we extend to the relatives of said Frederick Douglass, our heartfelt sympathy for their irreparable loss, and that we mourn for him as the friend of his people and the father of their liberty.

*Resolved*, That, in his death, his family loses an affectionate husband and father, the colored race a bold defender, the nation a great statesman, and the world a man.

MISS FLORENCE LOVETT,  
J. ED. ROBINSON,  
MISS FANNIE L. WEAVER,  
WILLIAM A. ASTER,  
PROF. H. HATTER,  
MISS ELLA V. SMITH,  
*Committee.*

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BENJAMIN STONE, JR., POST, NO. 68, G. A. R.,  
DORCHESTER, MASS.

WHEREAS, The Almighty Father, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to bring to a sudden close, the eventful and useful career of our esteemed countryman, the Honorable Frederick Douglass; and

WHEREAS, While we bow in humble submission to this event of overruling Providence, we deeply feel the loss, and

WHEREAS, We, the members of Benjamin Stone, Jr., Post No. 68, G.A.R., did, at a recent meeting, vote unanimously, to invite the Honorable Frederick Douglass to visit our city and deliver an oration before our post, on next Memorial day, now, therefore, be it

*Resolved*, By the Benjamin Stone, Jr., Post No. 68, Department Massachusetts, G. A. R., that in the death of the Honorable Frederick Douglass, the curtain falls upon the life of an esteemed friend and fellow citizen, whose services in our behalf of freedom, equal rights, temperance and national honor, will cause his name to be gratefully sung, by generations yet unborn.

*Resolved*, That his manly struggle against the disadvantages of birth; his fearless opposition to the institution of slavery, and his hearty co-operation in all the reforms of his time, make him worthy the grateful plaudits of the people of every land where liberty is dear, and national honor sacred.

*Resolved*, That he was raised up to be a talisman to his race, to lead them out of bondage, even as Moses lead the Israelites, and that the circumstances of his birth, his knowledge of the institution of slavery, and his great natural ability, mark him as one sent as a special messenger to his people.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the widow and family of the deceased, assuring them of our esteem and of our condolence, in this late trying dispensation of Providence.

WILLIAM H. DUPREE,  
*Commander.*

J. RIPLEY MORSE,  
*Adjutant.*

H. P. OAKMAN,  
*Chairman Memorial Day Committee.*

Adopted March 4, 1895.

#### FOURTH WARD REPUBLICAN CLUB, OF RALEIGH, N. C.

RALEIGH, N. C., March 5, 1895.

MRS. FREDERICK DOUGLASS, Anacostia, D. C.

*Dear Madam:* At a regular meeting of the Fourth Ward Republican Club, of this city, some of the members of which were personally acquainted with your distinguished husband, and all of us loved him,—the accompanying resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Very respectfully yours,

B. BOWES, *Secretary.*

WHEREAS, The Great and Supreme Ruler of the Universe has, in His infinite wisdom, removed from earth one of the most prominent citizens of this Republic, that worthy and esteemed patriot, the Honorable Frederick Douglass; and

WHEREAS, Frederick Douglass did, in his own life, embody the philosophy of the injunction, "Go, teach the hands to work, the mind to think, and the heart to love," it is eminently fitting that we record our appreciation of him; therefore

*Resolved*, That the wisdom and ability which he exercised during the twenty years preceding the war, through his own papers, the *North Star*, and the one bearing his own name, and in teaching from abolitionist platforms the great truth that a slave had a mind worth educating and fitting for liberty, did, with his efforts after the war, help to keep alive the idea that a colored man, whether free or slave, is capable of intellectual development, and moral and social progress.

*Resolved*, That the sudden removal of such a life leaves a shadow on our hearts, and in the world a vacancy which will be deeply realized by all the liberty-loving people of this great country, and which will prove a serious loss to the public.

*Resolved*, That with deep sympathy with the bereaved relatives of the deceased, we express our hope that even so great loss to us all may be overruled for good, by Him who doeth all things well.

THE FOURTH WARD REPUBLICAN CLUB,  
B. BOWES, *Secretary*.

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CITIZENS OF AMERICUS, GA.

AMERICUS, GA., March 5, 1895.

HON. MRS. FREDERICK DOUGLASS, Washington, D. C.

*Dear Madam*: As chairman and secretary of the committee, we have the honor to herewith enclose to you a copy of the resolutions adopted by and at a large and sorrowing mass meeting of our best people, in this city, Wednesday evening, February 27th.

Sincerely trusting that you have been enabled, by divine grace and the great love of the nation for you and your distinguished husband, to hold up under the trying ordeal through which you have been called to pass, in his loss,

We beg to remain, in great respect,  
J. H. DISMUKES, Attorney-at-Law,  
*Chairman*.  
A. LINCOLN SMITH, M. D.,  
*Secretary*.

WHEREAS, Frederick Douglass, our Moses, has been taken by God, from the sacred mountain whither he was ever in quest of laws and the will of heaven for the guidance and protection of his race; our Solon has disappeared, never to return; our Douglass is dead; and

WHEREAS, If we dared to contemplate his removal from a human standpoint alone, Afro-Americans would be, of all people, the most bereft and wretched. But we are religious in sentiment and in creed, as a race, and we trust that we are religious by individual experience, profession and practice.

Since our advent upon this Western continent, our God has, often and long, suffered the chastening rod of affliction to lacerate the soul and body of our race. This night our hearts are bleeding and our heads are bowed in sorrow and deepest condolence. A race less religious than ours would hang their harps on the willows in the midst thereof, and exclaim, "How shall we sing the Lord's song, in a strange land?"

But amidst all our woes and distraction, as a race and as single persons, we still love and praise the Lord. We do not question His divine wisdom, His power, His goodness or His edicts, as they affect the affairs of races and of nations.

He who, in this month seventy-eight (78) years ago, gave to the negro race and to the world, this man, and surcharged his soul and nature with such abundant gifts of heavenly power, unquestionably had the right to call him hence, and that same power can, and will raise up another, and many more, to carry to completion his people's cause.

When a slave, Douglass questioned the right of God and of man to continue his condition as such. He reasoned with God, face to face, about the right, divine or constitutional, of an earthly master to subjugate him, body and soul. He condemned the men and the system which reduced him and his race to the degradation of bondsmen, and challenged God to harmonize its wickedness with His pleasure, His justice and His goodness. While Patrick Henry said, "Give me liberty, or give me death!" our hero acted upon the principle, "I will take liberty! Death be damned!"

While yet a slave, he sought to awaken to their condition the interest of his fellow slaves; and when he fled from bondage he began, and never ceased, to agitate with pen, tongue and action, in appeals to the Christian conscience of the North, the nation, and the world, to liberate his people.

On the subject of liberty, he opened the blinded eyes of this whole nation, and enlightened the intelligence of mankind the world over. His great life and his works and deeds crystallized into a rod more magical than ancient Egypt's; more powerful than that of Moses', and struck a rock in the Southern wilderness from which leaped a stream of liberty that shall flow throughout this nation and the continents of the world.

While a fugitive, an exile and an outlaw, his eloquent voice and earnest plea for freedom was heard the world around, as, from the rostrums of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, he belched forth his philippics and anathemas against the system of Southern slavery.

Douglass was not only great in his peculiar power of eloquent speech, but he was brave and commanding in person, standing six feet and large in proportion; dignified in bearing and exceptionally gentle and polished in manners. He was just, even to his enemies, and lofty in all things. He was never known to turn his back upon the foe, even though he fought against great odds, as with the mob in Indiana.

He was wise and conservative in counsel, cool, logical and sweeping in debate; pure, beautiful, lofty and prolific as a writer and as a patriot, in the love he bore his country and his people, he easily takes rank with the greatest of any age or country. As a leader, counselor, guide and defender of his race, he was unswerving, uncompromising, pure and incorruptible; and he was ever watchful in its defence against the

attacks of the enemy, let them come as they would, through the press, the rostrum, or the halls of national legislation.

Douglass was the honored, valued and equal associate of that galaxy of great spirits, Garrison, Lincoln, Greeley, Sumner, Beecher, John Brown, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and other agitators who precipitated the war, the results of which purged the nation of slavery, and united it forever. Though these are great men and women in the niches of Fame's temple, the name and portrait of Douglass must rest and poise above them all.

He was for war, and helped to carry it on. His advice and counsel inspired Lincoln to pen, sign and give wings to the great Emancipation Proclamation. When peace came, he urged the Christian church and the philanthropists of the North to educate his people in the South. He was our greatest, purest, most constant, and often our only advocate at the bar of the world. He only could demand a decent and respectful hearing with the powers. He was the only negro on the globe to whom men on earth, angels in heaven, and devils in hell, would listen.

He came among us and taught us to love and to remain in the South, and to become progressive, manly and virtuous. His life was pure, moral and religious. His words and works are an inspiration to our youth and a joy to our aged. His memory is sacred, and shall live, the unfading and undying heritage of our race.

No people who can produce a Douglass need despair. His life, his struggles and his achievements shall be the standard of our race, and through their inspiration it shall rise; therefore

*Resolved*, That we, the citizens of Sumter County, Georgia, in Americus assembled, do revere, honor and count most dear and sacred to us and to our race, the life, struggles and achievements in behalf of himself and of the race; in behalf of the oppressed of every land, and in behalf of the cause of truth, justice and liberty, of our greatest, purest and noblest leader, the Honorable Frederick Douglass, late of Anacostia, D. C.

*Resolved*, That from a human consideration his race suffers in his death a most sore and irreparable loss; but we bow to the wisdom and goodness of God, and trust to His divine mercy to vouchsafe to our race the full and holy fruition of all the truth and justice for which our late leader so ably labored and contended during his long and illustrious life, and pray that the inspiration of his deeds may actuate other men among us to an emulation of his powers, graces and success.

*Resolved*, That we count it no extravagance to estimate and rank the late Frederick Douglass, in true and lovable greatness, by the side of Confucius of China, Moses of the Hebrews, Solon of Greece, O'Connell of Ireland, Wilberforce and Gladstone of England, Toussaint l'Ouverture of Santo Domingo, Bismarck of Germany, and Lincoln, Garrison and Sumner of America.



*Resolved*, That his withering philippics, spoken and wielded by his mighty pen against human slavery, Ku-Kluxism, the rape of the ballot box, the indifference and supineness of the North, and the injustice heaped upon the people of his race by their American enemies, are not surpassed in true eloquence and power, by those of any agitator, leader or martyr of any people in the history of the world ; while the purity and beauty of his productions are worthy to rank as classics in the English language.

*Resolved*, That the recent great and masterly exposition of the cause of the lynching of his people in the South, and his inestimable ability in defending them against the charge of being a race of rapists and general criminals, entitle him to the unanimous and individual love of the negro race the world over, and to the esteem of all persons who love honor, truth, justice and fair play, especially when they are wielded in behalf of the weak, innocent and oppressed.

*Resolved*, That we, the citizens of Americus, Sumter County, Ga., consider it our duty to contribute, out of our poverty and still-existing oppression, to a racial fund, to be used and expended in erecting a monument commensurate to the fame and glory of our hero, which monument shall be appropriately located and shall forever exist in commemoration of Frederick Douglass, and as an expression of the love of his race.

*Resolved*, That the Legislature of North Carolina, in adjourning out of respect to the memory of Frederick Douglass ; and the city of New York, in extending the use of its City Hall for his remains to lie in state, did worthy and timely honor to a great man who has blessed and benefited the world by having lived in it, and as a result of whose labors and teachings the greatest republican government on earth is purged of slavery and solidified forever.

*Resolved*, That where the remains of our Douglass shall lie buried, that spot and his tomb shall ever be a sacred Mecca to the negro race. It shall inspire us with patriotic zeal for that country in whose bosom rests his grave, and from henceforth it shall prove the anchor to hold the negro race in the strongest ties of love and affection to American soil.

*Resolved*, That these and other appropriate resolutions and expressions of respect and condolence shall be recorded in our churches, schools and social organizations, and that copies be retained in each home and family circle as the most sacred archives of the Afro-American people.

*Resolved*, That, so far as lies in our power, we favor and recommend the adoption of a "Douglass Day," upon which all Afro-Americans shall meet and discuss the great life and deeds of our hero, and shall otherwise appropriately celebrate the same.

*Resolved*, That we request that these resolutions be published by the city and race press.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of the beloved dead, with whom we deeply sympathize and condole.

J. H. DISMUKES, *Chairman*.  
 A. L. SMITH, M. D., *Secretary*.  
 C. A. CATLEDGE,  
 REV. G. W. PHILLIPS,  
 J. H. COVINGTON,  
 JOSEPH DOWDELL,  
 JACKSON CARTER,  
 W. J. KENNEDY,  
 POLK BRANSON,  
 J. MATT HART,  
*Committee.*

### THE WOMAN'S LEAGUE OF DENVER, COL.

WHEREAS, The sad news has just been flashed across the continent of the departure from earth of one of her best and noblest sons, a student, a teacher, an orator, a statesman, a philanthropist, a deliverer, a husband and father; and

WHEREAS, This man in youth braved the stings of poverty and misfortune; stood like adamant against the storms of derision and calumny in the arena and forum, espousing the cause of his enslaved and down-trodden people; and

WHEREAS, In the noontide of life he was enabled to see his efforts rewarded by their complete enfranchisement, and to behold them capable of working out their own destiny; and

WHEREAS, In the sunset of life, his work finished, and in the happy society of wife, children and friends, infinite nature threw around him the mantle of love and a halo of reverence, and in that hour of peace and quiet the Invisible Power took from earth that which was immortal of Frederick Douglass; therefore

*Resolved*, That we, the members of the Woman's League of Denver, Col., do tender our heartfelt sympathies to the sorrowing wife and children, and bedew with tears of love and gratitude the bier of our honored dead.

MRS. LIZZIE M. OLDEN, *President*.

MRS. IDA DEFRIEST, *Corresponding Secretary*.

Adopted March 6, 1895.

### SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF MASSACHUSETTS.

WHEREAS, The Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in General Court assembled, have learned with profound sorrow and regret of the sudden death of Honorable Frederick

Douglass, ex-United States Marshal at Washington, and ex-United States Minister to Haiti, who, while not a native of Massachusetts, was a product of her training.

*Resolved*, That this Legislature attests its great appreciation of the marked ability, which was shown in his rise from the low estate of his birth to the height of one of the nation's counselors, his upright character and his lifelong, consecrated efforts to raise the race he was identified with to the highest pinnacle of American citizenship.

*Resolved*, That the Senate and House of Representatives tender to the bereaved family their sincere sympathy, and that a copy, suitably engrossed, of these resolutions properly attested be forwarded by the Secretary of the Commonwealth to the family of the deceased.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Adopted March 1, 1895.

Sent up for concurrence.

EDWARD A. McLAUGHLIN, *Clerk*.

SENATE.

Adopted in concurrence March 6, 1895.

HENRY D. COOLIDGE, *Clerk*.

A true copy.

Attest :—EDWARD A. McLAUGHLIN,  
*Clerk of the House of Representatives.*

### THE SOCIAL LITERARY SOCIETY OF AMHERSTBURG, CANADA.

WHEREAS, Divine Providence has closed the earthly career of that great American, the Honorable Frederick Douglass, we, as members of the Social Literary Society of the town of Amherstburg, Canada, add our tribute to his memory as an orator, a statesman and a man of great literary abilities.

And that we feel the loss of this brave advocate of liberty and justice, who has had for so long the respect and love of his own race and the praise of the entire people; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That in the death of the Honorable Frederick Douglass we have lost a faithful advocate and a dauntless leader, and society one of its brightest jewels.

*Resolved*, That as his career may easily find a place in the history of the nation, we sincerely hope that his character will be studied by the youth of to-day, and that they may ever look upon him as a light by which they can be safely guided in all the efforts of life.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased.

ADA CHRISTIAN, *President*.

FRED. H. A. DAVIS, *Chairman*.

Adopted March 6, 1895.

THE ANTI-LYNCHING COMMITTEE, OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

13 TAVISTOCK SQUARE,  
LONDON, W. C., ENG., March 6, 1895.

TO THE HON. MRS. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

*Dear Madam:* At a meeting of the Anti-Lynching Committee, held last Thursday, the following resolution was carried amidst many expressions of sympathy and regret:

That this Committee desire most respectfully to tender to Mrs. Frederick Douglass an expression of their warm sympathy in the irreparable loss she has sustained in the death of her husband, the Honorable Frederick Douglass; also to place on record their sense of profound admiration for the life, character and noble career of the veteran statesman to whose unflinching courage, and determined loyalty to truth and justice, the colored race owe so much. Most especially they deplore the loss of his valuable counsels and eloquent aid by speech and pen, exposing the barbarous crime of lynching practiced in some of the States of the American Union.

Permit me, dear madam, to add my own words of deep sympathy and regret, and believe me,

Yours respectfully,



*Honorable Secretary.*

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MEMORIAL MEETING OF COLORED CITIZENS OF  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Held at Allen Temple, in said city, on March 8, 1895.

*Resolved,* By the colored citizens of Cincinnati, in memorial meeting assembled, that in the death of Frederick Douglass we lose a champion of liberty, whose eloquence and whose energies were directed against wrong and oppression; our country, one of its most exemplary citizens and a matchless orator; and humanity, a servant instant in action, and ever ready with pen and voice to plead for her cause.

His life history, epitomizing, as it does, the struggle of his indomitable spirit of freedom and resistance to slavery, should be an inspiration to

those who follow him, to struggle on with unconquerable spirit and hope ever strong, until every vestige of thralldom is extinguished from the manners, customs and laws of our country.

*Resolved*, That an engrossed copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased.

*Memorial Committee.*

THOMAS J. MONROE,  
GEORGE H. JACKSON,  
SAMUEL W. CLARK,  
W. COPELAND,  
JOSEPH L. JONES,  
WILLIS S. TISDALE,  
W. B. ROSS,  
SAMUEL B. HILL,  
*Chairman.*

## THE WOMAN'S LOYAL UNION OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

### IN MEMORIAM.

**WHEREAS**, It has pleased the Great Liberator of Man to call from earthly thralldom the heroic leader of the negro race, the lamented Frederick Douglass, who, rising from the environment of slavery and surmounting the obstacles that beset him in consequence of such a condition, made himself to be a citizen of culture, intelligence and broad general knowledge, and one who, even when nearing his life's end, was devoting his waning hours to the cause of the emancipation of woman ; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That we, the members of the Woman's Loyal Union, deplore the loss of this great soul, for the deeds which have made his name illustrious and the influence he has always exerted among us. Born a slave as he was, with a master mind, even in his youth thirsting for knowledge, and contriving ingenious means to acquire its first principles, with a spirit that chafed under the restraint of oppression and struggled to be free ; he fled to freedom, and out of his own experience told the story of the cruelties and injustice of slavery to large audiences in the North, making himself one of the greatest of orators.

*Resolved*, That we, in our great sorrow for the bereavement that has visited the family of the Honorable Frederick Douglass, do express to them the conviction that with them a nation mourns the loss of one of its noblest sons, and that time, which overcometh all things, and alone can bring together the separated, may assuage their poignant grief, and lead them to hail with joy a future which will bring the mutually beloved together again, in a sweet and endless reunion.

*Resolved*, That we, as a people, owe much of the success of the anti-slavery cause to his participation in the work, both here and in England,

where he traveled, speaking for the slave and winning for him friends, whose example obtains to this day upon all questions relative to the good of the race in this country.

*Resolved*, That we appreciate his life for an enthusiastic devotion to his race in every way ; in politics, in State affairs, in eloquently denouncing the iniquitous lynching of the Southern negro, and in manifesting his unabated ardor to serve his people, even at the moment when death, the messenger, called this noble heart up higher.

*Resolved*, That his life throughout has been such as to command the respect and admiration of his race and of all races, enabling him to be appointed to such positions of honor as United States Marshal, Recorder of Deeds, and United States Minister to Haiti, and fully entitling him to be a leader of his people.

*Resolved*, That believing the greatest glory of any people is to transmit a love of freedom to their children, we hereby pledge ourselves to hand down to successive generations a knowledge of the life and deeds of this brave and fearless advocate of liberty, who has gone from his earthly home. He deserved fame and he had it.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be engrossed and presented to the family of the deceased, and also inscribed upon the record books of the Union.

VICTORIA MATTHEWS, *President.*

KATIE V. CARMAND, *Cor. Secretary.*

FLORENCE P. RAY,

MARY T. TATO,

J. IMOGEN HOWARD,

*Committee.*

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THE CHERRY STREET BAPTIST CHURCH,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His wise Providence, to remove from our midst, by the hand of death, the great leader of our race, the great self-made man, Frederick Douglass, a man emerging from the degradation of slavery and, by his own exertions and persevering zeal in the pursuit of freedom and human rights, rising to the topmost height of consideration and manhood, despite untold opposition and obstacles ; furnishing the grandest illustration of the capabilities and development of the colored race ; filling the positions of editor, elector-at-large, United States Marshal, United States Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia, and United States Minister, with a fidelity peculiar to our race, and honored by the world at large ; be it therefore

*Resolved*, That we, as citizens and as members of the Cherry Street Baptist Church, in common with the people at large, while mourning the great loss the race and country have sustained, hereby extend to the

bereaved widow and children our heartfelt sympathies and, with this slight tribute of appreciation of his great worth and services, commend them to the care and guidance of the great Master who, through all these long years of labor and toil, steadily lead him on to victory.

THO. DWIGHT MILLER, D. D., *Pastor.*

RICHARD B. DENNIS, *Clerk.*

### THE COLORED CITIZENS OF URBANA, OHIO.

**WHEREAS**, The Almighty, in His wise Providence, has seen fit to remove to his eternal rest that eminent representative of the negro race, Honorable Frederick Douglass, whose name and history stand prominent in every city, town and village of our land; known as a slave, freeman, orator and diplomat; and

**WHEREAS**, It is highly proper that we should now, publicly, record the sentiments and feelings which we, the members of his race, bear toward him, and that we should give permanent testimony of our appreciation of his character and of the loss which we sustain by his death; therefore

*Resolved*, By us, the colored citizens of the city of Urbana, State of Ohio, that we recognize, in the life and history of our eminent and highly honored representative, the late Honorable Frederick Douglass, the qualities and capacities with which the Creator has endowed our race; and that in his patient struggle with adverse circumstances; his resignation to the yoke of a criminal slavery; his self-secured freedom; his incalculable service in helping his fellow men to secure freedom from that slavery; his career as an orator and statesman; and in his record as a man he has erected for himself a monument which entitles him to the reverence and respect of all mankind.

*Resolved*, That his example constitutes a bright and shining beacon for his people, and that he has made, by his persistent efforts, a plain path that all may follow, to the respect and esteem of their fellow citizens.

*Resolved*, That in his death, we, with his family, his friends, his race and his country, have been deprived of a friend whose sympathy, in every need, was as warm and generous, and whose prudence and business ability were as unequalled, as his private and family life were stainless and pure.

*Resolved*, That we tender the family our sympathy in this, their great bereavement.

*Resolved*, That this preamble and these resolutions be spread at large in our city daily papers, and that a copy be sent to his afflicted family.

LEWIS C. SHEAFE,  
ISAIAH BUCKNEY,  
WILLIAM H. STEWART,  
*Committee.*

Adopted March 11, 1895.

## THE COLORED CITIZENS OF ELMIRA, N. Y.

**WHEREAS**, We have learned of the majesty and power of Almighty God by the solemn dispensation of His providence in removing from our midst our noble and esteemed brother, Frederick Douglass, therefore

*Resolved*, That, while we mourn the loss, as those only mourn who have lost a valuable friend and companion, and although we esteem him as the brightest ornament of the Afro-American race, yet we will, with feelings of composure and resignation, bow before the divine mandate which has so suddenly dissolved those ties by which we were so long and so pleasantly associated with him, possessing the assurance that our loss is his gain, and believing that in Him who possesses the wisdom and power to bestow rests also the inherent right and justice to deprive.

*Resolved*, That although the once familiar form of our distinguished friend now lies lifeless in the tomb, and he can never again associate with us, yet we will ever cherish, as sacred to his memory, his wise counsel in all the affairs of our race, and we will treasure in fond remembrance his fraternal affection, his modest and unyielding integrity, and his strict devotion to our welfare as a people, which principles gave character to his professions and practice, and were truly exemplary and worthy the emulation of all.

*Resolved*, That to the wife and family and to that once bright and happy circle of which he was a shining light, and from which he has been so suddenly removed, we, citizens of Elmira, N. Y., do offer these united but feeble expressions of the sorrow and regret which pervades our hearts in their behalf. The loss of such a husband and father is irreparable, and for consolation we commend them to Him who is a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless, and who is the giver of all good. May they meet their loved one in that boundless realm where loved ones know no parting.

We can also truly say, "Surely a great man has fallen in Israel to-day!"

*Resolved*, That as a token of respect to the memory of our departed brother, Frederick Douglass, we hold memorial services in our several churches, and that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased and also to the press.

JUDSON MOORE, *President*.

STEVEN CLARK, *Chairman*.

SIMEON TURNER, *Secretary*.

Adopted March 12, 1895.

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THE SEVENTH WARD REPUBLICAN CLUB, OF  
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

**WHEREAS**, It has pleased the Father of the Universe to remove from us one of our most beloved friends and our brother, Frederick Douglass, and

**WHEREAS**, In remembrance of the great and noble deeds done for the sake of humanity and freedom by the lamented Frederick Douglass, we



deem it appropriate that we place on record our appreciation of him as one of the race and one of the greatest of men ; therefore

*Resolved*, That we, the members of this club, though we humbly bow before the Giver of all good, do not the less mourn the loss of our great friend who has been called from labor to his reward.

*Resolved*, That in the death of Frederick Douglass the race loses a great upright hero and a friend to be remembered by the nation.

*Resolved*, That this club tenders its greatest sympathy to the family and friends in their great loss of the husband, father and friend—Frederick Douglass.

BENJAMIN TAYLOR, *President*.

CHARLES H. THOMPSON, *Secretary*.

Adopted March 15, 1895.

### THE COLORED REPUBLICAN ASSOCIATION OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God to remove from this earth, one whom we, as a race, all love and honor for his good deeds ; be it therefore

*Resolved*, That we, the members of the Colored Republican Association of the State of New York, have, with feelings of profound sorrow and regret, learned of the death of the Honorable Frederick Douglass.

*Resolved*, That, in the death of the Honorable Frederick Douglass, the colored people of this country are called upon to mourn the loss of the champion and leader of their race, a high-minded patriot and citizen, whose name must be added to the roll of distinguished heroes, and whose fame and services in contending for the freedom, rights and liberties of his race, a grateful people will ever faithfully cherish.

The nation, now free and united, owes to its brave defenders, living and dead, a debt of gratitude.

“ Though parted then, we now are one :  
One now in love, not hate,—  
One people and one State.”

*Resolved*, That we recognize, in the Honorable Frederick Douglass, all those admirable qualities and finer sensibilities which cluster about the heart of a true gentleman, and which go so far in making up a leader, a patriot and a hero. He took up the cause of the freedom and liberty of his race, while handicapped with the shackles of slavery, and boldly and fiercely showed to his oppressors, the wrongs and injuries which they were inflicting on his race, and through his whole career he displayed such courage and sagacity, and such brilliant oratorical and debating abilities, in opposition to his opposers, as to win for himself a world-wide reputation, and a conspicuous position among our most highly honored and distinguished statesmen.

*Resolved*, That the members of the Colored Republican Association of the State of New York, extend their warmest sympathies to the widow and family of the late Frederick Douglass, in this, their hour of sorrow and affliction.

ALFRED C. COWAN, *President*.  
J. NEWTON BENEDICT, *Secretary*.  
JAMES R. BRAXTON,  
E. V. C. EATON,  
F. H. CARMAND,

*Committee.*

Adopted March 23, 1895.

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#### THE PROGRESSIVE REPUBLICAN CLUB, OF XENIA, OHIO.

WHEREAS, Frederick Douglass, the great statesman and leader, has been called to his long home, and to his reward; and

WHEREAS, His distinguished career has been a blessing to mankind and an honor to God, therefore

*Resolved*, That the Progressive Republican Club, and citizens of Xenia, sincerely deplore his death and will ever perpetuate his memory and emulate his good deeds.

*Resolved*, That we extend to his family our sympathy and our recognition of his greatness.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to his family.

J. M. SUMMERS,  
J. W. CROSBY,  
CHARLES RUSSELL.

Adopted March 21, 1895.

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#### THE FREDERICK DOUGLASS LYCEUM, OF MEMPHIS, TENN.

MEMPHIS, TENN., April 4, 1895.

MRS. FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

*Madam*: At a meeting of the Frederick Douglass Lyceum, of Memphis, Tenn., held March 11, 1895, the accompanying resolutions were offered and adopted, and the corresponding secretary was instructed to forward the same to the widow and relatives of the late Frederick Douglass.

Yours in sorrow,  
F. D. CASSELS, *Corresponding Secretary*.

WHEREAS, The Honorable Frederick Douglass, one of the greatest philosophers, orators and statesmen of the nineteenth century, has departed this life, and

WHEREAS, In honor of his character and to perpetuate his name, The Frederick Douglass Lyceum, of Memphis, Tenn., was established; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That the above-named association hereby tender to the family and relatives of the illustrious dead, its condolence, and share with them their bereavement in this, their hour of sad affliction; and be it further

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this association, and that a copy thereof be furnished the *Watchman and Christian Herald*, for publication.

N. H. PINS,  
*President.*

R. E. DRIVER,  
*Secretary.*

F. D. CASSELS,  
*Corresponding Secretary.*

THE DR. SIMMONS PIONEER LYCEUM, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 9, 1895.

MRS. HELEN DOUGLASS, Anacostia, D. C.

*Dear Madam:* Please accept a copy of the resolutions adopted by the Dr. Simmons Pioneer Lyceum, of Providence, R. I., as a token of respect to the late Honorable Frederick Douglass.

Respectfully yours,  
W. H. CARTER,  
*President.*

G. H. KIBLEY,  
M. N. OVERTON,  
*Committee.*

WHEREAS, It has pleased the all-wise God, the Ruler of the Universe, to remove from our midst, the Honorable Frederick Douglass, and

WHEREAS, He was a heroic champion of truth and justice, a determined assailant of falsehood and wrong; one who, to the greatest evils which afflicted our race and country, gave no quarter, and

WHEREAS, He aimed his sword at the heart of the enemy, and fought for nothing less than the complete and eternal overthrow of the evils of

our nation (called by Garrison, Phillips and Sumner, a compact with hell, and a covenant with sin and death); therefore

*Resolved*, That, with gratitude to God, we place on record our highest esteem of the character of our departed leader, one who nobly represented his race, his nation and his country, in State and national affairs.

*Resolved*, That, while we bow before God's altar, in humble submission to the will of our Heavenly Father, we realize that we, as a race, have suffered an irreparable loss in the death of Honorable Frederick Douglass, who was endowed with extraordinary powers; invincible in argument and captivating in oratory.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of this lyceum, and placed on file.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased, and that a copy be sent for publication to the *New York Age*, *Indianapolis Freeman*, *Boston Courant*, *New England Torchlight* and the *Republican Sun*.

WILLIAM H. CARTER, *President*.

J. D. FISHER, *Secretary*.

W. H. CARTER,

G. H. KIBLEY,

M. W. OVERTON,

*Committee on Resolutions.*

THE MINER INSTITUTION FOR THE EDUCATION OF  
COLORED YOUTH.

"THE ELSMERE,"

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 9, 1895.

MY DEAR MRS. DOUGLASS:

At the regular meeting of the corporators of the Institution for the Education of Colored Youth, held on the sixth instant (the first since the death of Mr. Douglass), the enclosed testimonial was read and placed on record, and I was directed to forward a copy of the same to you.

I would like to add my personal sympathy for you in your bereavement.

Very sincerely,

E. J. BRIGHAM.

The corporators of the Miner Institution for the Education of Colored Youth, being impressed with profound sorrow by the death of one of their number, the Honorable Frederick Douglass, place upon their

records this minute, as a testimonial of the high esteem in which they hold their late colleague. His remarkable history from a slave boy to the position of "foremost man of his race," a title given him by common consent, his eminent abilities, exalted character, Christian principles, and his general courtesy, won the respect and admiration of all who knew him. His fidelity to the trust reposed in him as a member of this board, his intelligent views and wise counsels, and his earnest purpose to do all in his power for the advancement of the youth of his race, entitle him to their lasting gratitude.

His surviving colleagues will ever cherish pleasant memories of their association with the most remarkable and interesting man of his race and time.

The secretary is requested to transmit a copy of the foregoing to the family of the deceased.

REV. RUSH R. SHIPPEN,  
S. A. BOND,  
HENRY M. BAKER,  
HENRY P. MONTGOMERY,  
J. O. WILSON,  
CAROLINE B. WINSLOW,  
EMILY J. BRIGHAM,  
MARY J. STROUD.

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THE INSTRUCTORS OF HOWARD UNIVERSITY,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

At a meeting called to take action on the death of Mr. Douglass the following were presented and unanimously adopted :

*Resolved*, That in the death of Honorable Frederick Douglass, LL. D., the great Afro-American orator and anti-slavery agitator, and for years one of the trustees of this university, this period in history has lost one, who, in many respects, was its most remarkable character ; a man, whose life of seventy-seven years embraced the most wonderful contrasts and paradoxes ; having in his veins the blood of two alienated races, and yet honored by both ; born a slave in Maryland, and yet advanced to public positions at home and abroad, such as fall to the lot of few mortals ; living in a period of great civil upheavals, of which the Afro-American race was the central interest and problem, and yet retaining his loyalty to a government that long hesitated what should be done with 3,000,000 of his fellow bondmen ; having had no advantage of schools, and yet always welcomed as an equal into the society of cultivated men and women all over the world ; a man, whose patience in tribulation, whose modesty and dignity in successes, whose forgiving spirit and heart

of courage, as well as whose personal attainments and public services, make it proper to classify him as wholly worthy of the confidence and society of such men as Garrison and Sumner, as Lincoln and Grant, in a crisis when America had to serve her a breed of her noblest and greatest statesmen and soldiers; a man, whose rise and elevation are another proof that moral greatness, consistent purpose, and just and fair dealing with men and measures, and trust in the living God cannot go without earthly reward.

"A hero high above revenge or greed,  
Forbidding bloodshed and restraining hate,  
Chiding and shunning every threat of crime,  
Not rash, but patient, knowing well indeed  
That Justice, being blind, must therefore wait,  
And cannot come, except as led by Time."

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted, with the expression of our deepest sympathy, to Mrs. Douglass, the widow, and to the children of the deceased.

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THE CITIZENS OF MADISON, IND.

MADISON, IND., March 4, 1895.

MRS. DOUGLASS.

*Dear Madam*: On February 27, memorial exercises were held in one of the largest assembly halls, to honor the memory of Honorable Frederick Douglass.

It was decided, by unanimous vote, to forward to you and family a copy of the memorial prepared by the committee, which copy I now send, thus carrying out the directions of that vast assembly.

Respectfully,  
FAUSTIN S. DELANY.

IN MEMORIAM.

We stand to-day in the shadow of a blighting gloom. A mighty one has fallen. The great tongue, so eloquent in its pleadings for the race, is stilled forever. The watchman on the bulwark of liberty is no more. The great sympathetic heart has ceased to pulsate. That lofty spirit has burst its bonds of clay, and has gone to mingle with those who sing a song angels cannot sing—the song of the redeemed.

An all-wise Providence has set the limit to his sojourn among men. We question not its wisdom. We submit to its will.

In Frederick Douglass we recognize a man of great ability combined with rare and unequalled courage. Undaunted, he struggled under the clouds of slavery to liberate a race, until, after years of oppression, freedom came, and with it the blessings of equality.

In the great progress made since then his efforts have been appreciated and his services rewarded with high offices of honor and power, in each of which he performed his duties in a manner that elevated his standing and endeared him to his countrymen.

For half a century he has been a unique, central figure in the United States; a man whose life and works are a part of its history, and whose character has left its impress upon the character of the nation.

By his strength of will, indomitable courage and pure integrity, he has shown to the world that all that goes to make the true man is to be found in an ebon casket as well as in one of alabaster.

Mr. Douglass was a true and tried friend, a manly man, a worthy leader, an illustrious character; and his name will go down as one celebrated in history.

Mr. Douglass was more than a hero. He possessed the requisites for a martyr; for, while he did not besprinkle the shrine of liberty with his life-blood, he risked his all in freedom's cause.

He was transcendent in his eloquence; one moment convulsing his audience with laughter, the next arousing a storm of opposition and then arguing down that opposition. He would reach down into the depths of the hearts of his listeners, steal into their sympathies and move them to tears. Nay, he could annihilate time, the true test of the orator.

Who so strong to battle against the wrongs of the race? Who so broad to command the attention of the world in the recital of those wrongs?

But Mr. Douglass is not merely an example. He is an object lesson. He shows the possibilities of the race.

We thank God for giving to the world such a lofty character. We shall ever honor the name of Frederick Douglass.

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#### THE CITIZENS OF PHILADELPHIA, PA.

At the meeting of the citizens of Philadelphia, held at the Academy of Music, April 15, 1895, the following were adopted:

WHEREAS, The Divine Ruler of all things has, in his infinite wisdom, been pleased to call from among us, Frederick Douglass, the eminent and patriotic citizen, the gifted, eloquent and consistent champion of freedom and even-handed justice to all men; and

**WHEREAS**, His death comes to each one of us as a sad personal bereavement and overwhelms us all with a deep sense of grief which we can only with difficulty express ; be it therefore

*Resolved*, That although we mourn his loss with unspeakable sorrow, we yet find consolation in the remembrance of his loyal services to humanity, his high standards of manhood, and his faithful consecration of great talents and marvelous endowments to noble purposes.

*Resolved*, That while it may be said in general that the world is made better by the life of every great and good man such as he was, we affirm our belief in particular that the power of Mr. Douglass' personality, and his masterful appeals to the conscience and the understanding of the nation and of mankind, had an important bearing in the evolution which brought about the emancipation and enfranchisement of millions of his countrymen.

*Resolved*, That his honorable and unswerving devotion to the interests of the least favored of Americans, with whom he was especially identified, his remarkable moral strength which never forsook him, his unblemished good name, to which we point with pride, his unfailing good sense, his modesty and dignity of character, his habitual and unvarying subordination of all mere impulse and passion to good reason and to that which is best, his untiring industry which led to lasting achievements, display qualities which merit and command our unqualified admiration, and we cannot too strongly commend them to the youth of our land as altogether worthy of their highest emulation.

*Resolved*, That, in bowing in humble submission to the Divine will, we have felt moved from the bottom of our hearts to add this, our tribute, to the many testimonies of respect and grateful remembrance which have been made manifest all over our own land and have passed beyond the oceans ; and we extend our sincerest sympathy to the family of the deceased, whose name we will honor and whose memory we will cherish to the end.

E. D. BASSETT,  
*Chairman of Committee on Resolutions.*

#### THE ASSEMBLY CLUB, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The members of the Assembly Club, of San Francisco, realizing the fact that in the death of the Honorable Frederick Douglass, the United States of America have lost a citizen, patriot and statesman, whose labors for the cause of humanity ranked him as first among the great philanthropists of the age, do hereby offer the following resolutions :

**WHEREAS**, It has pleased the Almighty, in His infinite wisdom, to remove from the field of his labor, one who, during his life, was a most



able exponent and a most indefatigable worker for the cause of liberty and the elevation of humanity ; and

WHEREAS, In the death of the Honorable Frederick Douglass, our race has lost a friend, champion and leader, in whom were blended those elements of superior individuality so essential to the success of a race leader ; therefore be it

*Resolved*, That the colored citizens of California mourn the death of the late Honorable Frederick Douglass, and that they regard his loss as a national calamity, coming, as it does, at a time when the cause of our race can ill afford to lose his services ; and be it further

*Resolved*, That the colored citizens of San Francisco, in memorial service assembled, do hereby extend to his bereaved family their deepest sympathy for their great loss, and the loss which all liberty-loving citizens of the United States suffer through his death.

JOHN C. RIVERS, *President*.

G. W. HENRIQUES, *Secretary*.

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#### THE PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

The following tribute was paid to the memory of Mr. Douglass, at a public meeting of the Society, held at Friends' Meeting House, Philadelphia, in April, 1895 :

We would be doing less than our duty, and far less than our feelings prompt us to do, were we not, on this occasion, to send to the bereaved family of Frederick Douglass, some expression of our deep sympathy with, and of our high admiration of, his character ; our sincere affection for him and our appreciation of his life-work in behalf of his race and for human freedom and the rights of man.

Seldom, if ever, was there a greater contrast in the life of a human being, than is found in that of this illustrious character. Born a slave, denied an education, as he was denied his freedom, yet obtaining both by his own exertions. Poor, yet free, he asserted his manhood and developed his genius. Ten years after being a slave, we find him in the editorial chair of the *North Star*, and on the platform an orator of rare ability and wonderful magnetic power. From a slave, he came to be United States Marshal for the District of Columbia, and United States Minister to Haiti ; efficient, admired, beloved ! Let young men learn by this masterpiece of energy, what can be done by individual effort and determined will !

Let governments take heed, and never enslave a human being, for they know not the possibilities they are oppressing ! Let mankind everywhere rejoice that, in the triumphs of this man over all the disadvantages

of slavery, of caste, of persecution and of cruelty, God's great law has been vindicated, that "He is no respecter of persons," and that "righteousness endureth forever."

Frederick Douglass was a member of this society, and one of its faithful supporters, and, whenever possible, was with us in our arduous labors. The powerful appeals he made for, not only freedom from chattel slavery, but for the broadest liberty for the rights of conscience and the inalienable rights of man, will never be forgotten, but will be forever held sacred, and we gratefully testify our appreciation of a life that has made grander the history, not only of our country and our lives, but of the world.

Signed on behalf of the Society,

WILLIAM STILL,  
*Vice-President.*

W. HEACOCK,  
JOSEPH M. TRUMAN, JR.,  
*Secretaries.*



## Poems and Sonnets.

(147)



## POEMS AND SONNETS.

### SONNETS TO THE MEMORY OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS. BY THEODORE TILTON.

#### A CAREER UNIQUE.

The celebrated American orator, Frederick Douglass, died in Washington, D. C., February 20, 1895, aged seventy-eight years.

He was born a slave in Maryland, 1817.

He escaped to Massachusetts, 1838.

He founded an anti-slavery newspaper, Rochester, N. Y., 1847.

He addressed anti-slavery meetings in the Northern States and in Great Britain with powerful eloquence for twenty-five years.

He raised for President Lincoln two regiments of negro troops (the Massachusetts Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth), 1863.

He was appointed by President Grant to the San Domingo Commission, 1871.

He was chosen Presidential elector-at-large for the State of New York, 1872.

He was made Marshal of the District of Columbia by President Hayes, 1881.

He was Recorder of Deeds, Washington, under Presidents Garfield and Arthur.

He was sent by President Harrison to Haiti as United States Minister, 1889.

He died in Washington (as above mentioned) and was buried at his old home, Rochester, N. Y., in Mount Hope Cemetery, with unusual public honors.

The following sonnets to his memory were written in Paris, France, immediately after his funeral :

#### I.

I knew the noblest giants of my day,  
And *he* was *of* them—strong amid the strong :  
But gentle, too : for though he suffered wrong,  
Yet the wrong-doer never heard him say  
“Thee also do I hate.” . . .

A lover's lay—  
No dirge—no doleful requiem song—  
Is what I owe him, for I loved him long ;  
As dearly as a younger brother may.

Proud is the happy grief with which I sing ;  
For, O my Country ! in the paths of men  
There never walked a grander man than he !

He was a peer of princes—yea a king !  
 Crowned in the shambles and the prison-pen !  
 The noblest Slave that ever God set free !

## II.

Too many a man is honored overmuch !  
 The worthiest souls are ever scarce and few ;  
 And ere we crown them (if at last we do)  
 They first are outcasts whom we shrink to touch !

From squalid Bethlehem came one of such,  
 Born in a manger, and, to human view,  
 A beggar—yet whom kings did homage to,  
 While cattle stood in stalls about His hutch !

How does it happen that, in every clime,  
 When any groaning nation of the earth  
 Hath need of some new leader of a race,  
 Or some true prophet of a better time,  
 The Heavens elect him for his lowly birth,  
 Ere they uplift him to his lofty place ?

## III.

I answer: He must first be taught to know—  
 (I say to *know*, and not to *guess*)—how real  
 Is all the misery which he hopes to heal !  
 The high may show a kindness to the low :  
 Some wealthy lord is generous—be it so :  
 Yet *who* except the poor and pinched can feel  
 Their pang of poverty ? . . .  
 So for their weal,  
 They need a champion who has borne their woe !

As the Arabian pearl, beneath the brine,  
 Lies hid, and frets and chafes within its shell,  
 Till by its torment it grows bright and pure,—  
 So an illustrious spirit, born to shine,  
 Must first in some dim depth of sorrow dwell,  
 And have a wholesome anguish to endure !

## IV.

Be glad, O heart of mine ! and dance and leap  
 At all these funeral honours paid thy friend !  
 This lengthened pageantry, so slow to end !  
 These crape-hung flags ! these many eyes that weep !

These cannon, loud enough to wake his sleep !  
 These bells that with the trumpets interblend !  
 These published praises, eloquently penned !  
 All telling of an homage wide and deep.  
 Not since our Land of Liberty was young,  
 When fiery Otis passed away in flame,\*  
 And Patrick Henry's burning lips grew cold,  
 Hath mortal silence hushed a braver tongue  
 Than of this Bondman, who, in Freedom's name,  
 Spake (like the Byzantine) with 'mouth of gold.'†

## V.

I ask myself, Was it a dreadful dream?—  
 A wild, disordered vision of the night?—  
 That the fair Country of my dear delight,  
 The patriot's paradise, the exile's theme,  
 The Land of Lands, where Freedom reigns supreme,  
 Should once have dared, in God's offended sight,  
 To sin so great a sin against the light  
 That, to atone for it, a living stream  
 Of human blood flowed as a holocaust,  
 Till every household had a soldier slain !  
 —O tardy Nation, slow agen to learn !  
 Let not thy former lesson now be lost !  
 For now thy *Northern* millions toil in vain !  
 Beware ! Deny them not the bread they earn !

## VI.

Shall there be Hunger in a Land of Corn?  
 Then if—(shut out from idle mill and mine)—  
 Come the bold beggars forth in battle-line,  
 Armed and in fury, answering scorn with scorn—  
 Oh *who* shall lead them in their Hope Forlorn ?  
 How shall they know him ? How shall they divine  
 Their true deliverer ? I will tell the sign !  
 Let him be like the man whom now we mourn !—  
 A hero high above revenge or greed,  
 Forbidding bloodshed and restraining hate  
 Chiding and shaming every threat of crime—  
 Not rash, but patient, knowing well indeed  
 That Justice, being blind, must therefore wait  
 And cannot come except as led by Time !

\* It will be remembered that James Otis was killed by lightning. † Chrysostom.



## VII.

I shout for joy—here on this foreign coast,  
 Far distant from this sad, obsequious scene—  
 To know that now, in everlasting green,  
 His name shall be his Country's future boast !  
 For now the vipers who once hissed him most,  
 And stung him with their venom, vile and mean,  
 (Worse than the lash !—although the lash was keen)  
 All praise him ! . . .

Heed them not, O gentle ghost !  
 For Spartacus awaits thee, I am sure,  
 To bid thee welcome ! So, I ween, doth *he*—  
 That mighty spirit of the Spanish Main,  
 Hero and martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture !—  
 Yet greater glory is reserved for *thee* !  
 For lo ! thy laurels have no bloody stain !

## VIII.

A friendship is a hallowed thing ! . . . To-day,  
 In looking back on this of his and mine  
 (Which bears a date as old as 'Auld Lang Syne'—  
 Ere yet a hair of either head was gray)—  
*A life-long love* !—what tribute shall I pay  
 To such a comrade ? Others may entwine  
 Their ivy-wreaths and lay them on his shrine,—  
 But *I* am thrice a thousand miles away.

I hope he missed me from the mournful march—  
 For *I*, of all his lovers, loved him best :  
 And love is jealous ; and I envy those  
 Who bore him through his last triumphal arch,  
 And up the frosty hillside to his rest,  
 With all the North to wrap him in its snows !

## IX.

I knew him to the core : so it is *I*,—  
 And not the many who belaud his name,  
 Not knowing him save only by his fame,—  
 Yes, it is *mine* to speak and testify  
 What well I know : how sacred, pure and high  
 Was the sublime and solitary aim  
 Which, like the Pillar of the Cloud and Flame,  
 He chose (like Israel) to be guided by !

Chief of his tribe, he centered in his soul—  
 As their evangel—all their hopes and fears !  
 —Through all his lifetime, as their wisest head,  
 He planned to lead them to some happy goal !  
 (How they will lack him in the coming years,  
 And wish him back among them, from the dead !)

## X.

I knew his latch-string—it hung always out !  
 I knew his books, on which he loved to pore :  
 His Bible—(*no* man ever read it more !\*)—  
 His Izak Walton on Religious Doubt  
 (And how to settle it by catching trout !)—  
 His Shakespeare (with a bust above the door †)—  
 His Talmud—and the never-tiring lore  
 Which takes a Thousand Nights to tell about.  
  
 And much he loved to con the Concord Sage,  
 And Hawthorne's Hester and the Quaker Bard,  
 And Uncle Tom (the "Cabin" and the "Key")—  
 And sometimes he would even read a page  
 From this poor pen of mine—not for regard  
 Of my dull verses, but for love of *me* !

## XI.

A wistful loneliness was in his look ;  
 For thus he ever bore upon his face  
 (As in his heart) the sorrows of his race :  
 And yet he gaily—in the walks we took—  
 Would stop and chatter to a chattering brook,  
 And mimic all the creatures of the place,  
 And buzz in sharps, and croak in double bass,  
 And caw in semi-quavers like the rook !  
  
 Not one of Nature's voices (he declared)—  
 Whether of beast, or bird, or wind, or wave—  
 Had ever chid him for his sable hue !  
 His fellow-men—and these alone—had dared,  
 With cruel taunt, to say to him "Thou Slave !"   
 (And were the only brutes he ever knew !)

\* Speaking of his slave-life in Baltimore, he says in his Autobiography, "I have gathered scattered pages of the Bible from the filthy street-gutters, and have washed and dried them, that in moments of leisure I might get a word or two of wisdom from them."

† This house was in Rochester, N. Y., and was burned in 1872—with all the books and busts.

## XII.

He oft would bask, through all a winter's eve,  
 Before his yule-log, till the fire was low ;  
 And in his talk, with all his mind aglow,  
 What wit and wisdom he would interweave !  
 It was a hearthstone I was loth to leave !  
     —Alack ! I thither nevermore shall go !  
     —So, though my song is not a wail of woe,  
 Yet such a thought is sombre—and I grieve.

Keen was his satire ; but the flashing blade,  
 Instead of poison on the biting steel,  
 Bore on its edge a balsam of a kind  
 Whereby the very wound the weapon made  
 Was at the very moment sure to heal,  
 And nevermore to leave a scar behind.

## XIII.

If love of music be a mortal sin  
     (As certain of the saints are wont to say),  
     He was a sinner to his dying day !  
 For like the rest of his melodious kin  
 A song was what his soul delighted in,—  
     Especially some soft and plaintive lay  
     Which in the old and weird plantation way  
 He loved to echo on his violin.  
 He touched the strings with more than rustic art ;  
     For oft a sudden supernatural power  
     Would swell within him—till he gave a vent  
 To all the pent-up passions of his heart !—  
     So his Cremona in a troubled hour  
     Beguiled for him a care to a content.\*

## XIV.

He came to Paris ; and we paced the streets  
     As if we twain were truants out of school !  
     We clomb aloft where many a carven ghoul  
 And grinning gargoyle mocked our giddy feats ;  
 We made a sport of sitting in the seats  
     Where Kings of France were wont to sit and rule !  
     “ A throne,” quoth he, “ is a pretender's stool—  
 For kingship is a fraud, and kings are cheats ! ”

\* “ Of all the interesting objects in the Museum of Genoa,” he wrote, “ the one that touched me most was the violin of Paganini—a precious object in my eyes.”

He loved a hero. Nor can I forget  
 How with uncovered head, in awe profound,  
 He hailed Coligny's all-too-tardy stone ; \*  
 And how, before the tomb of Lafayette, †  
 He said, "This place is *doubly* sacred ground—  
 This patriot had *two* countries for his own !"

## XV.

I here might crowd this empty rhyme of mine  
 With tales of how my travel-eager friend  
 (Who wished to see the world from end to end)  
 Sped southward from the many-castled Rhine  
 To languid Italy—a land supine,  
 Yet soon to rouse herself (as signs portend),  
 Though why she waits is hard to comprehend :  
 Thence to the country of the Muses Nine—  
 To Marathon, and to the Academe :  
 Thence to the Sphinx at Ghizeh—whom with awe  
 He answered—and his answer may be guessed :  
 For there—in Egypt—by her classic stream,  
 He said that every famous land he saw  
 Taught him the more to love his own the best !

## XVI.

For though his own had been a cruel land,  
 Wherein, through many a long and groaning year,  
 Oppression had been bitter and austere  
 (As harsh as under Pharaoh's hand)—  
 Yet such a slave could never be unmanned ;  
 But ever with a sweet and secret cheer  
 He felt the day of freedom to be near.  
 So when it came, he well could understand  
 That his dear Country, long herself a thrall,  
 Self-chained and self-degraded in the past—  
 Till, smiting off her shackles with her sword  
 She too !—she too !—the chiefest slave of all—  
 Self-freed and self-uplifted, had at last  
 Stood forth redeemed, and lovely, and adored !

\* Admiral de Coligny was murdered in the St. Bartholomew massacre, on the night of August 24, 1572.

† Lafayette lies in the Picpus Cemetery, rue Picpus, Paris.

## XVII.

His form was like Apollo's, and his brow  
 Like what the sculptors carve for Zeus' own—  
 As godlike as was ever cut in stone !  
 For if the old god Thor were living now,  
 With his dark visage, with his frosty pow,  
 And with his awe-inspiring thunder-tone—  
 Such a resembling pair (could both be known)  
 Would pass for twin-brothers, I avow !

The gods are dead, and all the godlike men  
 Are dying too ! How fast they disappear !  
 For Death seems discontent to fill the grave  
 With common bones, but downward to his den  
 Drags, like a greedy monster, year by year  
 The men most missed—the good, the wise, the brave !

## XVIII.

Spake I of goodly giants in the land ?  
 And did I boast that I had known them well ?  
 I was a stripling : so I live to tell,  
 In these degenerate days, how great and grand,  
 How plain and simple, were the noble band  
 Who cried to Heaven against that crime of Hell  
 Which to the auction-block brought Babes to sell,  
 And which on Women burnt a market brand !

Who were those heroes ? Since the roll is known  
 I need not call it : Lincoln was the chief :  
 The rest were legion—name them whoso can :  
 But whoso counts the list of Freedom's Own  
 Must name the Chattel whom, with pride and grief,  
 We buried yesterday and called a Man !

## XIX.

What final wreath of olive, oak or bay  
 (Which to withhold would do the dead a wrong)  
 Is due him for the fetter, yoke and thong  
 Which, as a Slave, he bore for many a day ?

If to his wintry burial blooming May  
 Had come herself, chief-mourner of the throng,  
 And stopt his bier as it was borne along,  
 And laid a million lilies on his clay,—  
 Not one of all these fading funeral-flowers  
 Would have survived the frost! . . . So—(since, alas!  
 Such honours fade)—my Country, hark to *me*!  
 Let us, in yonder Capitol of ours,  
 Mould him a statue of enduring brass  
 Out of the broken chains of slaves set free?



PARIS, Feb. 28, 1895.

---

#### OUR DOUGLASS.

Each age some hero has, whose honored name  
 Becomes a household word in ev'ry clime;  
 Whose memory is cherished, and whose fame  
 Is deathless, blazoned on the scroll of time.  
 Of all the names upon the page of fame,  
 Of all the men who in high place have stood,  
 Of all whose words and deeds resplendent flame,—  
 They only have been great who have been good.  
 And noblest they whose daring deeds were wrought  
 While in defence of liberty they fought.

And when the record shall complete be made,  
 And deeds of Freedom's heroes truly traced  
 (That each be placed where merit makes his grade),  
 Among the foremost Douglass shall be placed.

Proud Switzerland (crag-locked on ev'ry side)  
 May chant the praises of her Winklereid ;  
 Proclaim his deeds from lofty mountain peaks  
 Unto the world. With fitting pride she speaks  
 Of him who broke a path for the oppressed ;  
 He took the Austrian spears into his breast  
 And died for liberty.

The Em'rald Isle,  
 Home of the shamrock, justly claims, meanwhile,  
 The right on Freedom's altar to engrave  
 The name of Emmet, or O'Connell brave.  
 What though they vainly fought or vainly fell ?  
 Warm-hearted Ireland's bosom can but swell  
 With fond emotion at the thought of men  
 Who gave their all, her honor to defend.

If from the Scottish peak of Ben-venue  
 (Whose snow-capped summit, piercing fleecy clouds,  
 Its barren forehead bold forever shrouds  
 In misty haze); if in the Trossach's glade ;  
 On meadow heath, or in the forest shade ;  
 In rocky glen of thickly-tangled brake  
 Upon the shore of Katrine's dreamy lake,  
 A spell be tried, to see what best-loved name  
 The sylvan elves of echo would proclaim  
 With most distinctness, lo ! they cry a truce—  
 And sound together, Douglass, Wallace, Bruce.

And England—boasting mistress of the seas,  
 Whose flag is kissed and tossed by every breeze  
 That sweeps the earth, from where the silv'ry sheen  
 Perpetual gleams from fields of virgin snow,  
 To where the tropic rivers placid flow—  
 Points to the monuments, on Freedom's course,  
 That mark the deeds of Pitt and Wilberforce.

Now Haiti rises from the surging waves,  
 Like Neptune mounting from his coral caves.  
 With sovereign dignity she calmly lifts,  
 From ocean's boiling depths, her stately cliffs,  
 And seems rejoicing with the elements ;  
 For their wild freedom fitly represents  
 The wider freedom of the habitants  
 Of this lone isle, who, at the open door  
 Of Freedom's temple, place their gift of pure  
 And spotless manhood, Toussaint l'Ouverture !

Each hero of this number, in his place  
 A giant stood, to shield a helpless race;  
 Each fought for right, for right a vict'ry won;  
 But Liberty's great struggle yet goes on  
     Against the tyrant's power.

On nature's battlefield, day puts to flight  
 The sombre-mantled forces of the night;  
 Rescues the victims from her sable clutch  
 And wakens them to life with radiant touch.  
 Fierce seems this conflict, but 'tis mimicry  
 Beside the contest in which Liberty  
 Against Cyclopean foes of right arrays  
 Her Titan warriors.

What is nature's gloom,  
 Compared with darkness of benighted brains,  
 Whose cells intelligence doth not illumine  
 With conscious knowledge? What the lofty chains  
 Of mountains, barring from the vale below  
 The sun's refulgence, to the chain of chance  
 Or foul design that turns the sparkling flow  
 Of wisdom from the thirsty soul that pants  
 For its refreshing draughts? Or what the crash  
 Of pealing thunder-bolts, when tempests rave,  
 Besides the cry drawn by Oppression's lash  
 From human lips? The raging ocean wave—  
 Foam-crested,—leaping toward an angry sky  
 In mountain masses, turbulent and high,  
 Is but the ripple of a summer sea  
 Beside emotion's waves, tempestuously  
 Tossing the human heart in agony.

Amid such conflict, waged 'twixt dark and light,  
 'Twixt ignorance and knowledge, wrong and right,  
 Was Douglass, by the force of changeless fate,  
 Hurl'd into life, to find, at length, his place;  
 A Prince in Freedom's court, though of a race  
 Despised on ev'ry hand.

Born was he, in the clutch  
 Of vilest bondage, whose polluted touch  
 All things defiled, and friend and foe alike  
 Bound with deceptive cords till it could strike



Its venom to their souls and poison thought  
 Of equal justice, by a prejudice  
 As wilful blind as was the avarice  
 Of its red-handed champions, who sold  
 Immortal human life, for blood-stained gold !

Like pigmies, by a giant's blows  
 Repelled, the savage horde of freedom's foes  
 Contended with him feebly for breath,  
 Then, vanquished, fell back in that living death  
 Of utter rout; while, from his arms and hands,  
 Like circlets made of glass, the heavy bands  
 With which 'twas sought to bind and make him fast  
 In slavery, with calm disdain he cast.

Long had he listened while Columbia's song  
 Of liberty entrancing rolled along  
 In wild and beauteous strains that rose and fell  
 With changeful cadences that seemed to swell  
 Into a sea of music, whose vast waves  
 Lashed slav'ry's stronghold, as the ocean raves  
 Against the headland.

Sweet the music fell  
 On Douglass' ear and made his heart to swell  
 With strong desire that could not be repressed;  
 Nor ties of life nor fear of death possessed  
 The power to turn him from his noble plan  
 To battle for the "Equal Rights of Man."

Wherever justice has an altar raised;  
 Wherever liberty and right are praised,  
 His name is known,  
 Even age—which with its wan  
 And chilling finger often withers grand  
 And noble minds, or curbs with rigid hand  
 Ambition's course,—was powerless to chain  
 The dauntless spirit of that giant brain.

Thou art our Douglass. To thy lofty name  
 What words of praise can add one lustrous spark ?  
 'Twould take a pen divine, a tongue of fire  
 To coin in words the feelings of each heart.  
 Thus must it be, till some historian grand,  
 In this or mayhap in some distant age,  
 Shall truly paint thy hist'ry, noblest of our land,  
 The Nation's Hero: Anacostia's Sage !

WILLIAM A. JOINER.

## IN MEMORIAM.

## FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

One whose majestic presence ever here  
 Was as an inspiration held so dear  
 Will greet us nevermore upon the earth.  
 The funeral bells have rung; there was no dearth  
 Of sorrow as the solemn cortege passed;  
 But ours is grief that will outlast  
 The civic splendor. Say, among all men,  
 Who was this hero that they buried then,  
 With saddest plaint and sorrow-stricken face?  
 Ay! 'Twas a princely leader of his race!

And for a leader well equipped was he;  
 Nature had given him most regally  
 E'en of her choicest gifts. What matter then  
 That he in chains was held? What matter when  
 He could uplift himself to noblest heights?  
 For with his native greatness, neither slights  
 Nor wrongs could harm him; and a solemn wrath  
 Burned in his soul. He well saw duty's path;  
 His days heroic purposes did know,  
 And could he then his chosen work forego?

Born to a fate most wretched, most forlorn!  
 A slave! alas! of benefits all shorn  
 Upon his entrance into life. What lot  
 More destitute of hope! Yet e'en that blot  
 Could not suffice to dim the glowing page  
 He leaves to History; for he could wage  
 Against oppression's deadliest blows a war  
 That knew no ending, until nevermore  
 Should any man be called a bondman. Ay!  
 Such was a conflict for which one could die!

Panting for freedom early, he did dare  
 To throw aside his shackles; for the air  
 Of slavery is poison unto men  
 Moulded as Douglass was; they suffer, then  
 Manhood asserts itself; they are too brave—  
 Such souls as his, to die content a slave.  
 So being free, one path alone he trod,  
 To bring to liberty—sweet boon from God—  
 His deeply injured race; his tireless zeal  
 Was consecrated to the bondman's weal.

He thought of children sobbing around the knees  
Of hopeless mothers, where the summer breeze  
Llew o'er the dark savannas. What of woe  
In their sad story that he did not know !  
He was a valiant leader in a cause,  
Than none less noble, though the nation's laws  
Did seem to spurn it ; and his matchless speech  
To Britain's sea-girt island shores did reach.  
Our Cicero, and yet our warrior knight  
Striving to show mankind might is not right !

He saw the slave uplifted from the dust,  
A freeman ! Loyal to the sacred trust  
He gave himself in youth, with voice and pen,  
He had been to the end. And now again  
The grandest efforts of that brain and heart  
In ev'ry human sorrow bore a part.  
His regnant intellect, his dignity  
Did make him honored among all to be ;  
And public trusts his country gladly gave  
Unto this princely leader—born a slave !

Shall the race falter in its courage now  
That the great chief is fallen ? Shall it bow  
Tamely to aught of injury ? Ah, nay !  
For daring souls are needed e'en to-day.  
Let his example be a shining light,  
Leading through duty's paths to some far height  
Of undreamed victory. All honored be  
The silv'ry head of him we no more see !  
Children unborn will venerate his name,  
And History keep spotless his fair fame.

The Romans wove bright leafy crowns for those  
Who saved a life in battle with their foes ;  
And shall not we as rare a chaplet weave  
To that great master-soul for whom we grieve ?  
Yea ! Since not always on the battle field  
Are the best vict'ries won ; for they who yield  
Themselves to conquer in a losing cause,  
Because 'tis right in God's eternal laws,  
Do noblest battle ; therefore fitly we  
Upon their brows a victor's crown would see.

Yes! our great chief has fallen, as might fall  
 Some veteran warrior answering the call  
 Of duty. With the old serenity,  
 His heart still strung with tender sympathy,  
 He passed beyond our ken ; he'll come no more  
 To give us stately greeting as of yore.  
 We cannot fail to miss him. When we stand  
 In sudden helplessness, as through the land  
 Rings echo of some wrong he could not brook,  
 Then vainly for our leader will we look.

But courage ! no great influence can die  
 While he is doing grander work on high,  
 Shall not his deeds an inspiration be  
 To us left in life's struggle ? May not we  
 Do ought to emulate him whom we mourn ?  
 We are a people now, no more forlorn  
 And hopeless. We must gather courage then,  
 Rememb'ring that he stood man among men.  
 So let us give, now he has journeyed hence,  
 To our great chieftain's memory, reverence !

CORDELIA RAY.

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FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Swing wide, O shining portal,  
 That opes to God's new day.  
 Make room, ye ranks immortal,  
 A conqueror comes your way.  
 With greeting meet for victors  
 Your hearts and hands outreach,  
 Break, with glad song, this silence,  
 Too deep and grand for speech.

Greet him with martial music  
 That fits a soldier's rest,  
 For braver heart for battle  
 Ne'er beat in warrior's breast.  
 A great, white heart of pity,  
 At war with sin and gloom,  
*His* home is with the heroes,  
 Stand back and make him room.

Room for the stricken millions  
 Unbound by freedom's wars ;  
 To whom his strife meant light and life  
 And broken prison bars.  
 The love outpoured in prayers and tears  
 Along the conqueror's track,  
 Is *his* spent love and life and years  
 Bringing their blessing back.

To live that freedom, truth and right  
 Might never know eclipse,  
 To die—with woman's work and word  
 Aglow upon his lips.  
 To face the foes of humankind  
 Through strife and wounds and scars :  
 It is enough ! Lead on—to find  
 Thy place among the stars.

Silent another voice—that echoed the infinite chorus,  
 Rising forever to heaven from hearts that are bravest and truest ;  
 Pleading with God for the human, pleading with man for his *Maker*,  
 And raising a triumph strain to echo each watchword of promise.

Silent another voice—strong against all that was evil,  
 Comforting all that were bowed, cheering and lifting the fallen,  
 Sweet to the spirits in pain, the smitten of God and afflicted,  
 And soft to the smitten of men, but fierce as a curse to the smiter ;  
 Sounding the war cry of death to cruelty, greed and oppression.

Silent another voice—tender with infinite pity,  
 To answer with tenderest word the outcry of suffering childhood ;  
 To plead for brotherly hands, to help in the saving of brothers,  
 To echo, alas, that they need it ! the unspoken heartbreak of woman.

Silent another voice—but hark, in the infinite chorus  
 Ringing forever in heaven from hearts that are bravest and truest,  
 Hear we another voice, swelling the pæan triumphant,  
 That rises and trembles and breaks at the gates of the glorified city ;  
 Silent ! Nay, nevermore silent, but echoing on down the ages.

MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

## FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Born 1817—Died 1895.

Fallen, to rise again transfigured, when  
 Our country's grief shall pass away, and men  
 Shall see the moral beauty of a life  
 Unscathed by toil, thro' years of bitter strife!  
 Not Vulcan at his forge struck fiercer blows;  
 With every breaking chain his courage rose.  
 His warfare was a moral battle-field,  
 Where Truth and he were never known to yield!  
 'Twas his, alone, in saddest hours, to ring  
 The tocsin for his brothers, suffering!  
 With ready pen, and eloquence that stirred  
 The beating hearts of all who ever heard,  
 This master mind refused not to rehearse  
 The woes of slavery—its bitter curse.  
 Foul chattel-yoke that bound him, binds not now!  
 He spurned each shackle; lifted up his brow;  
 Stood forth, a man undaunted; seeking aid  
 Of Heaven, until the hateful plague was stayed.  
 He had no rival in his scathing speech  
 Of this great wrong. No orator could reach  
 Such depths of pathos—for no other knew  
 The dread miasma that his life led through—  
 Or, like him, weave the olive branch of peace  
 In lovelier chaplet at the slaves' release.  
 But, when he died, how suddenly his face  
 Shone with the light that streams from honor's place!  
 Then statesmen bowed, each with uncovered head,  
 Within the presence of the honored dead,—  
 And wrote the name of Freedom's gifted son,  
 With that of Lincoln and of Washington.  
 His voice is still. The champion of his race  
 Has laid his armor by; yet, in its place.  
 Grand, phoenix-like, in sculpture's purest form,  
 Shall stand this hero of the fire and storm!

ARTHUR ELWELL JENES.

## FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

This piece of mute, inert and senseless clay  
 Was once a man. In all his conscious strength  
 He strode upon life's pathway ; till, at length,  
 The great Destroyer's shadow passed his way.  
 Death, smiling, beckoned, and his victim came,  
 Serene, unruffled, calm and unafraid ;  
 Not his the right to question or to blame—  
 He bowed his head content and undismayed,  
 And yielded Life to Death's superior claim,  
 The mandate grim, with gentle grace, obeyed.

So fate decrees ! And so the bough must bend :  
 God guard thee, in thy last long sleep, my friend !

O, sweet, lost comrade ! All the stormy years  
 That passed above thy unresisting head  
 Seem like mere moments, now that thou art dead.  
 And mem'ry fades amid a mist of tears !  
 Truest of friends, thou seekest restful bliss ;  
 Thy soul hath sought the fate that gave it birth,  
 And troops of friends, who thy kind presence miss,  
 Now whisper, in thy death hour, of thy worth,  
 And say thine epitaph should read like this :  
*He had no enemy upon this earth.*

So fate decrees ! And so the bough must bend ;  
 God guard thee, in thy last long sleep, my friend !

J. H. GRAY.

SAGINAW, MICH., February 21, 1895.

## AN EPITAPH.

How can we fitly praise the man  
 Who sleeps beneath this sacred mound ?  
 How tell the noble course he ran  
 Within life's fleeting round ?

What tongue can tell his generous love ?  
 His ardent hopes for all mankind ?  
 Or say how faithfully he strove  
 To lift the common mind ?

His was a power of eloquence  
To still the restless throng ;  
To hush the cry of insolence,  
And show the mighty wrong

That ground his people in the dust,  
And roused each generous soul  
To indignation strong and just  
Against a crime so foul.

But though we mourn the great man dead,  
His influence sublime  
Still lives, and will its brilliance shed  
Far down through coming time.

LAURA H. CLARK.

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### THE MYSTERY OF THE GRAVE.

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DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Words by James A. Thomas. Music by Mrs. T. H. Lyles.

O Lord, we raise our voice to Thee,  
Lift thou the veil of mystery  
That lies beyond the grave.  
We, of ourselves, must ever be  
Unworthy, Lord, to dwell with Thee,  
Yet Thou our souls canst save.

CHORUS—When in sorrow and in weeping  
Our loved ones are laid away ;  
Take their spirits in Thy keeping,  
Father we humbly pray.

O help us, then, to understand  
That, following Thy high command-  
(Love God with all thy heart),  
It matters not how this poor clay  
And soul within it for a day,  
How they indeed shall part.—CHO.



Give to us sufficient measure  
Of Thy grace to do Thy pleasure,  
'Till this life's race is run,  
A crown of immortality  
In thine own principality  
Awaits when duty's done.—CHO.

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## FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

A hush is over all the teeming lists,  
And there is pause, a breath-space, in the strife;  
A spirit brave has passed beyond the mists  
And vapors that obscure the sun of life.  
And Ethiopia, with bosom torn,  
Laments the passing of her noblest born.

She weeps for him a mother's burning tears—  
She loved him with a mother's deepest love  
He was her champion thro' direful years,  
And held her weal all other ends above.  
When Bondage held her bleeding in the dust,  
He raised her up and whispered, "Hope and Trust."

For her his voice, a fearless clarion, rung  
That broke in warning on the ears of men;  
For her, the strong bow of his pow'r he strung  
And sent his arrows to the very den  
Where grim Oppression held his bloody place  
And gloated o'er the mis'ries of a race.

And he was no soft-tongued apologist;  
He spoke straight-forward, fearlessly, uncowed;  
The sunlight of his truth dispelled the mist  
And set in bold relief each dark-hued cloud.  
To sin and crime he gave their proper hue,  
And hurled at evil what was evil's due.

Thro' good and ill report he cleaved his way  
 Right onward, with his face set towards the heights;  
 Nor feared to face the foeman's dread array—  
 The flash of scorn, the sting of petty spite.  
 He dared the lightning in the lightning's track,  
 And answered thunder with his thunder, back.

When men maligned him, and their torrent wrath  
 In furious imprecations o'er him broke,  
 He kept his counsel, as he kept his path;  
 'Twas for his race, not for himself, he spoke.  
 He knew the import of his Master's call,  
 And felt himself too mighty to be small.

No miser in the good he held, was he—  
 His kindness followed his horizon's rim.  
 His heart, his talents, and his hands, were free  
 To all who truly needed aught of him.  
 Where poverty and ignorance were rife,  
 He gave his bounty, as he gave his life.

The place and cause that first aroused his might,  
 Still proved its pow'r until his latest day.  
 In Freedom's lists and for the aid of Right  
 Still, in the foremost rank, he waged the fray.  
 Wrong lived,—his occupation was not gone;  
 He died in action, with his armor on.

We weep for him, but we have touched his hand,  
 And felt the magic of his presence nigh;  
 The current that he sent thro'out the land;  
 The kindling spirit of his battle cry.  
 O'er all that holds us we shall triumph yet,  
 And place our banner where his hopes were set!

Oh, Douglass! Thou hast passed beyond the shore,  
 But still thy voice is ringing o'er the gale!  
 It tells thy race how high her hopes may soar,  
 And bids her seek the heights,—nor faint—nor fail.  
 She will not fail! She heeds thy stirring cry;  
 She knows thy guardian spirit will be nigh;  
 And, rising from beneath the chast'ning rod,  
 She stretches out her bleeding hands to God!

PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

## FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Read at a Memorial Meeting in honor of Frederick Douglass, at the Metropolitan A. M. E. Church, Washington, D. C., held February 18, 1896.

## I.

A frame surpassing human mould,  
A brow denoting power untold,  
An eye undazzled by the sun,  
A heart undaunted by the sight  
Of ground ungained, of work undone,  
Of toil and peril for the right ;  
O slave-born child, by nature free,  
How shall we fitly honor thee ?

## II.

O burning brain that fired the world !  
O flag of liberty unfurled !  
O man, to whom all fetters were  
As seven green withes in Samson's hand,  
Thy memory will always stir  
The soul of Freedom's worshipper,  
In every age and every land.

## III.

A voice that thundered, burned and chilled,  
When tyrant Wrong usurped a throne ;  
But to a whisper hushed and stilled  
When Love recalled him to his own.  
A loyal hand, a royal heart,  
A soaring, reaching over-soul,  
Inspired and grand, he stood apart  
And read the future as a scroll.  
O statesman wise, prophetic seer,  
We loose our sandals drawing near,  
Nor seek, nor hope, to find thy peer

## IV.

A slave in fetters ! Yea, a slave !  
For only thus incarnate, he  
Could feel the curse of slavery ;  
And in his longing to be free,  
Could know the souls he came to save.

## V.

E'en so another Saviour came—  
 A babe to compass infant grief;  
 A boy, to know the blush and blame  
 Of eager childhood's flower and leaf;  
 A man to feel the flush and flame  
 Of burning sorrows past relief;  
 To count each separate pain and grief  
 And bind life's struggles in a sheaf.  
 In dark Gethsemane he stood,  
 Bathed in a ghastly sweat of blood,  
 And saw his drowsy friends had slept  
 While He His awful vigil kept;  
 And in the depth of His abyss  
 He felt the sting of Judas' kiss.  
 Alone He went to meet his death;  
 And heard the coward brood disclaim  
 All knowledge of their Master's name;  
 While yet the blest memorial wine,  
 Of His shed blood the sacred sign,  
 Was fragrant on their treacherous breath.  
 A "Man of Sorrows"! Royal fame!  
 To stand, of marred and bruised, the chief!  
 And, after this experience brief,  
 To send adown the endless ages  
 A history to crown all pages.  
 A name reviled, a name adored;  
 A crucified but risen Lord!

## VI.

Rejoice, that Frederick Douglass' birth  
 Was shameful, humble and obscure;  
 Rejoice that all his matchless worth  
 Was in himself, and so, secure  
 From all the shocks and falls and flings  
 Which mar the gloss of outward things,  
 And wreck the kings who are not Kings.  
 Into a slave's dread history  
 His mighty spirit must be hurled  
 To penetrate life's mystery—  
 The writhing of the under-world.  
 He heard the accursed serpent hiss;  
 His lips were scorched by Judas' kiss;  
 And e'en the ashes where he sleeps  
 Full many a bitter memory keeps.

Rejoice, that into all the deeps  
 Of Douglass' great and fearless soul  
 He felt the whelming billows roll.  
 It takes a Herod on the throne  
 To bring a Leader to his own ;  
 And each Messiah that is born  
 Must wear the cruel crown of thorn  
 Not otherwise the sinless born,  
 The nimbus of a Christ had worn.

## VII.

Talk not of graves. Their billows swell,  
 And grasses wave, and flowers bloom,  
 Only above the empty shell.  
 Weep not around that hollow tomb,  
 But lift your vision to the height  
 Where all our loved ones walk in light ;  
 Where Freedom only is, and where  
 Calm Justice broods in all the air.  
 But only as we stoop to save,  
 Shall we, too, rise beyond the grave.

## VIII.

Rise ! Follow Douglass ! His calm feet  
 Have smoothed the path wherein you tread.  
 Make your discipleship complete,  
 Nor fear to follow where he led.

## IX.

Your cause is mine. Though through my line  
 No scar of chains attaints my blood ;  
 The bondage of a sex is mine—  
 The slavery of womanhood.

By most disgraceful laws compelled ;  
 Without a share in their decree ;  
 Unrepresented, taxed and held  
 To full responsibility ;

Enslaved in spirit ; weak, oppressed,  
 Crying in vain for liberty ;  
 How were my wrongs to be redressed ?  
 And who should speak to set me free ?

Was there no man who loved his mother ?  
 Not one who dared to say the word ?  
 No wife's liege lord, no sister's brother,  
 For woman, to unsheath his sword ?

'Twas then that Frederick Douglass rose.  
 Amid our feeble band he stood  
 Alone, before a world of foes,  
 To champion our womanhood !

'Twas he, alone, whose matchless ken  
 Swept far above, beyond his brothers,  
 And saw a race of freest men  
 Must needs be born of freest mothers.

That not in black, and not in white,  
 God set the love of liberty ;  
 Nor gave to men alone the right,  
 The human birthright, to be free.

Since then, from farthest pole to pole,  
 The eternal truth has spread abroad,  
 That Freedom is for every soul,  
 Since "right is right, and God is God."

## X.

Followers of Douglass ! Can you see  
 The Woman standing on the Dome ?  
 The Goddess of our Liberty ?  
 Methinks she beckons you and me,  
 And every humble worshipper  
 Whose eager, trembling pulses stir  
 With equal longings to be free.  
 She whispers, "Take these watchwords three ;  
 Take Labor, Love and Harmony."  
 She speaks "Some sow and some may reap ;  
 That some may laugh, lo, some must weep !  
 But all must watch, and none must sleep !"  
 She calls : "O ye who would be free !  
 The day to wait is over-past ;  
 The time to work is here, at last ;  
 Now men and women—children, come !  
 This is your year of Jubilee ;  
 The world is ripe for Harvest Home !"

RUTH G. D. HAVENS.

## AT FREDERICK DOUGLASS' BIER.

One of God's noblemen, slave born lies here;  
Though dusky was his face his soul was white;  
He trod the path of danger without fear,  
And led his race forth into freedom's light.

True as the faithful needle to the pole  
He marched, obedient to his duty's call,  
Till from the tenement of the bondsman's soul,  
He saw the shackles break and heard them fall.

He saw Wrong's shattered temple tumble down,  
By conquering Justice leveled to the dust  
Before the assembled gaze of many a crown;  
"Praise God," he said. "Behold that He is just!"

Gather ye round his corse; look on the face  
Of freedom's champion, who knew no fear;  
He helped to free from Slavery his race—  
A greater than an emperor lies here.

CALEB DUNN.

*Morning Advertiser, N. Y., Feb. 27, 1895.*

**Memorial Services.**  

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**Addresses and Sermons.**

(175)





## MEMORIAL SERVICES.

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### ADDRESSES AND SERMONS.

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SERMON BY THE REV. FRANCIS J. GRIMKÉ, OF THE  
FIFTEENTH STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 10, 1895.

"And the king said unto his servants, Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day?"—2 Samuel iii. 38.

On the evening of the twentieth of February there passed from the stage of action the greatest negro that this country has yet produced; one of the most illustrious citizens of the Republic, and one of the most remarkable men of the century now drawing to a close. The shock which the announcement of his death produced was all the more startling, inasmuch as it was entirely unexpected. There was nothing to indicate that the end was near. Suddenly, unexpectedly, the summons came, and in a moment the noble form which all men knew and delighted to look upon, was laid low.

To say that we miss him; that we are deeply, profoundly saddened by the thought that we shall no longer hear his voice, or see his face in our social and public gatherings; that we shall no longer have his great strong arm to lean upon, and his wise counsel to guide us in the hour of darkness and doubt, in our efforts to solve the perplexing problems which still confront us as a race, in this country, in the face of a cruel and bitter race prejudice,—is but feebly to express the sentiment that we all feel this morning. As David felt over the death of Jonathan, so do we feel. 2 Sam. i. 17-27: "And David lamented with this lamentation over Saul and over Jonathan his son: The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil. From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty, the bow of Jonathan turned not back, and the sword of Saul returned not

empty. Saul and Jonathan were pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided. They were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.

"How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle. O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!"

The sorrow, the deep, the almost inexpressible sorrow, which this man felt for his dead friend, do we feel for this great man who has now passed beyond our ken, "into the Silent Land, into the land of the great departed."

Our purpose this morning, is not, however, to use this occasion to pour out our lamentations, but rather to look back over that remarkable career covering a period of nearly eight decades, with the view of forming some estimate of the man, of the debt we owe him, and of getting from his life courage and inspiration for the future.

1. As to the man. He was by nature cast in a great mould,—physically, intellectually and morally. Physically, what a splendid specimen of a man he was; tall, erect, massive, and yet moving with the grace and agility of an Apollo. How Phidias or Michael Angelo would have delighted to carve in marble or to cast in bronze that noble form and figure! It was always a pleasure to me, just to look at him. His presence affected me like some of the passages of rugged grandeur in Milton, or as the sight of Mont Blanc, rising from the Vale of Chamouni, affected Coleridge, when for the first time he looked upon that magnificent scene. I think all who came in contact with him felt the spell of his splendid presence. The older he grew, the whiter his locks became, the more striking was his appearance and more and more did he attract attention wherever he appeared,—whether in our streets or in our public assemblies. I was never more impressed with this fact than at the great Columbian Exposition in Chicago. One morning I had the pleasure of going with him to the Art Gallery. There were several things that he wanted to show me, he said. The first thing we stopped before was a piece of statuary, "Lincoln Dying." We had been standing there but a few moments before a great crowd gathered about us. I was absorbed in what he was saying and did not at first notice it, but he took in the situation at once,—it was an old story to him,—and said, "Well, they have come,—let us pass on." And wherever he went in the building, the same thing was repeated. It seemed to me as if nearly everybody knew him; but even people who were entirely ignorant of whom he was, were attracted by his remarkable appearance.

Intellectually, what a splendid specimen of a man he was. His intellect was of a very high order. He possessed a mind of remarkable acuteness and penetration, and of great philosophical grasp. It was wonderful, how readily he resolved effects into their causes and

with what ease he got down to the underlying facts and principles of whatever subject he attempted to treat. Hence he was always a formidable antagonist to encounter. No man ever crossed swords with him who was not forced to acknowledge, even when he did not agree with him, his transcendent ability. He had the faculty of seeing at a glance the weak points in an opponent's position, and with the skill of a trained dialectician, knew how to marshal all the forces at his command, in the form of facts and principles, in refutation of the same. It was to me a constant delight to witness the play of his remarkable powers of mind, as they came out in his great speeches and published articles. He had a strong, mighty intellect. They called him the Sage of Anacostia; and so he was,—all that that term applies,—wise, thoughtful, sound of judgment, discriminating, far seeing.

Morally, what a splendid specimen of a man he was,—lofty in sentiment, pure in thought, exalted in character. Upon the loftiest plane of a pure and noble manhood he lived and moved. No one need ever be ashamed to call his name. There he stands, in the serene, beautiful white light of a virtuous manhood. For more than fifty years he has been before the public, not infrequently during that time the object of the bitterest hatred; and yet, during all these years, in the face of the strongest opposition, with the worst passions arrayed against him, no one has dared even to whisper anything derogatory of him, or in any way reflecting upon the purity of his life, or upon the honesty and integrity of his character. There have been among us, in the past history of our race, men who were richly endowed intellectually, and who, like him, also possessed that rarest of gifts,—the mighty gift of eloquence; men who could hold entranced great audiences by the hour, the fame of whose eloquence has come down to us; but when you have said that of them, you have said all. Beyond that you dare not go. When it comes to character, which infinitely transcends all mere intellectual endowments, or even the gift of eloquence, we are obliged to hang our heads and remain silent, or go backward and cover their shame; but not so here. No one need ever hang his head when the name of Frederick Douglass is mentioned, or feel the necessity of silence. No man need ever go backward to cover anything in *his* life. There is the record, covering a period of more than fifty years. Read it and put your hand upon anything in it, if you can. Character, character, has been one of the things for which his name has always stood.

Physically he was great. Intellectually he was great, and morally he was great. Had he not been, whatever may have been his other gifts and graces, he never could have risen to the place of power and influence which, for more than a generation, he has occupied. He never could have won for himself the universal respect in which he is held to-day. Had he not been sound morally, we would not be here to-day to say what we are saying, nor would any such gathering as assembled

in this city one week ago last Monday, to pay the last tribute of respect to his memory, have been witnessed. It was because, in addition to the admiration which all felt for his transcendent intellectual endowments and his marvelous eloquence there was the conviction that back of, and beyond, and above all these, there was a pure and exalted manhood. It was because we could say of him as Mark Antony said of Brutus:

"His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, This was a man."

One of the things that I am especially proud of to-day, is, that this greatest representative that our race has yet produced, was a pure man, a man of unblemished reputation, a man of sterling integrity of character, whose example we can commend to our children, and to the generations that are yet to come.

Let us make much of this, and let the fiat go forth; let it ring out from every pulpit and from every school-house, from every hilltop and from every valley, that any man who aspires to leadership among us, must be pure. In the presence of the splendid record that is before me, with the full knowledge of what this man was, of what his sentiments were, I stand here to-day, and in the name of Frederick Douglass, I say to this black race, all over this country, stand up for pure leadership! Honor the men and the men only, whose character you can respect, and whose character you can commend to your children.

"God give us men;  
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;  
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;  
Men who possess opinions and a will;  
Men who have honor; men who will not lie:  
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog  
In public duty, and in private thinking."

And such was the great man whose memory we honor to-day.

"Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mt. Zion," is what the Psalmist wrote as he looked out upon the Holy City; and so we feel to-day, as we look upon this man, that there is a beauty, a moral beauty, in that life, that is to us, and will remain to us, a joy forever.

In attempting to analyze this life, with a view of forming some estimate of it, there are several things to be taken into consideration,—the circumstances under which it began, the obstacles it had to contend with, and what it became.

As to the circumstances under which he was born. These may be briefly set forth in two statements. (1) He was born a colored man. He was identified with a despised race,—a race that had no rights which white men were bound to respect. The condition of the colored people of

this country,—even the free colored people,—eighty years ago, were sad, inexpressibly sad. There was not even a glimmer of light on the horizon. All was dark, and gloomy, and discouraging. (2) He was born a slave, a piece of property, a chattel, a thing to be bought and sold, to be cuffed and kicked about at the will of another.

The fundamental assumption underlying the system of slavery was the supposed inferiority of the negro,—the natural, inherent, God-ordained inferiority. Its great aim was to crush out of him every noble aspiration; to degrade him to the level of the brute, and to make him a mere beast of burden. Hence it made it a crime for him to learn to read and write, almost to think. He was to have no views or opinions of his own. He was simply to reflect those of others; to be obedient to the mandates of the master. Its whole code of ethics was summed up in the injunction, "Servants, obey your masters." This man was born under this accursed system, a system which entirely ignored the fact that he was a man, or that he had the right to exercise any of the prerogatives of a man. This was the prevailing sentiment, not only in the South, but it was largely the prevailing sentiment in the North. Church and State were alike in league with the South against the negro. Almost the entire North was pro-slavery. It was worth almost a man's life to say a word against the Slave Power. It was in Boston, the cradle of Liberty, that Garrison was dragged through the streets by a "broad-cloth mob." It was in the State of Connecticut that Prudence Crandall's school was destroyed because she dared to admit colored pupils. What Theodore Parker said in his great sermon, entitled "The True Idea of a Christian Church!" perfectly reflects the then existing sentiment of the North. "Are there not three million brothers of yours and mine, in bondage here, the hopeless sufferers of a savage doom; debarred from the civilization of our age; the barbarians of the nineteenth century; shut out from the pretended religion of Christendom; the heathens of a Christian land; chained down from the liberty inalienable in man; the slaves of a Christian Republic? Does not a cry of indignation ring out from every legislature in the North? Does not the Press war with its million throats and a voice of indignation go up from East and West, out from the hearts of freemen? Oh, no! There is none of that cry against the mightiest sin of this age. The rock of Plymouth, sanctified by the feet which led a nation's way to freedom's large estate, provokes no more voice than the rottenest stone in all the mountains of the West. The few who speak a manly word for truth and everlasting right, are called fanatics; bid be still, lest they spoil the market. Great God! and has it come to this, that men are silent over such a sin? 'Tis even so. Then it must be that every church that dares assume the name of Christ, that dearest name to men, thunders and lightens on this hideous wrong. That is not so. The Church is dumb, while the State is only silent. While the servants of the people are only asleep, "God's ministers are dead."

Such were the conditions under which this man was born, and such were the adverse circumstances against which he had to contend.

In looking back over this life, in studying it carefully, as he himself has written it out, the first thing that impresses us, and that gives promise that something may yet come out of it, is his rebellion against this system under which he was born. It asserted his inferiority. It declared that he was created simply for the convenience and the pleasure of others. This, in his inmost soul, he branded as a *lié*. Slave though he was, there came welling up into his soul the conviction that he was a man; and with that conviction its necessary corollary, that, being a man, he ought to be free. Byron, in his "Prisoner of Chillon," speaks of the "Eternal spirit of the chainless mind;" and it was this spirit that came into his soul, and that came there never, never to be extinguished. The consciousness, "I am a man! I ought to be free!" are the two first steps in the progress of this life upwards.

A third step was soon taken, when he plead with his mistress for the privilege of learning to read, and, by her assistance, mastered the alphabet, thereby getting hold of the key which was to unlock for him the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. One of the most pathetic things in this history is the eagerness, the avidity, with which this little slave boy appropriated the crumbs of knowledge that lay about him. In imagination I can see him now, with his spelling-book concealed under his coat, pressing into his service his little white playfellows whom he met along the streets as he was sent on errands, or during his hours of play,—making them his teachers. The spirit of liberty is not only stirring in this boy's breast, but a thirst for knowledge is also taking possession of him. The immortal mind, that marvelous thing we call the intellect, is beginning to work. The alphabet is soon mastered; the ability to read is soon acquired, and one book, at least, comes into his possession:—"The Columbian Orator," from which he drank in great draughts of the bracing air of liberty, as he studied the utterances of such men as Chatham, Fox, Pitt, and others. Thus his ideas were enlarged and his desire to be free greatly stimulated. The truth of what his master had said to his mistress, when forbidding her to continue to instruct him, "Learning will do him no good, but a great deal of harm, making him disconsolate and unhappy," he began now keenly to realize, for he became more dissatisfied with his condition than ever.

In this frame of mind, a fourth step soon followed,—the solemn purpose and determination to be free is formed. It was the natural and logical outcome of what had gone before. I am a man. I ought to be free. I will be free. Garrison said, "I am in earnest. I will not excuse. I will not equivocate. I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard." And in the same spirit this man says, "I will be free." No emancipation proclamation, no stroke of the pen of the immortal Lincoln, gave freedom to him. He wrote his own emancipation

proclamation. He struck, with his own hands, the fetters from his limbs. On the third of September, 1838, he turned his back forever, upon slavery, and quietly settled down in the town of New Bedford, Mass., where he labored, putting in coal, digging cellars, working on the wharves, and doing whatever he could get to do that was honorable, in order to make an honest living for himself and his family. Let our young people take note of that! It may give them a hint or suggestion that may be of service to them in the future. This man was not ashamed to work. It is hard for us to think of him as putting in coal, digging cellars, and as working as a common laborer on the wharves; and yet he did, and was not ashamed of it either. All honest toil was honorable in his estimation. In his new environments, in order to keep from starving, it was necessary for him to work, and he did work, and work hard. He did not forget, however, in the midst of his struggles to keep soul and body together, that he also had a mind which needed to be fed. He still had a desire to improve himself, the old love for knowledge still burned within him. And hence all the leisure he could command, he gave to the cultivation of his mind. He read books, and he read the newspapers, especially that great fountain-head of anti-slavery thought and sentiment, the *Liberator*. This paper he read carefully week by week, as it came out, with ever increasing interest and profit. And so things went on until 1841, when quite unexpectedly to himself, and only three years after his escape from slavery, he loomed into notice, and then began that marvelous career which ended only two weeks ago last Wednesday. Incredible as it may seem, in the short space of nine years from his escape, he was lecturing to great audiences, both in this country and in England,—captivating them by the magic of his eloquence and by his masterly appeals in behalf of his enslaved brethren, and was also the editor of a paper which took rank with such papers as the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, and others. The most wonderful thing about it all is, not that he was able to talk to great audiences, and edit a paper, but that he was able to do these things so well? Men heard him with astonishment, they questioned and even doubted his story, and wondered whether his speeches and editorials were not written for him. It seemed incredible to them that he could ever have been a slave, or that he had so recently made his escape, or that he had no educational advantages. Some said right out that they did not believe it. Either they must deny his story, or else admit that he was a prodigy. And this they were not ready to do. Even many who were disposed to be friendly were not quite prepared, at that time, to concede the possibility of a negro prodigy. Their doubts did not deter him, however. While they were puzzling their brains, and philosophizing about him, he moved steadily on. Day by day he continued to grow, to expand, to develop. More and more did he attract attention, and more and more did he make his influence felt. It was not long before he won his way to the very front rank, and took his place by the side



of the greatest of the anti-slavery leaders. Fifty-five years ago this man was unknown, save to a few in the town of New Bedford. To-day, he is known everywhere. Fifty-five years ago the name of Frederick Douglass was no more than any other name. To-day, it is one of earth's honored names. On Wednesday, February 20, when he passed away, the whole civilized world took note of it, and acknowledged that one of earth's great men had fallen.

The *Star* of this city, in commenting on his death, says: "Of remarkable men, this country has produced at least its quota, and among those whose title to eminence may not be disputed, the figure of Frederick Douglass is properly conspicuous. Born into captivity, and constrained for years by anti-educational environment, he nevertheless achieved greatness such as rewards the conscientious efforts of but few."

The *Philadelphia Press* says: "The death of Frederick Douglass has been followed by wide public notice of the honors he has received, the consideration with which he has been treated, and the positions he has filled. But it is worth while remembering, in the interest of justice and equality,—twin duties of the Republic,—that these honors and this consideration were both infinitely less than he would have received in any other civilized country in the world." An ex-editor in the *Philadelphia Inquirer* says: "That the whirligig of time brings its revenges was never better illustrated than in the death columns of the newspapers yesterday. In one column, imposing headlines announced the demise of Frederick Douglass, ex-slave, of Talbot County, Maryland. In another, two lines served to chronicle the death of the last Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. The latter inherited great wealth and a proud name in American annals. The other was born a piece of animated chattels, without a name, taking the proud one of the master who owned him, and afterward discarding it for that of Douglass, with a double 's.' The one came from an ancestor who signed the Declaration of Independence. The other left children and grandchildren who are proud to claim him as an ancestor who helped to make possible the Proclamation of Emancipation. These are our two great charters of liberty. When history makes its final award, it will not give a higher place to Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, for that Magna Charta that left the black man enslaved, than to Frederick Douglass for the labors of a lifetime in securing that other, which washed out the blot on the 'scutcheon of the nation. It was an unconscious realization of the platitude of the Declaration of Independence, that all men are created equal, so long a mockery where all men were not free, that the newspapers should almost overlook the descendant of the 'signer' in paying an obituary tribute to the slave-born hero who earned a renown greater than ancestry ever conferred."

The *Philadelphia Record* says: "Frederick Douglass was the most famous citizen of Washington. No other Washingtonian, white or black, has the world-wide reputation that he had. Indeed, when you stop to think of it, it would be difficult to name any other man, white

or black, in the whole country, who would be as well known in every corner of the world, as is Frederick Douglass. Lincoln and Grant were such men, but I cannot think of anyone now, except President Cleveland and ex-President Harrison, who are, *ex-officio*, so to speak, our world-wide celebrities. Dr. Holmes was the last of our men of letters who had this world-wide fame, and no other class of men or of women seems to have produced an international character in our time. Our great lawyers are perhaps known by lawyers the world over; our great physicians by physicians; clergymen by clergymen; journalists by journalists; business men by business men, and so on; but where is the man or woman who is known in all countries by people of all classes?" These are but samples of the many comments which his death has called forth.

There have been other men in the history of our country, who have risen from humble beginnings to places of power and influence. Lincoln was a rail splitter. Grant was a tanner. Garfield was a canal driver. These men had no such obstacles to overcome, however, as this man had. They were not identified with a despised race. They were not born slaves. Public sentiment was not against them. The schools and colleges of the land were not closed to them. Every avenue was open to them. In his case, however, the very reverse was true. And yet, in spite of his environments, with everything to discourage him: with obstacles like mountains rising before him at every step; by the sheer force of his character, by almost superhuman efforts,—for it seems almost like a miracle now, as we look back over that life,—

"On with toil of heart and knees and hands,  
Through the long gorge to the far light, he won  
His way upward,"

to a place by their side. And there he stands and will stand: not by sufferance either, but by right. Indeed, in view of all the circumstances; when we remember where he began and where he ended; what his environments were, and what he became; he is, it seems to me, the most conspicuous and shining example of the century, of what ability, and pluck, and character, and hard work, can do to carve out a great and honorable career, in spite of adverse circumstances. His example stands colossal, to borrow an expression from Tennyson, yes, that is the only word that expresses it, colossal.

Notice in the second place, if you please, the debt we owe to this man. Why should we, as a race, honor the memory of Frederick Douglass? What has he been to us? What has he done for us? It is impossible fully to estimate his services; nor shall I attempt, in the limited time that is at my command this morning, to do so. A few things may be said, however, that will enable us, in a measure, at least, to approximate the greatness of these services.

In the first place, he consecrated to the welfare of this race, his splendid oratory. Who that ever heard him, can ever forget? Which

of us has not felt the thrill of his magnetic utterances? And they tell us that he was nothing in his later days to what he used to be in the prime of his splendid manhood. This tongue of fiery eloquence he gave to his race, and who can estimate the influence of that voice as it rang out in every part of this country, in behalf of his oppressed and enslaved brethren? Wherever he went he attracted great audiences.

In 1852, at a meeting in one of the large halls in Philadelphia, he spoke for two hours to an audience which filled every seat and packed the aisles. Ten o'clock came, and he stopped, amid the cries of "Go on! Go on!" He stopped and said: "I don't often have the chance to talk to such an audience of friends. You who are standing are certainly wearied. We will take a five minutes' recess and allow any one to retire who wishes to do so." The time was up, and he spoke for another hour and a quarter, but not a man or woman left. Three hours and a quarter is a long time to sit and listen, much less to stand, and yet such was the power of his eloquence, that men forgot that they were standing, and ceased to take note of the time.

A writer in the New York *Evangelist* describes a scene which took place in that city, and which will give us some idea of what the effect of this man was, as he went from place to place, a living protest against the barbarism of slavery. He says: "When Anthony Burns was taken by slave-hunters in the streets of Boston, and Dred Scott was handed over in Missouri to his captors, by a Supreme Court decision, the end of forbearance had come, the limit of endurance was passed, the slave power had humiliated the nation. In those days it was necessary for politicians to 'trim ship' with extraordinary vigilance and adroitness. To them Douglass seemed a spectre of defeat. If he lifted those once manacled arms before the people, even before they caught the tremulous tones of his magical voice, they were swayed by uncontrollable emotion. Once, in the old Broadway Tabernacle, filled up to the dome, as Douglass was announced, the vast crowd sprang up as one man, and the *Marseillaise* hymn, with a refrain, 'Free soil, free speech, free press, free men,' rolled out through doors and windows, blocking the street with lingering listeners for a hundred yards either way. Meanwhile Douglass stood with bowed head, and great tears coursing down his cheeks. His very presence was often more effective than the eloquence of other men."

In the second place, he consecrated to the service of his race his time, and all the powers of his body and mind. He labored incessantly. He was instant in season and out of season. He worked by day and by night. He was at it, and always at it. The wonder is that his iron constitution did not give way. He himself tells us that he used to write all day and then take the train and go off at night and speak, returning the same evening, or early the next morning, only to resume his work at his desk.

In addition to writing and speaking, he was also an active agent in the Underground Railroad, and from his house many a fugitive crossed the line into Canada. He labored also in many other ways.

Some men have said that Douglass was selfish; that he always had an eye to his own interest; implying that it was not the race that he was thinking of so much as himself. For this base insinuation, for that is the only term which properly characterizes it, I have only the utmost contempt. When I think of how richly this man was endowed, of the great services which he rendered to freedom and remember that his salary was only \$450 a year; when I think of his self-sacrificing efforts to carry on his paper, the *North Star*, putting every cent that he could into it, even mortgaging the house over his head, I say I do not believe it. I have read his life carefully, and I have had the honor of knowing him intimately for a number of years, and as I look back over those years, I can recall nothing that would in any way, justify such an accusation. In the summary which he gives at the close of Part II of his life, we get a true insight into the spirit which animated him during his long and eventful life, as well as the motives which prompted him to make a record of that life. He says: "It will be seen in these pages that I have lived several lives in one: first, the life of slavery; secondly, the life of a fugitive from slavery; thirdly, the life of comparative freedom; fourthly, the life of conflict and battle; and fifthly, the life of victory, if not complete, at least assured. To those who suffered in slavery I can say, I, too, have suffered. To those who have taken some risks and encountered hardships in the flight from bondage, I can say, I, too, have endured and risked. To those who have battled for liberty, brotherhood and citizenship, I can say, I, too, have battled. And to those who have lived to enjoy the fruits of victory, I can say, I, too, live and rejoice. If I have pushed my example too prominently for the good taste of my Caucasian readers, I beg them to remember that I have written in part for the encouragement of a class whose aspirations need the stimulus of success. I have aimed to show them that knowledge can be obtained under difficulties; that poverty may give place to competency; that obscurity is not an absolute bar to distinction, and that a way is open to welfare and happiness to all who will resolutely and wisely pursue that way; that neither slavery, stripes, imprisonment nor proscription need extinguish self-respect, crush manly ambition or paralyze effort; that no power outside of himself can prevent a man from sustaining an honorable character and a useful relation to his day and generation; that neither institutions nor friends can make a race to stand unless it has strength in its own legs; that there is no power in the world that can be relied upon to help the weak against the strong, or the simple against the wise; that races, like individuals, must stand or fall by their own merits. I have urged upon them self-reliance, self-respect, industry, perseverance, and economy. Forty years of my life have been given to the cause of my people and if I had forty

years more, they should all be sacredly given to the same great cause."

There is not a taint of selfishness there. If any man ever lived who carried this race upon his heart, who desired to see it succeed, and who labored earnestly for its freedom, for its elevation, for its protection under the laws and in order that it might have a fair chance in the race of life, that man was Frederick Douglass. He loved this race with all the depth and strength of his great soul. One of the most touching things I ever heard of him was told me by a friend. He happened to call at the house while Mr. Douglass was preparing his great speech on Southern Outrages. He took this friend into his study and read him portions of that speech, and when he came to the part which described the sufferings of our poor brethren in the South, great strong man though he was, the tears ran down his cheeks and choked his utterance so that he was unable to proceed. Tell me that this man was selfish, that he was thinking only of himself? It will be a long time before this black race will have another Douglass to lean upon; a long time before it will find another man to carry it in his heart of hearts, as he did. "Forty years of my life I have given to the cause of my people, and if I had forty more, they should be all sacredly given to the same great cause," is not the utterance of selfishness but of a great soul whose chief desire was the good of his people. As the exiled Jews felt toward the Holy City, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy," so felt he toward this race. It was ever uppermost in his thoughts, and never did he forget it for a moment.

In the third place, it was due largely to the influence of Mr. Douglass, that the colored man was allowed to shoulder his musket and strike a blow for his own freedom and for the preservation of the Union. In chapter eleventh of his *Life*, entitled "Secession and War," he says: "When the government persistently refused to employ colored troops; when the emancipation proclamation of General John C. Fremont, in Missouri, was withdrawn; when slaves were being returned from our lines to their masters; when Union soldiers were stationed about the farm-houses of Virginia to guard and protect the master in holding his slaves; when Union soldiers made themselves more active in kicking colored men out of their camps than in shooting rebels; when even Mr. Lincoln could tell the poor negro that 'he was the cause of the war,' I still believed, and spoke as I believed, all over the North, that the mission of the war was the liberation of the slave, as well as the salvation of the Union: and hence, from the first, I reproached the North that they fought the rebels with only one hand, when they might strike effectively with two;—that they fought with their soft white hand, while they kept their black iron hand chained and helpless behind them; that they fought the effect, while they protected the

cause, and that the Union cause would never prosper till the war assumed an anti-slavery attitude and the negro was enlisted on the loyal side. In every way possible,—in the columns of my paper and on the platform, by letters to friends at home and abroad, I did all that I could to impress this conviction upon this country."

And when the general government finally came to its senses, and Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, was given permission to raise two colored regiments, it was through the columns of his paper that the cry rang out, "Men of color, To arms! To arms!" It was his pen that wrote the burning words, "Liberty won by white men would lose half its lustre. Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow." "Better even die free, than to live slaves." "By every consideration which binds you to your enslaved fellow countrymen and to the peace and welfare of your country—by every aspiration which you cherish for the freedom and equality by yourselves and your children; by all the ties of blood and identity which make us one with the brave black men now fighting our battles in Louisiana and in South Carolina, I urge you to fly to arms and smite with death the power that would bury the government and your liberty in the same hopeless grave." He also took a very active interest in securing just and fair treatment for the colored soldiers, after his services were accepted. To this end he not only wrote and spoke, but visited Washington and had an interview with President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton, in which he urged the right of the colored soldiers to receive the same wages as the white soldiers; the right of the colored soldier to receive the same protection when taken prisoner, and be exchanged as readily and on the same terms, as any other prisoner; that if Jefferson Davis should shoot or hang colored soldiers in cold blood, the United States Government should, without delay, retaliate in kind and degree upon Confederate prisoners in its hands, and that, when colored soldiers performed great and uncommon services on the battlefield, they should be rewarded by distinctions and promotions, precisely as white soldiers are rewarded for like services." And he never ceased to press this matter upon the attention of those in authority until the end he aimed at was accomplished.

In the fourth place, he rendered also most important services in bringing about the enfranchisement of the race. Even Mr. Garrison and other anti-slavery leaders questioned, at first, the wisdom of such a step, but this man never doubted, never hesitated. To him suffrage was necessary to enable the negro to protect himself, and hence, to it he addressed himself with all the earnestness of his nature, using all the means within his power to secure it for him. "From the first," he says, "I saw no chance of bettering the condition of the freedman until he should cease to be merely a freedman and should become a citizen. I insisted that there was no safety for him or for anybody else in America outside the American government; that to guard, protect

and maintain his liberty, the freedman should have the ballot; that the liberties of the American people were dependent upon the ballot box, the jury box, and the cartridge box; that without these, no class of people could live and flourish in this country; and this was now the word for the hour with me, and the word to which the people of the North willingly listened, when I spoke. Hence, regarding as I did, the elective franchise as the one great power by which all civil rights are obtained, enjoyed and maintained under our form of government, and the one without which freedom to any class is delusive, if not impossible, I set myself to work with whatever force and energy I possessed, to secure this power for the newly emancipated millions." With this end in view he, with other gentlemen, brought the matter to the attention of President Johnson, and the next morning published a letter which was very widely commented upon, and which had the effect of bringing the subject prominently before the country. He also spoke very earnestly before the National Loyalists' Convention which met in Philadelphia in September, 1866. He also labored personally with many Senators, when the matter was before that body, visiting them daily and pressing upon them the necessity and the justice of the measure. And so he continued to work until he had the satisfaction of seeing it enacted into law, in the form of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

There are many other things that might be mentioned under the general head which we are considering, but time will not permit. Suffice it to say that, during the last half century, there has been no measure looking to the betterment of our condition as a people in this country, in which he has not been a leading actor. For more than fifty years he has allowed no opportunity to pass unimproved, in which, either by his voice or pen, he could make the way easier and the future brighter for this race. Whenever we have needed a defender, he has always been on hand. Whenever there were rights to be asserted, he has always stood ready to make the demand, never lagging behind, but always at the front. For more than fifty years he has stood as a sentinel on the watch-tower, guarding with the most jealous care the interests of this race. I remember how I felt when he was appointed Minister to Haiti. I did not want him to go, and I wrote and told him so, and told him why. It was because I felt that we could not spare him out of the country. It seemed to me that our interests would not be quite so safe if he were away. The very fact that he was here filled me with the assurance that all would be well. And this is the way, I think, we all felt a sense of security in the consciousness of the fact that he was in our midst.

In politics he was a Republican. He loved the grand old party of liberty,—but when it proved recreant to its trust; when it was ready to sacrifice the negro, to trample him in the dust, to put him aside, out of deference to popular prejudice; then it was that he turned upon it,

and cauterized it with actual lightning. I shall never forget the article which he wrote on the reasons for the defeat of the Republican party, which was published, I think, in *Harper's Weekly*. It was a masterly arraignment of that party for its cowardice and its perfidy, and showed how deeply concerned he was for the welfare of this race, and how he was ever looking out for its interests. In the twenty-fifth chapter of the Gospel of Matthew, Jesus is represented in the great day of solemn account, as saying to those on His right hand, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink, I was a stranger, and ye took me in, naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me." And this is what we can all say, to-day, as a race, as we think of this man. He has been all to us that is here implied. In our distress and suffering, in our hours of loneliness and despondency, when we have felt discouraged and sick at heart, he has stood by us, and watched over us, and ministered to our necessities, and cheered us by his voice and presence. What is it that he has not done? In what way has he not manifested his interest? What more could he have done than he has done?

There are many other things that I would like to speak of, had I the time. I would like to speak of some of his personal traits and characteristics: of his gentleness, his sympathetic nature, his tenderness, his generosity, his great-heartedness. There was nothing mean, or close-fisted, or penurious, about him. God blessed him with means, and he used it for the glory of his Maker, and the good of his fellow men. He was all the time giving to some good cause, or reaching out a hand to help the needy. We went to him when we started the movement for the purchase of the building on Eleventh street, for the use of the Young Men's Christian Association,—which was made necessary because black men were shut out of the one on New York avenue; let it be said to their shame! I never pass that building and look up at the name inscribed upon it,—“Christian Association,”—without feeling that it is a libel upon the holy religion of Jesus Christ. As well write it over the portals of perdition, as there, and expect me to believe it. It is a lie! The great man whom we honor to-day, utterly loathed the spirit which made such a lie possible, and which, years ago, nearly drove, and to-day, is driving, some of our most gifted men into infidelity. If there is any Christianity there, it is a spurious Christianity. It is not the Christianity of the Bible. There was no colorphobia in Christ, and there is none in Christianity, whatever may be the practice of so-called Christian men and women.

When we were making arrangements to purchase the building on Eleventh street, as I have said, we, in company with the International Secretary, Mr. Hunten, called upon Mr. Douglass, and laid the matter before him. He listened to us, and when we were through said,



"Gentlemen, I am not a rich man,—I cannot give you as large a subscription as I would like to, but I will do something. Put me down for two hundred dollars." And that is but a sample of what he was constantly doing.

Many years ago, in the city of Baltimore, before he made his escape from slavery, while he was working in one of the shipyards, he was set upon by some of the white laborers, mobbed, and dreadfully beaten, and came very near losing his life. The cry was, "Kill the nigger!" Among those who took up that cry, and who tried very hard to kill him, was a man who, up to a short time ago, was still living in Baltimore. He was then old, decrepit, sick, and in great destitution. Mr. Douglass heard of it, called upon him, spoke kindly to him and, in parting, left a ten dollar bill in his hand. It was a beautiful thing for him to do. It was a noble thing, and it was just like him. He was all the time doing noble things. God bless his memory and give us more men like him.

I might also speak of his love of the beautiful, in art and in nature. At the great Columbian Exposition, the Art Gallery was a constant delight to him. He reveled in its treasures. And how he loved all nature, the flowers, and the grass, and the trees, and the birds, and the drifting clouds, and the blue sky, and the stars. He had a poet's love for nature. With Wordsworth he could say:

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

How often I have heard him speak, as I have sat with him on the front porch of his beautiful home, or under the trees on the hillside, with the lovely landscape stretching out on all sides around us,—of the pleasure which it gave him, the satisfaction,—how it rested him to commune with nature.

I might also speak of his love for music, his passionate love for music, especially the music of the violin. He had a kind of reverence for that instrument. It seemed to him almost like a living thing. How lovingly he handled it. With what enthusiasm he spoke of it. He could hardly resist the temptation of speaking to a man who carried a violin. He used to say "No one man can be an enemy of mine who loves the violin." He never missed an opportunity of hearing a great violinist. He heard them all. It was his favorite instrument. Not even Paganini himself had a more passionate love for it. He delighted also in vocal music, especially in sacred music,—in the old hymns of Zion that breathe the sentiment of love, of trust, and of hope. One of his favorite hymns was:

"Jesus, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came,  
Seeking for me! Seeking for me!"

With the refrain :

Oh, it was wonderful—blest be His name!  
Seeking for me, for me!"

Another was :

"In Thy cleft, O Rock of Ages  
Hide Thou me;  
When the fitful tempest rages,  
Hide Thou me;  
Where no mortal arm can sever  
From my heart Thy love forever,  
Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,  
Safe in Thee."

That hymn I shall never forget. The last time it was my privilege to be at his house, only a few weeks before he passed away, after dinner was over, we all repaired to the parlor, and he himself suggested that we should have some music. His grandson Joseph was there, and we knew therefore that there was a rich treat in store for us. In the singing he was the principal figure. Standing in the broad space opening into the hall, with violin in hand, he struck up the last mentioned hymn, "In Thy cleft, O Rock of Ages!" and sang it through to the very end, with a pathos that moved us all. We all spoke of it afterwards. It seemed to so take hold of him. The closing lines especially, seemed to touch the great depths of his nature. I can almost hear now, the deep mellow tones of that voice, and feel the solemnity that pervaded the room as he sang the words:

"In the sight of Jordan's billow,  
Let Thy bosom be my pillow;  
Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,  
Safe in Thee,"

as if he had a kind of presentiment that the end was near, that he was already standing on the very brink of that Jordan over which he has since passed, and over which, one by one, we shall all pass. The prayer which he uttered that night,

"Let Thy bosom be my pillow,  
Hide me, O Thou Rock of Ages,  
Safe in Thee."

I believe has been answered. His noble head was pillowed, I believe, on the bosom of the "Strong Son of God," when he fell asleep in death, and that he is safe in Him.

It is hard to realize that he is no longer among us; that we shall no longer see his noble form, nor hear his eloquent voice, nor receive from him the gracious benediction of that radiant smile which so often played upon his face.

He is gone, but the memory of his great deeds remains. Never, can we forget him. Never, can we cease to hold him in grateful remembrance. What he was, and what he did, will remain to us forever, a joy and an inspiration.

“Mourn for the man of amplest influence,  
Yet clearest of ambitious crime:  
Our greatest, yet with least pretence,  
Rich in saving common sense,  
And, as the greatest only are,  
In his simplicity, sublime.  
O good gray head which all men knew,  
O voice, from which their omens all men drew,  
O iron nerve to true occasion true;  
Oh! fallen at length, that tower of strength,  
Which stood foursquare to all the winds that blew.”

To those of us who are members of the race with which he was identified, let me say, Let us keep his shining example ever before us. Let each one of us, individually and personally, endeavor to catch his noble spirit; to walk upon the same lofty plane of a pure and exalted manhood, upon which he moved; and together, in the consciousness of the fact that he is no longer with us, let us consecrate ourselves, with whatever powers we may possess, to the furtherance of the great cause to which he gave his life.

And may I not also, in his name, appeal to the members of the opposite race, especially to those who revere his memory, to join with us in continuing to fight for the great principles for which he contended, until, in all sections of this fair land, there shall be equal opportunities for all, irrespective of race, color, or previous condition of servitude; until to borrow the language of another, “character, not color, shall stamp the man and woman,” and until black and white shall clasp friendly hands, in the consciousness of the fact that we are all brethren, and that God is the father of us all.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS, BY REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.,  
PRESIDENT OF HOWARD UNIVERSITY,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

*Members of St. Mark's Lyceum, Ladies and Gentlemen, Citizens of  
New York:*

No greater occasion could have called you together. When you do honor to the memory of Frederick Douglass, you do honor to yourselves; you do honor to humanity; you do honor to God. When God finishes a life, it is as though he had written a book. He writes it and gives it to us to read. For the last half century there has been no more unique, no more important or remarkable figure in the history of American civilization. Ex-Senator Evarts has said: "He was one of the greatest Americans of this century." He combined in himself an epitome of what American slavery was; of what noble ambitions it sometimes repressed; of what fires of genius it sometimes quenched; of what treasures untold, what immortal possibilities were in its ashes. He stood forth an illustration of the mean meanness of the falsehood that all great gifts, intellectual and moral, are of Anglo-Saxon origin; that it is only the Caucasian whom God made in his own image. With his crown of snow he towered to mountain heights among the great men of his generation, and greeted them as neighbors; in no respect discredited, in no respect overtopped. Notwithstanding all the vicissitudes of his eventful career when like clouds around a mountain summit they had passed, his figure stood there serene and unmoved. It will so stand forever, for death has only made permanent what life had done. This is my text:

Isaiah. xiii. 12.—"I will make a man more precious than fine gold; even a man, than the golden wedge of Ophir."

It is a new valuation of a man which a nation makes, when with the mailed hand of war she smites the chains off four million bondmen and makes them free; takes off the petty price put upon their muscles and bones, and labels them with the valuation of their Creator, God. There was a time, even before the Emancipation Proclamation, when the golden wedge of Ophir would have been a high price to pay for Frederick Bailey, otherwise Frederick Douglass; but it was when he was in England, where the slave-holder could not sample him, nor the slave-owner deliver the goods, and when the day of his return was not quite certain. When on February 20, last, Frederick Douglass died, it was the closing of an epoch—the epoch of emancipation, of the new valuation of man. This is the best way to study human history, by epochs; to study epochs by great men. "There is One that openeth and no man shutteth; that shutteth and no man openeth." God has shut this epoch. He is a God that hideth Himself. When the Hebrew babe, Moses, was taken

from the waters of the Nile, no one but the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob knew, that this was the great leader and legislator of Egypt's escaping bondmen; that he was to divide seas, smite rocks, bring manna from heaven; take from God's own hand the tables of the law, amid the portents of Sinai. "And when she had opened the ark she saw the child and the babe wept." No other advocate was there then, and no other was needed, than those tears. This babe might have become the son of Pharaoh's daughter and his mummied image been exhumed in the line of the Pharaohs, but God had a grander rôle for him, and in his bottle he gathered these tears. This was the way in which God caused this barque, braided by the fingers of a mother's love, and committed to the waters by a mother's faith, to float its infant occupant into the palace of the Pharaohs. For he was to suck the breast of kings. He was to need all the accumulated wisdom of Egypt. This was the way in which God began the political history of a people whose sacred books were to dominate the civilization of the whole earth.

And here is another great leader, the babe, Frederick, just as carelessly treated in his beginnings. If God does not remember him, who will? When an heir to an earthly throne is born, every precaution is taken to prevent the surreptitious introduction of a changeling, in whose veins flows no royal blood; his birth hour is witnessed and recorded; every care is taken of his infancy and boyhood; every advantage of culture is provided for his unfolding manhood; universities open to him their golden gates; dignities and titles are conferred upon him, and he goes on in his upward ascent, till he reaches the seat, to which he has been all his life long the heir-apparent. But this heir-apparent, this Frederick Douglass, was born a waif, out of Christian wedlock, in a slave cabin in Maryland. He was herded with other slave children, as the young of animals are herded, that in due time he might be ready as waiter, as field hand, if need be for the market, the auction-block, and cotton plantation, extinction in Alabama and Louisiana. There are colored men who are ashamed of their origin, who make a very minute mathematical calculation—a kind of homeopathic dilution, and the finer they reduce it the more potency—they are high dilutionists,—to determine how little African blood flows in their veins. It was not so with Frederick Douglass. He had the courage of his color: to stand as God made him. He speaks of his male ancestor as his presumed Anglo-Saxon father! But toward his Afro-American mother his heart yearns all his life long. Her face follows him into his boyhood dreams.

She broods over him, as with angel wings. Can you think of anything more pathetic than his protracted search of some picture, some woman's face, which shall recover to his memory his mother's scattered features? This was the woman, lost from the page of earthly life, who, had she known the future of her son's greatness, might have said with Eve, of her first-born, "I have gotten a man from the Lord."

Although this man, unlike the other, was willing to become his brother's keeper.

In a volume on the "Types of Mankind," which in his travels Mr. Douglass found in London, occurs a face, which finally answers to the tenacious memories, the eager yearnings of his boyhood. It is not the face of a woman, but the face of one of Egypt's Pharaohs, Rameses the Great. A face, young, beautiful, with regular features, and great pathetic eyes, as though already bewildered at the crowd of life's mysteries. The old slave law made the children follow the destiny of the mother. It was a law of thrift that seemed to comfort the mother, and was sure to enrich the master. It sweetened the mother's present lot, but also embittered her anticipations. There is something of the same law in men of great and original genius. They seldom resemble their father, but trace their greatness to their mother. And I like to recall these brave words of this most remarkable of the Afro-American race; the man who had charmed two continents with his eloquence; who carved his way from a Maryland slave-pen to the court of kings; the man who made his generation confront again the old Egyptian type of kings; whose very physiognomy reminds you of the face of the Sphinx. These are his words: "I am happy to attribute any love of letters I may have, not to my presumed Anglo-Saxon paternity, but to the native genius of my sable, unprotected, and uncultivated mother; a woman who belonged to a race whose mental endowments are still disparaged and despised." "Presumed Anglo-Saxon paternity!" "Unprotected mother!" Ah, what volumes are in this phraseology. He could not forget the indignity which gave him birth. If he blushed, it was not for his mother!

It was into the immediate group of illustrious men, every one of whom deserves a statue in Monumental Hall, Capitol Hill, Washington, that God set this young man, a black diamond of the first water, at the outset of his career. It is Russell Lowell who says that Abraham Lincoln reminds us of the men in Plutarch's Lives. It was a period that made such men. There were scores of them all over the land. They seemed to spring from the earth. It was true of Lloyd Garrison, with his deathless utterance: "In the name of God, who has made us of one blood, and in whose image we are created, in the name of the Messiah, who came to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, I demand the immediate emancipation of those who are living in slavery on American soil." "I am in earnest, I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard." Martin Luther over again. It was true of Wendell Phillips, of whom I have heard Mr. Douglass speak with unqualified affection; of Wendell Phillips, "the expectancy and rose of the fair state," who was born to the eloquence and culture of noblest New England as his native right; within his easy reach any prize, whether literary, legal, political, which he might care to seize, and who counted every proud

possibility dross, if he might plead the cause of the down-trodden; who, for more than a generation, lived a man without a country, because his country could have never a slave; that he might show comradeship and sympathy for Frederick Douglass and his race; whose eloquence was so courtly and so faultless, that you scarcely realized how deadly and overwhelming it was, until you saw the havoc it had wrought: it was true of John Greenleaf Whittier, the Quaker poet, who consecrated his lyre to one single theme, contented in his seclusion to write the poems of the nation, while other men fought the battles and made the laws; it was true of George B. Cheever, the man with the Hebrew prophets' utterance and the mission of Elijah; of Henry Ward Beecher, whose heart was a warm-pulsing heart of love, whose pulpit was a throne of strength, and whose church was a refuge for the fugitive, and who fought the nation's battle with the beasts of Ephesus in the traffic marts of our Mother England.

Yes, this young man grew into his true stature among these giants, and men like them, not one whit behind them in stride or achievement. Not one of them had a more magnificent physique; erect as an Apollo, broad-shouldered as an Atlas, with the dignity and grace of a courtier, and the bearing of a king, with a voice from depths that were cavernous; that awakened vibrations which seemed to make the very walls tremble; and with a theme such as only a man born in American slavery and a fugitive from it, could have. These were some of the men to whom God had given a special commission, to preach freedom to the captives, and the opening of the eyes to the blind; this was the circle of gathering orbs which made up the system, which under the planet Mars was to bring redemption to four million of bondmen. In eloquent speech, in patience, in wisdom, in comprehensive power, perhaps none of them was his superior; while certainly none of them had such a rare combination of equipment as he.

The greatest of all American orators, Daniel Webster, has said of eloquence, that it "comes not from far. It is in the man, the subject, the occasion." No man ever realized these conditions more completely than Frederick Douglass. He was all three in one; a triune argument against slavery. He was the man, the subject, the occasion. Of the system of American slavery he had a compend in his own person. On every leaf she had written with her own hand; or, if she could not write, she had made her mark. He was a bound volume, on which she had stamped everywhere, as the librarians stamp their volumes: "My book!" She had inscribed her image and superscription on the bleeding back of his budding manhood. He could say to all his compeers, great as they were, "Are they apostles of freedom? I am more! Born of a slave mother, herded in a slave-pen, shut behind the bolts of a slave prison, in weariness oft, in hunger and thirst, the knowledge of letters forbidden me, a type of Christianity pressed upon my soul that made me execrate it, that made me execrate the hour of my birth, the day

when they said, 'A man-child is born.''' Ah! he had only to let the fire of his imagination kindle, and it all came back; that forlorn infancy, that struggling boyhood, when sea-going ships as they passed out on the bay seemed to beckon him with their white wings out to an ocean of new possibilities; that young manhood, when for a time the walls of his prison-house began to shut him in, as in the contracting compass of an inexorable cage; that flight for freedom, the first breath of free air under the light of the North Star, when he could stretch himself starward. He had only to let out the dimensions of his soul, and speak what was in him; to stand before audiences in New England and Old England, not as an angel hurled out of heaven for rebellion, as Milton's was; but as a creature made in God's image, capable of any angel flight of thought, capable of any masterful phrase of speech and now taking the wings of the morning and pleading for himself and his downtrodden race, that they might have a chance to show what God meant by making them.

Mr. Webster gave that definition of eloquence as a preface to his imaginary speech of John Adams, urging the adoption of the Declaration. Doubtless the eloquence was all there, as he described it. We have all felt it there. It was a great soul pleading the cause of his native land, in its sublime beginnings. Thus, too, O'Connell and Louis Kossuth urged the claims of Ireland and of Hungary. But what was the Stamp Act and the Tea Tax, what was Great Britain's tyranny over Ireland, or Austria's injustice to Hungary, compared with the cause of humanity, as represented in Frederick Douglass by Frederick Douglass, aye, in millions of God's creatures, held by American law in bondage! He was only a sample. The audience could sample him. Well might he, as he heard the great Webster's impersonation of John Adams, as he heard the fiery periods of O'Connell, the elegant phrases of the fervid Kossuth, and saw how they were moved, and how they moved their auditors—well might he remember what Hamlet said to himself after listening to the players:

"All for nothing! For Hecuba!  
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
That he should weep for her?  
What would he do,  
Had he the motive and the cue for passion  
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,  
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,  
Make mad the guilty and appal the free;  
Confound the ignorant and amaze; indeed  
The very faculties of eyes and ears."

Do not misunderstand me. The love of country is the greatest theme of the mere orator. It made Demosthenes eloquent. It has made all his successors so. But there is something larger than country. There is something, without which country is only sterile acres of dirt. It is



humanity. And this something else was the cause for which Frederick Douglass lifted up his magnificent utterance. The love of country is great, but the love of humanity is greater. One is human, the other is divine. The love of country inspired the Hebrew lyricist to say, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning, and let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth." The love of humanity awoke from the eternities that sweetest voice which earth ever heard, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men!" The love of country has called together the sages of many a senate, the heroes of many a battlefield; but the love of humanity has filled the world with the signs and wonders which press everywhere and eternally after the cross of the Man, Christ Jesus, the only conqueror who moves without fleets and armies, without war or battle sound, and whose successes and triumphs need no after treaties or arbitrations; and when the South surrendered, though it was to the commander of our military forces, it was really to Him, whom the Almighty had made a leader and commander of the people, of humanity's self; to Him, who dwelleth between the cherubim, and who before Ephraim and Benjamin and Manasseh had stirred up his strength and come and saved us.

When Frederick Douglass was twenty-seven years old, he was one of the fifty thousand that stood on the slope of Bunker Hill, and heard the stentorian voice and the majestic form of the great Constitutional statesman, Daniel Webster. In Maryland he had begun with the "Columbian Orator," and here he was! What a day was that to this fugitive from American slavery! Here was the man, the model orator of the period, peerless among our great men, as a Massachusetts senator has lately said, "The solitary peak of great altitude between Washington and Lincoln," and deserving to be so classed; the man who did more to make real the idea of American nationality, than all our other statesmen put together. The serious, pathetic eyes of this young man, Douglass, were looking up into his face. If no one else heard him, this young man did. And when with his comprehensive delineation, at the close, the speaker described the happy homes of freedom in New England, with her school-houses and churches, think you this Maryland boy, who had stolen his little education by scraps, and stolen his person in bulk, did not think of the contrast? And when Mr. Webster closed with the sentiment, "Thank God, I am also an American!" think you Frederick Douglass had no sinking of heart? What a gulf and separation there was between them? A gulf which no thought could span! The time is coming when the work done by Mr. Webster and the work done by Frederick Douglass will be more closely united. History will join them together, for one prepared the way for the other.

No being but God meant the freedom of the slaves by the civil war. Let us tell the truth about it: Not the South, of course, not the North, —Mr. Lincoln did not. The first enlisted soldiers did not. Arms were taken up, battles were fought, to defend the life of the nation, to save

the Union. Mr. Lincoln wrote to Horace Greeley, "If I can save the Union without destroying slavery, I shall do it." Mark that! Honor to whom honor is due! And the cohesive power that held the nation together more than two years, till its necessity became God's opportunity, was the very sentiment which Mr. Webster had so often inculcated: "Our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country!" And this same President Lincoln, who had so written to Horace Greeley, at length came to say in the second inaugural: "The Almighty has His own purposes. Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray that this mighty scourge of war may pass away. Yet, if God wills it to continue, until all the wealth piled up by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash, shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether!'" That was on March 4, 1865. A few weeks later he had himself become the supreme illustration of the reverent sentiment; fulfilling the prophetic word he had uttered in Philadelphia, on his way to what became to him the altar of sacrifice; as though the nation's heart was smitten as one, when he fell.

Yes, in the matter of emancipation, God only was great. His thoughts were not man's thoughts. He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh. Frederick Douglass and his princely compeers were too fast. They wanted the fruit, even though they had to cut down the tree. They would have liberated the slaves at the expense of the life of the nation. God kept back the hand of the Chief Executive till the time was ripe for the deed; till the hour when the nation could be recast; could be poured anew from the alembic of civil war, and come forth, not like Nebuchadnezzar's image, a conglomerate, part metal and part clay. Then John Brown's soul in the eternities could keep step to the music of the Union, and still be marching on; then the silver-tongued Phillips could urge enlistments, could lift aloft his country's flag; then the poet of peace and of the people of peace, could write:

"It is done!  
In the circuit of the sun,  
Shall the sound thereof go forth;  
It shall bid the sad rejoice;  
It shall give the dumb a voice;  
It shall belt with joy the earth."

"Ring and swing  
Bells of joy! on morning's wing:  
Send the story of praise abroad;  
With a sound of broken chains,  
Tell the nation that He reigns,  
Who alone is Lord and God!"

God looked to it that to Himself should be all the glory. Ah! what an hour was that! The great Webster had gone broken-hearted, disappointed

to his grave. The people did not love him as he loved them. They knew he was great, but they thought that greatness could die alone. We thought he did not know the day of our visitation. Whittier had tried to cover up his shame. God had indeed spared to him the sight he so much dreaded, as he expressed it in 1830, "the sun shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent, on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched it might be in fraternal blood!" The same sad apprehension haunted him in his oration on laying the corner-stone of the Capitol extension. That Capitol, God did not intend should be completed, till its crowning figure, the Goddess of Liberty, could no more look down upon slaves; till the solecism in our civil fabric was burned and purged away. Every stone of the new building was to be baptized in blood. The extension went on. The dome went up, to the tune of Dixie; to the mutterings of Confederate cannon; almost to the shouts of the captains, they were so near; for, on Munson Hill the Confederate flag was in plain sight. The old Capitol had echoed to the words of the Dred Scott decision in the Supreme Court room; to the parting phrases of men who were going out from us, because they were not of us, on the field and in the forum, to undo the work of the Continental fathers; had echoed to the fratricidal blows that fell on the head and shoulders of Charles Sumner. The new Capitol was to see the work of the fathers completed; the Declaration of Independence no longer "a glittering generality," a philosophic abstraction; amendments to the Constitution itself, which should bring it into harmony with the Declaration, and even representatives of the repentant sister-states, and clothed in their right mind, and again contributing, with sable associates, lately in slavery, to the carrying on to the end of time of the annals of the Great Republic.

The great orbs of our Jupiter Tonans, the nation's greatest debater, never saw that horrible vision. But it came. His son's eyes saw it, and within sound almost of the very Senate-chamber, where in 1830, this greatest of all his father's pleas for the nation was thundered, that son's blood stained the soil of Virginia. The nation saw it and was not afraid, for she began to feel the shadow of the Unseen One leading her on. The nation saw it and did not see death. The world saw it, and saw, too, the uprising, which at last swung open the golden portals of freedom, and let in the light of God upon the souls of four million bondmen, who had been crying, like the martyrs under the throne, "Oh, Lord, how long!"

It has been said that Mr. Douglass hated religion, hated his country. The dilemma in which Mr. Douglass found himself was this: As to the country, if the Declaration of Independence were true, in fighting the slave laws of the land he was defending her against herself—protecting her better self from her inferior self. As to the Church of Christ, of Him, who came as the Great Comforter, and who said, "All things

whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them"—Who represented that Church better than he? Scheffer's "Christus Consolator" embraces a group of sufferers, turning imploringly to Christ for help, among them a slave with broken chains. In a certain prayer-book, given afterward to Mr. Beecher, the figure of that slave had been maliciously cut out. That was what, to Frederick Douglass, the Church seemed to have done. She had cut out the figure of the slave from the group of suffering ones around the Son of Man. Did he love his country less, when he urged against her, her own ideal? Did he love the Church the less, when he reminded her of the words that fell from the lips of Him who spake as never man spake? He was called an infidel, a blasphemer. Have we forgotten with what epithets the men of his day assailed the Son of Man? What was Mr. Douglass trying to do? He was trying to cast out the demon of slavery, not in his own name, or the name of the Church, but in the name of the Head of the Church. He appealed from Christianity to Christ! He was trying to make the family possible, manhood, womanhood, childhood, possible: to make a place again for a colored man around a Christian altar.

It has been said Frederick Douglass had no learning, was not a scholar. What is learning? What is scholarship? Here was a man who, without a knowledge of a single sentence in the original ever uttered by Demosthenes or Cicero, came so to speak, as to stand to his own people, as they stood to theirs, to be their great model in secular speech for all time. Here was a man, who, though he had never read a line in the original of Heroditus or Thucydides, of Livy or Tacitus, knew so well the mastery of his native tongue, in which derivatives from both of these languages abound, that few men ever wrote it better than he; few men ever made it a more telling vehicle, whether of logic, of irony, of wit, of all the arts of rhetoric. As to books studied in the universities, doubtless Mr. Douglass was not learned. But wisdom is better than learning, and learning is useful only as it makes men wise. The world is full of learned men that are fools. The more they learn the less they know. Here was a man who picked up his knowledge as the beggar picks up his pennies, or the rag-picker his rags, one at a time, who became so affluent and accurate in the use of words, that never charmer charmed more wisely in speech, than he. Take an illustration: Frederick Douglass was in Faneuil Hall when news came of the fall of Richmond. The whole population was alive with joy. As was usually the case wherever he happened in a public assembly, the people began to call for word from his sagacious lips. He did not at once respond. When he arose, he was borne forward to the platform on the shoulders of the eager crowd, and when his great figure was visible on the stage, the applause was like the thunder in the heavens, and the roar of the sea when there is a great tempest. Few were his words, his heart was so full, the occasion was so great. He

spoke less than five minutes, and he reached his climax when, comparing the slave power to Dives and the poor slave to Lazarus, he concluded: "And it came to pass that the beggar died and was buried, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died and was buried, and in hell he lifted up his eyes being in torments and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom." The aptness of the comparison, the fitness of the allusion to the President, captivated the audience, and that great tempest of jubilation broke forth again and again. And who could come after the king?

The agency of Mr. Douglass in the enlistment of colored troops should not be forgotten; it helped to bring 200,000 troops into the Union army. In his Rochester paper, the *North Star*, appears this appeal: "Men of color, to arms! When the rebel cannon shattered the walls of Sumter and drove away its starving garrison, I predicted that the war then and there inaugurated, would not be fought out entirely by white men. Every month's experience during these dreary years has confirmed the opinion. A war undertaken and carried on for the perpetual enslavement of colored men calls logically and loudly for colored men to suppress it. Only a moderate share of sagacity was needed to see that the arm of the slave was the best defence against the arm of the slave-holder. Henceforth with every reverse to the national arms, with every exulting shout of victory raised by the slave-holding rebels, I have implored the imperiled nation to unchain against her foes, her powerful black hand. Slowly and reluctantly that appeal is beginning to be heeded. Stop not now to complain that it was not heeded sooner. This is not the time to discuss that question. Leave it to the future. When the war is over, the country is saved, peace is established, and the black man's rights are secured, as they will be, history, with impartial hand, will dispose of that and sundry other questions. Action! Action! and not criticism is the plain duty of the hour. The office of speech now is only to point out when, where and how to strike to the best advantage. There is no time to delay. The tide is at its flood that leads on to fortune. From East to West, from North to South, the sky is all written over, 'Now or never!' 'Liberty won by white men would lose half its lustre.' I have not thought lightly of the words I am now addressing you. The counsel I give comes of a great observation of the great struggle now in progress, and of the deep conviction that this is your hour and mine. I wish I could tell you that the State of New York calls you to this high honor; but we can get at the throat of treason through the State of Massachusetts. She was first in the War of Independence; first to break the chains of her slaves; first to make the black man equal before the law; first to admit colored children to her common schools, and she was first to answer with her blood the alarm cry of the nation, when its capital was menaced by rebels. You know John A. Andrew. You know Charles Sumner. I need not add more."

I do not say that this is equal to the speech which Mr. Webster puts into the mouth of John Adams. I do not care to compare the two; but it is up to the height of the emergency. It is full of antithetic brilliancy and fervor and power. Which emergency was the greater it would be difficult to say: even historians will differ.

The Fifty-fourth Regiment, the first colored regiment raised by Mr. Douglass' appeal, was commanded by Robert G. Shaw; for the Old Bay State must be here, with her stars. In it were Mr. Douglass' two sons. It was the only regiment the poet, Whittier, ever saw, as it set out from Boston for the seat of war. Of this young hero, after his death leading the assault at Fort Wagner, Whittier says: "As he rode at the head of his troops, he seemed to me beautiful and awful, as an angel of God come down to lead the host of freedom to victory. I am sure his parents would not exchange their dead son for any living one."

In his later years Mr. Douglass was often urged to take up his residence in some black belt of the country, and seek a place in the halls of Congress. He knew the danger of such an attempt too well. His style of eloquence was after the highest models. He knew there was not much market for this commodity in the Capitol. He knew nothing of the supple methods of the modern politician. Think of this man buying a seat in Congress! Think of him as corruptible and corrupting! Think of a star buying a place in the firmament, diverging one hair's breadth from the path of its orbit! It is true his figure would have graced any legislative body; his words of wisdom would have weighed their full weight, where once Webster and Sumner had spoken, and the robes of a senator would have become him well. The Empire State could have given them to him, but when they offered him this Saul's armor, he knew it was not fit for him, and though he had handled the sword of the conquered Goliath, he preferred to leave it hanging in freedom's halls as a trophy. He was content to go down to his grave in peace, modestly filling positions, to which spirits of a far inferior make were amply competent. Madame Necker has said: "Eminent positions are like the summits of rocks; only eagles and reptiles can get there." Creatures that fly and creatures that crawl! Crawling never had been in his line, and he had folded his great wings in the eyrie of freedom, and did not care to stretch them again for such a flight as this.

One sad thing about the last days of great reformers is the fact that the movements in which they have participated often seem to fall short of their expectation, or move on beyond them, and leave them stranded, like a disused vessel. Even Martin Luther when withdrawn from his great life-work had his days of sadness. Daniel Webster retired to Marshfield, like another lion of Lucerne, with his wounded paw still on the shield of the Constitution. Horace Greeley was tempted by the flesh-pots of Egypt, lost his balance, and died under a cloud, and Charles Sumner

said once to General Howard that his life was a failure, and out of harmony with the great constituency which had hailed him as their expounder, with the hero and statesman, who had taken the perils of a five years' war to make good his own brave words in the Senate-chamber, he passed away. But, either from the more perfect poise of his nature, or from his education of half a century in waiting, or the good providence of God, Mr. Douglass was more fortunate. He did not die without the sight. There on Cedar Hill, Anacostia, in a substantial Maryland mansion, to which his many friends often made a pilgrimage, and whose hospitalities were always free, he waited till his change came.

The waters of the Anacostia and Potomac greeted each other with responsive flash beneath his gaze. Beyond and above him lifted to his eye the dome of the Capitol. Daily he saw the sun from the East gild the statue of Liberty on the summit, descending till all the snowy arch was illuminated and the building flooded with light. It was a perpetual parable of the manner in which the nation itself had been flooded with glory. Daily, too, he saw the same orb go down in the West, and thought of his own sunset of life, as he verged toward his four-score years. There, in a domestic circle, full of large intelligence and true Christian culture, a circle of which he was always the central attraction and the radiant centre, might he well say, with Simeon of old, "Now, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." When he began life, he saw the very Church of Christ inexorably involved in the coils of a system as unlike to Christianity, as darkness is to light. He saw the Republic, which had proclaimed to the world the truest evangel of freedom ever framed, feeding with its mother breast the progeny of a great wrong that was taking its very life-blood. He had seen the Church delivered; the nation born again, and now what remained of life? The majority were on the other side.

A few weeks before he died, in the church where he statedly worshiped—Metropolitan Methodist—for he had come back to die on the bosom of that Jerusalem, that is the Mother of us all, Mr. Douglass appeared at a concert, given by the friends of the family to a young grandson about departing for Europe to perfect himself on the violin. After a few well-spoken words on the power of music, in the last number he accompanied this young man on the violin, playing a second part to "Home, Sweet Home." The gray-haired veteran, the strong young man—it was a moment of simple and touching grandeur; a duet never to be repeated. Thus he, The Old Man Eloquent, entered into the aspirations of the future, in the person of his grandson. This was flesh of his own flesh, about to seek his fortune abroad. He was no stranger to the instrument. It sometimes had been to him as the harp of David, the shepherd boy, to the evil spirits of King Saul. But, as I recall the scene, it has another meaning now. It seemed like the

orchestral overture, which preceded the chorus of the angels so soon to break upon his ear in our Father's house of many mansions; in that home, which, after long exile on earth, rises to the vision of the redeemed soul with its celestial sweetness. For though this man's great battles were all over, God took not away from him the pillar of the cloud by day and the fire by night. With long life he had satisfied him. His former anti-slavery associates, the later recruits that took up the battle, public men, who had been prominent actors with him in speech and deed, had nearly all fallen asleep. The land had been a generation at peace.

Mellowed by age, modest over his wonderful triumphs, kindly and forgiving, thus God took him. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the summons came. The great heart, that had beaten so bravely, ceased. The strong man bowed himself. The tent was struck, was folded together, and Frederick Douglass, the light of emancipation on his brow, the trumpet-call of the emancipating angel in his ear, surrendered his spirit back to God who gave it. Let us thank God that he lived.

His influence on the great future has but begun. He is the typical man to the Afro-American, as Washington, as Lincoln, to the Anglo-American; the man that never dies. There cannot be another Frederick Douglass. The mould is broken. My Maryland has no more such clay. The voice of the oppressor is no more heard in her land. But to the end of time there may be thousands of young men and young women who have entered into his labors: who are noble, as he was noble; heroic, as he was heroic; like him, patient and forgiving and strong; abiding in God as he abode, and building themselves into the certainties which are to come. This man lived a pure life, paid his honest debts, left a name unspotted, was good as well as great. He took no fragments of the Decalogue down into the grave. Put his figure in bronze. Show the Titan whom God raised up, as he raised up his men of old, took from a slave-pen of Maryland and set him on high, as her greatest son; whom God baptized in His own blood, drawn by the slaveholder's lash, lest he ever should forget the companions of his prison-house, or his great mission in their behalf; dowered with great gifts, clothed with great honors, and finally from his own Christian home translated so that he should not see death. Yes, put his figure into bronze. Call your children after him, but repeat his life. Go abroad upon sea and land, and wherever there is wrong, seek to right it; wherever there are chains, seek to break them; wherever there is loneliness and sorrow, bear the cup of consolation, and remember how only in the Man, Christ Jesus, God has made "man more precious than fine gold, even a man than the golden wedge of Ophir." Help to publish that word of God, that evangel of freedom in all the earth. Thus will Christ's kingdom come and His will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.



NATIONAL DOUGLASS MEMORIAL MEETING, AT FIF-  
TEENTH STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 2, 1895.

PROGRAMME.

Prayer, . . . . .	Rev. Wm. V. Tunnell
Introductory Remarks, . . . . .	Robert H. Terrell
Resolutions, . . . . .	Frederick G. Barbadoes
Remarks, . . . . .	Dr. Chas. B. Purvis
Remarks, . . . . .	Rev. Alexander Crummell
Remarks, . . . . .	Hon. John S. Durham
Solo, . . . . .	Mrs. Lena Miller McKinney
Tribute, . . . . .	Charlotte Fortin Grimké
Remarks, . . . . .	Hon. John R. Lynch
Remarks, . . . . .	Hon. P. B. S. Pinchback
Remarks, . . . . .	Rev. Rush R. Shippen
Douglass in History, . . . . .	Rev. Wm. A. Creditt
Benediction, . . . . .	Rev. Francis J. Grimké
Accompanist, . . . . .	Miss F. S. Bruce

PRAYER BY REV. WILLIAM V. TUNNELL.

Almighty Father, it is but fitting that as we begin these exercises, we should lift up our hearts and voices in praise and thanksgiving to Thee, the author of every good and perfect gift, for Thy great benefits to us, Thine own children. We adore Thee for Thy loving kindness and for Thy many and great bestowments, and especially do we thank and praise Thee for the gift to us and the world, of Thy late servant whose life and influence and achievements, we are here to commemorate. We thank Thee for his beneficent life and services, for the high purposes and aspirations with which Thou didst so richly endow him, for his struggles and labors in the cause of freedom and human rights, for his manifold endowments of body and mind, for the spirit of courage and kindness, of strength and generosity, and above all, for a soul which loved truth and purity and honor above every other possession. Great God help us to imitate him in all the nobilities of his character; fill us with his antipathy against all wickedness and his warm and tender sympathy with all that is good and true. Enable us to devote our talents and powers to the same great cause for which he fought, struggled and died, and help us to emulate his noble example and to follow in the footsteps of his heroic and valorous spirit. Raise up for us, we pray Thee, some Elisha, upon whom his mantle may fall, and may the young of our race hold his life up before them as their ideal of struggle and aspiration of purity and honor and as the gauge and prophecy of

their own possibilities. And when our lives are ended may we hand over to surviving generations a memory and an influence as fragrant and blessed as his, and may we meet him in a happy and blessed mansion on the bright and shining shore. Then shall we see Thee as Thou art and then shall we praise and worship Thee as we ought.

All these blessings we ask in the name of our Blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS BY ROBERT H. TERRELL, PRESIDING OFFICER.

The life of Frederick Douglass is one of the brightest spots in the realm of thought and fact in American history. A career like his speaks for itself; it needs no encomium to keep the memory of its maker fresh in the minds of men. We pay our simple tributes to Frederick Douglass not because we believe that eulogy can heighten the glory of his fame but because we would give expression to our gratitude that such a man has lived and proved that ambition, genius and courage are gifts, not of race or condition, but of God alone.

The great journals of our land have sung the praises of Frederick Douglass, as a hero fallen; men everywhere have extolled his virtues as a public man; but our eulogies are uttered in a sadder tone and our songs of praise are sung with a deeper pathos than theirs because we lived with him from day to day and enjoyed the fragrant beauty and quiet goodness of his private life. To us, residents of the nation's capital, Frederick Douglass was at once a great man, a race champion and a personal friend.

In America more than in any other country men begin life with nothing but their hands and make their way to power, influence and wealth. We never tire of telling the story of Lincoln, the rail-splitter; of Grant, the tanner; and of Garfield, the tow-path boy. These men started life with nothing but their hands, but those hands were theirs. If we think their greatness is enhanced by the fact that from a state of early disadvantage they became great men in a great country, what shall we say of Frederick Douglass who owned nothing, not even his hands, when he began the struggle of life? Frederick Douglass did not have greatness thrust upon him by the adventitious aids of office and its attendant prestige. But with those in high position opposed to the freedom, enlightenment and elevation of him and his race—over all obstacles, both natural and artificial, he made his way to a lofty place among men. Instead of gaining glory by the virtue of office, the purity of his life, the simplicity of his character and his radiant mental gifts, shed a lustre on every position to which he was appointed.

God has a purpose in giving to the world great men. The intellect of Bacon, the eloquence and knowledge of Mansfield, and the genius of Napoleon, made their everlasting impress upon the world. God sent Frederick Douglass to right a great wrong; to teach a nation that crime

never pays and that every man should be allowed every right and liberty compatible with the rights and liberties of every other man.

Frederick Douglass was the pilot of his race as well as its spokesman. It is hard to imagine what its future will be without his counsel and leadership. I say with Emerson, "Our helm is given up to a better guidance than our own; the course of events is quite too strong for any helmsman, and our little wherry is taken in tow by the ship of the great Admiral which knows the way and has the force to draw men and States and planets to their good."

Frederick Douglass deserves well of his country. His name will be a household word among the American people, implying greatness, purity and all Christian virtues. His memory will be cherished as long as men worship at the altar of energy, intelligence and liberty.

This resolution was then adopted:

*Resolved;* That it is the sense of this meeting of citizens assembled in representative numbers and capacity, at the capital of the nation, that, in the death of Frederick Douglass, America has lost a most distinguished son, and the negro race a leader and champion whose whole life was one of unswerving devotion to their redemption from slavery, their rights as citizens, and their progress as a people. That fame and honor from no condition rise, was exemplified in his life, more than in that of any other man of his time. He was born a slave, yet he became a chieftain in the army of anti-slavery men and women. For twenty-five years his clear voice, in stentorian tones, rang out for the nationality of freedom. His battle cry was, "Let my people go!" His contribution to the anti-slavery cause makes a splendid chapter in its history.

The story of his own sorrows and sufferings, no less than his eloquence, touched the hearts of two continents, and did much toward winning for the millions of bondmen in America, the sympathy of Christendom. And when the emancipation and the enfranchisement of his people came, he turned his attention to their preparation for citizenship, with all its dignities and responsibilities. His voice and his pen and his personal influence were always enlisted in the cause of the oppressed. He believed profoundly in the brotherhood of humanity and in the equality of races, and during his entire life, he never once compromised his convictions to any expediency or policy for the purpose of advancing his own personal ends. Everywhere in his speeches and writings shine out noble sentiments and lofty standards of duty,—indices of the purity of his thoughts, the greatness of his soul, and the beauty of his character. The lessons of his public career will be an inspiration to the present and future generations of American negroes, be an inspiration to righteous determination and aspiration for attaining the highest possibilities of our country. His private life was such that mothers will endeavor to teach their sons to emulate it and to keep it

constantly before them as an ideal. We mourn the loss to our country of so great a citizen.

THE ADDRESS OF DR. PURVIS.

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :*

Six weeks ago, the good people of this community were shocked by the announcement that Frederick Douglass was dead. Although it has been six weeks, it seems to most of us as though it were but yesterday. I have not sufficient control over my feelings to voice the sentiments I entertain in regard to him. I view with pleasure the outpouring of the people here and elsewhere, who vie with each other in honest endeavor to pay reverence and homage to the great citizen who has so recently and suddenly been called from us into a new life. Although he lived to a ripe age, still his death was inopportune. I cannot fix the time when it would have been otherwise.

With his colleagues he has fought and won many battles in behalf of outraged humanity, and yet there has been no final victory; his grand self, his presence, his superb voice, his lofty thoughts, his logic, his rhetoric, his incomparable oratory, seem to be as much needed to-day, as they were fifty years ago.

I feel his going as a personal loss. I am conscious, quite too conscious, that I shall never again interchange with him opinions on the questions or topics of the day; nevermore shall I gather from his field of plenty, a rich harvest of thought and suggestion. Every man and woman in this audience feels that they, too, have sustained a personal loss; their leader, representative, adviser, advocate, is beyond their reach, no longer in touch with them.

His going is a loss to this community, to the nation. He belonged to no special class or race. He was essentially an American. He represented the nation's best. During his fifty years of labor, he voiced the noblest sentiments of his country. It matters not what cause he represented (and he represented many), in them all he displayed soul, scope of intellect; in them all he was intrepid.

We mourn his death, but he is not dead. We grieve because he has gone away, but he has not gone. To such a spirit as his, there is no death; to such a life, so replete with marvelous achievements, there is no going away. He lives, and will continue to live for ages to come. His star will never set. His name will always adorn the pages of historic biography. He will ever stand forth resplendently amid the galaxy of great men grown upon American soil during the century. How could it be otherwise? With every great reform he has been identified. Every movement to preserve his country's honor, to lift it into a higher civilization, to secure for it a purer Christianity, has found in him a pleader.

To know Mr. Douglass, to know his life, is to familiarize one's self with the most intense chapters of American history; not to know him would be inexcusable ignorance, ill becoming any American.

He began life by telling the wrongs of slavery. The anti-slavery apostles welcomed him with open arms. He was a splendid recruit, he came equipped for battle; he knew more, he felt more, he could tell more about slavery, than any other man: he could not exaggerate; his pictures were vivid; they stirred the souls of men, they converted them to the cause of humanity, in spite of themselves. Upon one occasion, after making a running recital of the greatness of his country, of its seemingly inexhaustible resources, its varied climate, its fertile soil, its mighty streams, its lofty mountains, its mines of wealth,—he paused and to his audience, already hushed into silence, charmed by the vivid picture, said “And yet, there is no mountain so high, no valley so deep, no plain so extensive, upon which I can stand and call these hands my own.”

Upon another occasion when his soul was stirred to its depths and his heart wrought with anguish, as he reflected upon his condition, the condition of the mother who bore him, the condition of the millions in bondage, he cried out in despair, “I would welcome a thunderbolt from heaven or hell, that would dash the American Union to pieces.” He saw that, by the destruction of the Union, the slave could come forth into the broad sunlight, a man and a freeman. He believed that, as Lowell beautifully expressed it:

“Man is more than Constitutions. Better rot beneath the sod,  
Than be true to State and Church, while doubly false to God.”

I do not think that Mr. Douglass was a special creation, designed for a certain work. He was a unique creation, however. A man of his heart, soul and brain, would have been great in any age.

His love for liberty was not narrow, or confined to any class or race. He was among the first to stand by Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucy Stone, Susan B. Anthony, Abby Kelley Foster and others, in advocating and demanding equal political and civil rights for woman. He was for Woman's Rights when many of the present advocates were in doubt as to the wisdom and propriety of such demands. With equal power he pleaded the workingmen's cause. He has pleaded for Ireland and Irishmen; he rose superior to the fact that, in the Irishman, the slave found a foe.

He cogently advocated the cause of temperance; the emancipation of man from himself, from a habit that destroys his moral nature, that unfits him for the duties and responsibilities of life. A few years ago, when statesmen with large political aspirations were vying with each other in pushing the Chinaman to the wall, Mr. Douglass came forward entering an able and eloquent protest. He cared not for the physical or civil peculiarities of the Mongolian, he only saw that a wrong was being done to a man and a brother. He needed no other incentive.

It is no hyperbole to call him a great man; we cannot measure him by any modern standard. Men are called great by virtue of their

achievements, by what they have accomplished for a race or a nation. While Mr. Douglass can be compared with any of the great public characters of the country, no one of them can be compared with him. We must estimate him from the depths from whence he came, as well as by the heights he reached. He was born in the lap of oppression. From infancy to manhood, he saw and felt only the sting and wrong of a nature outraged. The future held out no hope; there was no incentive, nothing to inspire. State and Church, Society in general were opposed to him. When he cried for bread, they gave him a stone. And yet, this young man, threw from him the oppressors' yoke, and, at the age of twenty-five, leaped into the arena and defied a nation. After fifty years of unceasing labor he lays down his life, in obedience to a divine call, mourned by the noble and the brave throughout the land, eulogized as one of the foremost orators and reformers of the age.

Is such a man not great? Show me another who has accomplished as much under the same circumstances, and I will point you to a second Douglass.

To speak of him as an orator;—No finer has been born during the century. Orators are not made by schools or colleges. They are a special creation to represent the wisdom of a generation. It is difficult to compare him to anyone; possibly he was more like O'Connell than any other. He had a similar cause to defend, and like him a race oppressed for which to plead; both were thoroughly identified with their cause.

It may be invidious to compare him with any American and yet I should like to.

Wendell Phillips was unquestionably the Cicero of the century; of perfect mould, graceful to a fault, a ripe scholar, classical, the possessor of an analytical mind, a vocabulary of great range, a voice of superb tone; he could make an audience think, cheer, laugh, and angry; Mr. Douglass could do all these and more, he could make an audience cry. He lacked Mr. Phillips' grace, finish, culture, but Mr. Phillips was a trained man, of patrician blood; he had inherited everything; he had wealth, was educated in the best university, and from birth was surrounded by the culture of the land. Mr. Douglass inherited nothing; he was a self-made man. In many respects he resembled Daniel Webster; of the same majestic form, possessed the same sonorous voice, with its wonderful flexibility. While he enjoyed not Webster's inheritance, environment, training, he had the same cast of mind. Webster's legal training and possibilities developed him into the marvelous man he appeared to be, but, in originality of thought, of expression, in epigrammatic sentences, Mr. Douglass was his equal; in his ability to personate a character, he was his superior. Webster once said, when smarting under the criticism of his friends for his apostasy, his surrender to the slave power, his violation of the moral law, "It is foolish to

attempt to re-enact the laws of God." Mr. Douglass, in reviewing him, said, "It is worse than foolish to attempt to re-enact any other."

I have seen it stated that he was not a scholar. This is a mistake. It is true he did not have the advantages of an early education, nor had he perfunctorily passed through a college; nevertheless, he was well trained. He had a comprehensive mind and soon saw the importance of, and the advantages to be gained from, an education; he became a hard student, he employed tutors; in the course of a few years he mastered the language. He was well read, was an excellent conversationalist, and liked to discuss religion, history, science and politics.

For fifty years he enjoyed the association of the most cultured men and women in this country and in England; such was his education, it was of the best. His lecture on "William the Silent" will take rank as a literary effort. General Grant styled his eulogy upon Lincoln as the best analysis he had ever heard, of the great President.

The study of Shakespeare was a pastime with him. Few amateurs could excel him in the delineation of his characters. He would have made an ideal Othello, if he had chosen the stage as a profession. Salvini would have found in him a formidable rival.

No man in this community knew him better than I. From my boyhood I have followed and watched him. When I first saw him, he was in the midst of the tempest of anti-slavery agitation. I have seen him as the girded knight arrayed for battle. I have seen him in the quiet of his home, where he always appeared to the best advantage, when his golden thoughts fell like dewdrops from Heaven. I have seen him as United States Marshal, when he was abused, persecuted, maligned by the Press and the pro-slavery spirit of this community. I have seen him as Minister accredited to a foreign country. It mattered not how you saw him or where you saw him; he was the same modest, well-balanced man. His success, the fame so honestly won, the honors conferred, never intoxicated him. He never sang his own praises to the annoyance of his hearers.

We are too near the bier of Mr. Douglass, to discuss his life and character. I would that my honored father could be here to add a word. He is the only survivor of the National Anti-Slavery Society, but weight of years unfit him to follow the impulses of his heart.

Mr. Douglass has left each and every one of us a valuable legacy,—the record of his life-work and example. The young man or woman who will adopt his methods, will find their efforts crowned with success. If we would emulate him, we must observe the example he has set and, like him, be temperate, patient, cautious, urbane and chaste. To-day the serious question presents itself, "Upon whom shall his mantle rest? Who will stand in his place, contending for justice to all?" To succeed him, one must possess not only intellect and aptitude, but moral qualities; he must be ripe in head and heart, and sound to the core.

It is said that the spirit of Richelieu controlled France for forty years. May the spirit of Mr. Douglass mould and control the public sentiment of this country until all men and all women shall enjoy equal rights before the law.

As Lamartine said of Wilberforce, "He appeared before the throne of God bearing in his hands the shackles of eight hundred thousand bondmen;" so it is with Mr. Douglass; he has gone to meet his co-workers, carrying with him the love and esteem of millions of his countrymen.

Sleep in peace, with kindred ashes  
Of the noble and the true;  
Hands that never failed his country,  
Heart that baseness never knew.

#### ADDRESS OF THE REV. ALEXANDER CRUMMELL.

Nothing can be nobler, nothing more generous, than the tribute of men to departed worth and excellence. It evidences the fact that we can rise above ourselves; put aside our petty cares and interests; ignore, for the time, our sordid aims and desires, and rise to the contemplation of character, and the estimation of superior worth.

It is just this purpose which has called together this large audience to-night. We have met for the manifestation of our respect, and the declaration of the high value of the abilities and the character of that eminent man who, the other day, passed so suddenly from the ranks of the living, and left a vacancy in society, which it is impossible for us entirely to fill.

In the brief space of time allotted me, I shall not attempt to traverse the lines of his long life-service and activities, nor the wide circle of his character and capacity. I have chosen one single peculiarity; that is, his genius. Not indeed, that I feel able to gauge so large a topic and so grand a quality; but simply, as my tribute to his memory.

It is now fifty-three years since I first met Mr. Douglass. It was at a convention of the colored citizens of New York, assembled at Albany, for the purpose of securing the right of equal suffrage, advancing the cause of civil rights, and promoting the general interests of our race. I was struck, at once, with the strong contrast of his mental furniture to that of other men of the day, who, just at that time, were treading the platform of the Anti-Slavery Society. Among these were, especially, four eminent and eloquent men who, in their day, reached celebrity. Remond and Garnet, Pennington and Ward, were distinguished advocates in the cause of freedom. It is a notable fact that three of these men were Marylanders, as was Mr. Douglass himself; a State, by the way, which has produced more eminent colored men than any other State in the Union. There was ability in each and all of them; in two of them a peculiar ability, which Mr. Douglass never reached. Pennington and Ward were of an eminently logical mould,



and, with other grand qualities were distinguished by the prominence of the reasoning faculty.

There is, however, a characteristic higher than cold logic. The grand peculiarity which differentiated Mr. Douglass from these others, was a certain unique and glowing quality which I feel justified in calling genius. Let me dwell upon this characteristic.

First, you who have heard Mr. Douglass speak, must have noticed the fact that, as an orator, it was nature, overflowing from deep, original, native sources, both of heart and intellect, resident in the deepest elements and the strongest currents of his own being. I do not mean that there was no forethought. There was great forethought, the forethought of his life-being. I do not mean that there was no study. There was the intensest study of a mighty brain. His soul had evidently been brooding, all his earthly existence, upon his grand theme. But it was always his over-soul, thrown out in grand speech, which made him the orator he was. There was no artificiality in the man. There was nothing made up; nothing that was the fruit and outcome of the schools. Not the yield of any formal logic. His oratory was the outpouring of the various original moral and mental qualities of his own strong being; and these qualities, while robust in texture, were, at the same time, of the finest nature. In his speech he was always lifted up far above lavish declamation, which is generally a sign of weakness. His style was somewhat severe; free from tropes and flowers; wonderfully direct; abounding in clear, plain, simple English. He was always thoroughly unaffected. He had mastered, as by intuition, the Saxon element of the language. The simplicity of his utterance was the spontaneous outcome of the simplicity of his nature. And thus it was that any child could understand him; weighty and oftentimes majestic as he was.

Far more than style was the substance of his oratory. There was always a philosophic basis underlying all his address. He struck, almost invariably, the tones of grand common sense. By this I mean that, although deficient in logic, he always rooted himself in strong, self-evident, universal convictions. His ideas and sentiments were such as were the common property of all men. Like all great orators, he addressed himself to the great fundamental principles of human nature. These principles had a deep abidance in his own nature; and hence they sprang up spontaneously, vividly, with great power and impress in his soul, and struggled for utterance. He seemed to me to leap, as it were, into great convictions, as though they had mastered him; and then, that he, in return, had thoroughly assimilated and mastered them. Out of this tendency came the constant outcropping of those wonderful appeals for Justice, Truth, Freedom, Equity, which was the staple of his lifelong oratory; fused, all the while, with that—what shall I call it?—that tremendous sensibility which thrilled, astounded, nay, swept away his audiences; and which oftentimes overcame himself with breathless emotion, and, not seldom, blinded his

own eyes with tears. Wonderful was the sensibility of this man! What deep enthusiasm for humanity filled his soul! How his heart, at times, overflowed with ardent emotions! And the glow of his sentiments, while thrilling his own being, swept, like a mighty wave, over the hearts and sentiments of excited and sympathizing audiences.

There were two special elements of his intellect and oratory, which I have never seen alluded to. I am not aware that he ever indulged in verse; but his mind was evidently imbued with delicate, beauteous, poetic sentiment. It came out constantly in tender touches in his speeches. It came out in the resort, not seldom, of his mind, in grand quotations from the great poets of the language, which adorned and dignified his speeches. He was a poet without the numbers of the poet. Some of you may remember the lines of Wordsworth:

"Oh! many are the poets that are sown  
By nature; men endowed with highest gifts,  
The vision and the faculty divine;  
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse,  
Which, in the docile season of their youth,  
It was denied them to acquire, through lack  
Of culture and the inspiring aid of books."

This was the case of Mr. Douglass. In reading his biography, you will see this rich strata of poetic gold cropping out all along through his pages.

I remember one special instance; his fine apostrophe to the gallant ships floating down the Chesapeake, the emblem, in their free and glorious sails, of the freedom which he, then a slave, longed for, but, in his state of bondage, could not command.

"You are loosed from your moorings, and free: I am fast in my chains, and am a slave. You move merrily before the gentle gale, and I, sadly before the bloody whip! You are freedom's swift-winged angels, that fly around the world; I am confined in bands of iron! O that I were free! O that I were on one of your gallant decks, and under your protecting wing!" etc. Surely, this is poetry of the finest quality.

Second, there was a stronger element than the poetic, which constantly showed itself. His dramatic power, in both its phases (tragic and comic), was marvelous. When, under deep emotion; when carried away with indignation; when the chords of memory were touched; and the saddening scenes of his enthrallment stood out before him; then was seen a histrionic quality which no mimetic display on the boards could possibly approach. I have seen, in my time, the younger Kean; I have seen the great Kemble; I saw Macready and Forrest, in their prime; but I have witnessed passages in the oratory of Mr. Douglass, which, for simple dramatic power transcended their finest efforts; and, for the simple reason that they were acting; and his part was the majestic outburst from the well-spring of a grand, broad, deeply moved human nature.

That was the dramatic feature of his oratory, and it shows what an eminent tragedian he would have made, if that had proven his calling.

In these latter days, none of you have witnessed the comic side of his nature. Indeed, as life flowed on its currents grew deeper, more serious, more grave. Perils, dangers, tragedies, became a rapid experience. So it came to pass that the humorous quality weakened. But when he first began his work as a speaker, nothing could be comparable to his imitation of slave-holding preachers. In his early anti-slavery addresses he oftentimes convulsed his audiences with his imitation of their discourses to slaves. Now it would be a mock discourse on the text, that servants should be obedient to their masters; delivered in the drollest and most farcical manner. At another time he would repeat, in the most ludicrous style, the reminder that "white people's hands were made soft and delicate; but the hands of negroes were made black and horny, so that they might work for their masters and mistresses." So perfect was the comic in his nature, and so keen was the sense of the ludicrous, that he excited the greatest fun and laughter.

I have spoken, to-night, of Mr. Douglass as a great genius in the line of oratory. I feel quite sure that I have not trenched upon the borders of exaggeration in my attempted delineation of his powers. That would be injustice to him, and also a wrong to you. At the same time, I must not extol my own judgment of the man; for that would be vanity. I think I have, at least, approached somewhat near a just estimate of his greatness as an orator. I may possibly have fallen short of its noblest heights, but I do not think that I have over-rated, or unduly magnified its quality. But let me say that it has been my privilege to hear some of the greatest orators of the last two generations. I have felt the majesty of Webster; I have been entranced by the sweeping fire and the subduing pathos of Wilberforce (the Bishop); I have been charmed by the lofty power and beauty of Lord Beaconsfield; I have been carried away by the attractions and brilliancy of Blaine; I have been made breathless by the fervor and power of Melville; but I have no hesitation, when speaking of eloquence, in putting Douglass, not in the way of comparison, but with the thought of effectiveness, beside these eminent personages. He was a great genius! He was a magnificent orator!

He was more than this. He was a great man; a man of large intellect; a man of strong character. All the elements of his nature and his intellect were colossal! He was a man of settled purpose. His career shows splendid courage, and evidences the fact that he was not easily turned from the path that he had chosen, or swerved from the great objects he had set before him. Indeed, his tenacity at times astonished me! He began his career with a most definite but perilous purpose, and he held on to it amid terrible trials and dangers; and never gave it up. It is this which makes the man! And a man, a true man, is a greater being than an orator. But Mr. Douglass was both a man and an orator!

Because he was such as I have described, I have spoken of him to-night. Differing from him, as I have, upon many important topics, it has given me gratification to-night, to set forth, in my feeble way, his great genius, his exalted oratory, and his true and genuine manhood!

ADDRESS OF HON. J. S. DURHAM, EX-MINISTER TO HAITI.

In Haiti, the men who have been Ministers Resident from the United States are remembered chiefly because of the acts which comprise the records of their respective administrations. They are remembered as Americans, as foreigners. I may be mistaken of course, but my judgment is that Mr. Douglass was the single exception to this rule. In Haitien estimate, his personality rose above even the dignified official station which he occupied. To the minds of thousands who have never seen him, he was more than the American minister, more than the French plenipotentiary, more than the papal legate. He was to them the type-hero of the great heroic epoch in the United States. He was the bondsman in black, developed into all that makes the gentleman. He was the slave made citizen. He was the visiting ambassador of nine millions of negroes in this country.

The works of the Dumas charm the culture of Haiti and the eminence of the two authors appeals to national and race pride; but their work is in a distant field and not confined to the color agitation to which the government and people of Haiti are devoted with patriotic fervor.

L'Ouverture and Dessalines were the makers of the Haitien Republic and their memory is honored in tradition and history; but their names are so identified with questions now active that it would probably be difficult to raise a monument to either of them in Port au Prince. Mr. Douglass had been identified with but one matter affecting Haitien policy, and his personality rose above the impression left by it. Indeed, I think I do not exaggerate when I say that the Haitien of to-day, regarding the Dumas with admiration and L'Ouverture and Dessalines with veneration, looks upon Frederick Douglass as a nearer, closer, a more personal hero and representative, the greatest negro of this generation. They regard his romantic history and his picturesque personality as the most convincing argument, not for the negro of this continent merely, but for the negro of the world. He was the representative, the spokesman of the black man everywhere—and he was that not because of any act of his constituency but because of his wonderful powers and his genius in using them. In a country where politics is a crowded profession, the selection of Mr. Douglass as Commissioner to the World's Fair provoked no considerable opposition; and the world accepted him as in his rightful place.

If there could linger in our minds any doubt of the universal quality of Mr. Douglass' representative character, I think it must vanish when we remember his receptions in the great European capitals. He was

the one negro of the world who could be classed with Gladstone and Bismarck as a citizen of the world. I have often wished that Mr. Douglass had taken a residence in London and spent a part of each year in the British capital. The accuracy of the Haitien estimate would have been tested. The universality of his representative character would have been demonstrated.

In the atmosphere of London society he would have outgrown the things which his dearest friends regretted in him, things which were the natural development of his experience and which were intensified by the noisome Southern atmosphere which makes social standards in this, our national capital, breathes through legislation, inspires injustice at our White House and poisons the decisions of our Supreme Court itself.

This atmosphere affected the character of Frederick Douglass as it does the characters of all of us, white and black. The white American and the colored American are the victims of this barbarous Southern atmosphere. Because of it our nation has always fallen short of its ideals. American manhood falls far short of its possibilities because of it. It dwarfs both the oppressor and the oppressed. It is to-day the greatest drawback to the success of organized labor. This impalpable, noxious vapor which we call race prejudice is the most powerful force for evil in the United States. It prevents American men from developing true manhood. It prevents American Christians from developing Christianity.

Frederick Douglass suffered from this. It was not enough that he should meet men like Justice Harlan and Senators Hoar and Chandler and Cabot Lodge. Contact with them was always solace and an encouragement to our leader. But he needed more. He needed another atmosphere, other contacts,—those to which he was entitled because of his means, his culture, his character and his service to humanity.

There, he would have been the universal race representative indeed, looking to the solution of the universal human question. There, he would have spoken for the Jew, and the Buddhist, black man and red man; and he would have impressed his eloquent appeal for the rights of woman. He has done all that here, but there he would have had the civilized world as his audience. There, even he would have grown. There, he would have been beyond the petty annoyances incident to negro leadership in the United States.

I often wished that he had had that experience in some European capital; but since his death, as I have talked with those of our young men who were in frequent intercourse with him, I am impelled to think that after all, Frederick Douglass did the great work of his later years through the medium of his influence on young men. Even those who were not entirely in sympathy with him were consciously or unconsciously influenced by his personality.

From the beginning of his anti-slavery agitation for all time, Frederick Douglass has been and will be what the Haitians believe him to be. He is the fine, artistic nature, the great genius, the magnificent, irresistible argument for humanity, the ambassador of the oppressed everywhere and every heart that can respond to the thrill of human fellowship, his embassy.

## TRIBUTE OF MRS. CHARLOTTE F. GRIMKÉ.

*Dear Mr. Terrell:*

I thank you for your invitation to attend the meeting in memory of Mr. Douglass. I consider it a great honor to be thought worthy to write even a word for such an occasion. And I deeply regret that I am physically unable to write worthily upon a subject so interesting to me. Most gladly would I add my voice to swell the chorus of love and praise which now rises from so many hearts all over this country. At some future time I hope to express more fully my appreciation of my grateful affection for our beloved leader. We must not weep for him. We must rather dwell upon the blessed, the consoling thought that he still lives, and will live forever.

“Alike are life and death  
When life in death survives,  
And the uninterrupted breath  
Inspires a thousand lives.

“Were a star quenched on high  
For ages would its light,  
Still traveling downward from the sky,  
Shine on our mortal sight.

“So when a great man dies,  
For years beyond our ken  
The light he leaves behind him lies  
Upon the paths of men.”

And yet, so selfish are we that we can but mourn,—for ourselves,—not for him. When I visited his home after he was gone,—that home where I had spent so many happy hours in delightful intercourse with him, and gazed through a mist of tears upon the many tokens of his recent presence, within the house, and then upon the beautiful view without, in which he took so much pleasure; the fine old trees, which he loved like friends, the river, and the hills, and the city, all bathed in a flood of golden sunlight; and felt that indescribable thrill in the air which betokens the glad awakening of spring—but saw him not,—an overwhelming sense of loss took possession of me! And a few lines,

written long ago on visiting the home of another noble friend of humanity, who had left us, came back to me as befitting that hour.

"Only the casket left! The jewel gone  
Whose noble presence filled these stately halls,  
And made this spot a shrine, where pilgrims came,—  
Stranger and friend, to bend in reverence  
Before the great, pure soul, that knew no guile:  
To listen to the wise and gracious words  
That fell from lips whose rare, exquisite smile  
Gave tender beauty to the grand, grave face.

"O friend beloved, with longing, tear-filled eyes  
We look up, up, to the unclouded blue,  
And seek in vain some answering sign from thee!  
Look down upon us, guide and cheer us still  
From the serene height where thou dwellest now:  
Dark is the way without the beacon light  
Which long and steadfastly thy hand upheld;  
O nerve with courage new the stricken hearts  
Whose dearest hopes seem lost in losing thee!"

Sincerely yours,  
CHARLOTTE F. GRIMKÉ.

#### ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN R. LYNCH.

##### *Ladies and Gentlemen :*

Although we know it to be a fact, yet it is difficult for me to realize that Frederick Douglass is dead! That his eloquent voice will be heard, his strong and influential pen in defence of liberty and justice will be used, and his familiar figure will be seen on our public streets, no more forever! It is a sad and serious fact! Frederick Douglass was not only a great colored man, he was a great American citizen. He was not only a leader of his race, he was one of the leading men of his country. He always took an active and leading part in the consideration and discussion of public questions. It was not his privilege to occupy a seat in either House of Congress, or within the Council Chamber of the Chief Magistrate of the nation, the duties of any and all of which positions he could and would have filled with credit to himself, honor to his race, and profit to his country; but he occupied a position in public estimation, that was more influential and potential than any one of those to which I have referred. He was potential in making and unmaking Senators and Representatives in Congress, and in making and unmaking Administrations. His opinions were sought, his advice was solicited, and his admonitions were frequently heeded by all Administrations during the active period of his useful public life. He enjoyed the confidence of every Republican President we have ever had, and the admiration and respect of the only Democratic President we have had since the liberation of the colored race. It was my privilege to sit under

the sound of his eloquent voice when he delivered his masterly eulogy upon the life and character of General U. S. Grant. I shall never forget the declaration made by him on that occasion, when he declared that while Lincoln gave the colored man his freedom, Grant gave him a country; that while Lincoln saved the Union, it was Grant who, more than any other one man, was instrumental in giving the colored man the ballot. While Mr. Douglass admired Lincoln, loved Grant, adored Conkling and idolized Sumner, yet, in my opinion, he was, in one respect at least, greater than any one of these. When they spoke, they represented the American people; when Douglass spoke, he represented a whole race, not of America only, but of the whole civilized world. When they spoke and wrote, their words were read by the people of the United States; when Douglass spoke and wrote, his words were read by the people of the civilized globe.

The only thing ever said against Frederick Douglass by the few who were disposed to criticise him and to find fault with him, was that, in his zealous defence of his race, he was sometimes disposed to excuse and justify in a colored man what he would denounce and condemn in a white man; but those who knew him intimately, as it was my privilege to know him, would never thus accuse him. I shall never forget a conversation I had with him upon a recent occasion, when he defended himself against this unjust accusation. He said that he had come up through great trials, tribulations, crosses and ups and downs; that no man had felt the fangs of American prejudice and injustice, more keenly than himself, and that, in speaking of his race, he therefore felt it to be his duty to extol their virtues and leave to the enemies of the race, the detection and publication of their vices. It was this that sometimes caused his position to be misunderstood, and his words to be misconstrued. From my knowledge of him and intimate acquaintance with him, I think that I can inform my eloquent young friend from Philadelphia, Mr. Durham, why Mr. Douglass did not make his home in a foreign country. No one knew and appreciated, more keenly than Mr. Douglass, the superior advantages he would have enjoyed in London, Paris or Berlin, or even in certain sections of our own country. I shall never forget a conversation I had with him, several years ago, when this subject was one of the topics about which we conversed. He stated that he could have remained at his New York home, where he was respected, honored and loved, without being subjected to the personal annoyances and inconveniences to which he found himself subjected in Washington. But he was so entirely and loyally devoted to his race, that he felt it to be his duty, after slavery had been abolished, not only to continue the fight for the recognition of the equality of rights for his race, but also to go where the battle raged thickest,—where he would be likely to receive blows, as well as to give them. In other words, he felt that it was his duty to remain with his people, to be with them in the day of their adversity as well as in the hour of their prosperity.



It has been my good fortune to hear many of the able addresses of Mr. Douglass, and to read nearly all of his published works, and I must say that, unlike my venerable friend, Dr. Crummell, I have never read a line in any of his works nor have I heard a word from his eloquent lips, touching public questions, from which I ever felt called upon to dissent. His judgment was sound, his reasons were logical, his arguments were convincing, his mind was clear, his thoughts were pure and his language was beautiful, charming and refined.

In politics Mr. Douglass was always a consistent Republican, but he was not actuated by selfish motives or by personal considerations. With him, the controlling motive in any Presidential campaign, was its effect upon the race with which he was identified and of which he was the recognized leader, champion and defender. Having satisfied himself upon that point, his duty was clear to him and he never hesitated to discharge it, regardless of consequences personal to himself. He recognized the fact, as he had expressed to me on several occasions, that while the Republican party had not done for the colored race all that it could have done, should have done, and might have done, yet it was through the instrumentality of that organization that the race was in possession of whatever rights and privileges it enjoys to-day. Inasmuch as that party had been utilized for good, in the past, in spite of strong and stubborn opposition, it was his belief that the same organization was the sheet-anchor of the colored man's hopes, ambitions and aspirations.

The life-work of this great and good man is now at an end and it is my firm conviction that he has gone to his reward. The golden rule "As ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them," was the rule of his conduct and the standard of his life. Personally he was good, morally he was pure, intellectually he was strong, and racially he was modest, cultured and refined. Such a man must, in my opinion, occupy a seat upon the right hand of the Majesty on High!

Wife! children and grandchildren! Weep not for the loss of husband, father and grandfather! My advice to you is, to emulate, as far as you can, his example, and endeavor to meet him in that land where sickness and sorrow, pain and death, will be felt and feared no more.

ADDRESS OF HON. P. B. S. PINCHBECK.

*Ladies and Gentlemen :*

Mr. Douglass was a self-made man; a manly man; a pre-eminent apostle of liberty.

Since his death the public prints of all descriptions and every shade of opinion have told the story of his remarkable life, and it would be superfluous for me to attempt to repeat it in the short time allotted to me on this occasion.

I am simply here to add my mite to the world-wide tribute which has been paid to his character and worth as a distinguished colored man and an eminent American citizen.

In all ages, great crises have produced great men who have commanded the respect and admiration of the people of their day and generation; but in their origin, environments and achievements, none of them are to be compared with him,—except the great Toussaint L'Ouverture, and even he had advantages which our champion and defender did not possess. Toussaint was a revolutionist, and he had men and munitions of war to enable him to obtain a place in history.

Most all of the other men whose records adorn the pages of history, had not only the care of devoted parents, but the most thorough education and training to fit them for the special fields of endeavor in which they were to labor and obtain success and renown. It is true that some of these men were of humble origin, but none of them were so poor in this respect, as he was. Parentless to all intents and purposes,—and worse still—a slave; denied by law the right to even learn the alphabet; that he should reach the heights he did, stamps him at once the most remarkable man the world has ever seen.

There can be but one explanation of this; he was born great. The elements of greatness were inherent in him and he could no more be confined to a life of slavery, than the ebb and flow of the mighty waters of the ocean could be controlled by human agencies. His love of liberty and flight to obtain it, and his thirst for knowledge, which he acquired to such a remarkable degree, demonstrate that he was no ordinary man. He would not only be free himself, but he must do something to shatter the fetters which bound in hopeless bondage, millions of other human beings.

Self-emancipated and self-taught, what a wonderful and striking object-lesson, to young and aspiring mankind everywhere, his life presents in its march from the poor and unlettered slave boy, to the orator, editor, statesman and one of the foremost men of his time! It forcibly illustrates the marvelous possibilities of the human intellect when afforded opportunities for development and the stimulus of a field for employment.

It is a very common thing for writers and public speakers to declare that opportunity is nothing; that great men make their own opportunity. The history of the world's great men does not, in my opinion, sustain this assertion. Rare gifts, and even genius itself, remain dormant and undiscovered, when subjected to the rust of inactivity. The human mind and intellect must have constant employment to obtain their highest perfection,—and there never was in the history of the world a more inspiring cause than the abolition of American slavery,—the cause in which Mr. Douglass labored and which wrought in him such a marvelous development.

With the fall of slavery his occupation was not like Othello's, gone, its attendant evils, prejudice and hatred, wrong and injustice continued to follow the race, and this kept him like a sentinel on the watch-tower of public opinion, ever ready and willing to enter in dignified and

manly terms, his protest against their encroachment upon his people. It was this ceaseless demand upon his time and talents, which accounts for his continuous growth and the colossal form he reached in the public eye.

His life is picturesque and interesting from every point of view; but in no way more remarkable than in its wonderful perseverance and endurance.

It has often been said of Mr. Douglass, that he was not a leader; and in the common acceptance of the term, this is true. It was not his province to lead men; he soared away above such a leadership into the realms of thought and reason. But in the broader, deeper and higher sense,—the maker and moulder of public sentiment—he was a leader of leaders, "The noblest Roman of them all."

The great men who preceded him, were all, without an exception, the outgrowth of fortuitous circumstances or the descendants of illustrious ancestors. In their several fields of action they not only had precedents to guide and assist them in their labors, but abundant resources and an army of followers. Not so with Mr. Douglass. He had nothing but his tongue and pen to advance the great cause in which he was enlisted. The human brain and heart were the citadels he had to siege, storm and capture. His own people were, in the main, in the most abject slavery and utterly unable to render him any assistance, and a large majority of the dominant class,—the people before whom he must plead his cause—were strongly fortified against him by race prejudice and hatred. On all sides trials and perils, without a parallel in the world's history, confronted him; but he never faltered, and for over half a century, with more than Spartan courage, he performed with his eloquent tongue and matchless pen, inestimable service for his downtrodden and helpless people.

A born orator and possessed of rare eloquence, he also had an abundance of that still rarer gift—common sense. It was this quality which enabled him to avoid extremes and exaggeration in his public utterances. Incessant and aggressive in his war on slavery, he made his argument against it with such consummate judgment, that he commanded the attention of friend and foe alike, and acquired the fame which has placed his name high up on the scroll of the famous men of the world. Without a precedent or predecessor, he leaves no successor. Both he and the occasion which developed him are gone forever.

Measured by his humble origin, his limited opportunities, his poverty of resources and the uncongenial field in which he had to labor, he leaves an impress upon the civilized portion of mankind, unexcelled by any other man in either ancient or modern times, except the lowly Nazarene.

What a splendid panorama his life presents! And how singularly fortunate he was in living to see the fruition of his labor and the

realization of his dearest hopes,—the emancipation and enfranchisement of the race for whom he had labored so long and earnestly. It was a consolation and a joy vouchsafed to very few men. He was conscious of the fact and it mellowed and sweetened his disposition, softened his heart toward all mankind and rendered him forgiving and indulgent even to his bitterest opponents.

On his last day on earth, I had the pleasure of listening to one of his charming conversations, in which he was always instructive and entertaining. He was apparently hale and hearty, and deeply concerned about the shadows which still lower over the future of the race in this country. A tinge of sadness pervaded his conversation, but it was relieved by the almost boyish glee and satisfaction with which he spoke of the compliment he had just received from the Ladies' Convention. It was a splendid compliment to a splendid man, and was highly appreciated by him.

On that day, as ever before, the uppermost thought with him was the betterment of the condition of his people; and it was while in the act of going forth to speak words of encouragement to them, that the grim monster seized him. The end was sudden, but Providential. It was meet that his majestic form should be spared the ravages of disease and decrepitude. It was with intellect undimmed, mind unimpaired, strength vigorous, and armor still on, that he fell. Peculiar and extraordinary in life, exceptional in death! His absence from the affairs of life leaves a void which I fear generation after generation will not see filled.

It will require no statue of marble or bronze, or granite monument, to perpetuate his name and fame. His great services to humanity are a living monument, and it will last so long as memory holds a place in the brain of man.

#### REV. DR. SHIPPEN'S ADDRESS.

Rev. Rush R. Shippen, of the First Unitarian Church of Washington, D. C., then followed in a short address in which he dwelt upon the high character and personal qualities of Mr. Douglass, and illustrated these by several interesting reminiscent anecdotes. He related an incident which took place years before in Chicago, on which occasion Mr. Douglass provoked the anger of a large audience by his criticism of Daniel Webster for his famous "Seventh of March" speech, when, as Dr. Shippen said, Webster buckled and cringed to the slave owners. It looked as if Douglass could not go on with his remarks, he had so enraged the audience. But he waited till the din had ceased, then recited a passage which he had committed to memory from one of Webster's earlier speeches in which he pleaded so grandly for freedom of speech. The effect was electric, and the audience cheered Douglass as enthusiastically as it had before hissed and hooted him. Another time, at a convention of abolitionists of the State of Illinois, a white

man made a speech saying that the negro was so thieving, so immoral, so intemperate and untruthful, that it was impossible to redeem him, even if he were made free. Douglass was called next, and he saw his opportunity. "Our race," he said, "is simple; it is imitative—very imitative. We do as we see our masters do. When the white man ceases to steal, to drink, to lie and to be immoral, then we will have hope for ourselves." The fine sarcasm of the retort aroused the great audience to the wildest applause.

Another interesting incident related by the speaker was one which transpired but a short time previous to the death of Mr. Douglass, when Professor Carpenter, of Oxford, England, was passing through Washington, on his way to Cambridge, Mass., to deliver a course of lectures before Harvard University. The occasion was a social one and its importance lay in the eager desire of the English scholar to obtain from Mr. Douglass his opinion concerning the real and prospective condition of the colored people of the South and of the terrible lynchings so generally practiced there, and the calm, dispassionate and philosophical account which Mr. Douglass gave of that condition and of the causes, history and unavoidable influence upon the country, of the Southern lynching mania.

Dr. Shippen referred to the lecture by Matthew Arnold at the First Congregational Church, Washington, twelve years before, when, after the distinguished Englishman had concluded, Secretary Chandler, who presided, called for remarks from the distinguished men in the audience. Seeing Mr. Douglass, he said: "I see before me the greatest orator in America, and I call upon Frederick Douglass to speak." Mr. Douglass arose and, in a fine manner, refraining from a speech, moved the thanks of the audience to Professor Arnold for the pleasure his lecture had given them.

Dr. Shippen was succeeded by Rev. William Credit.

#### ADDRESS OF REV. WILLIAM A. CREDIT.

##### *Frederick Douglass in History.*

Carlyle, in his Essay on History, says, "History is the essence of innumerable biographies."

Men who render great services to their race and country, will always be remembered and honored by posterity. Nearly every age has produced such men. They are, in a certain sense, the elect of God's providence on earth, whom, from time to time, He calls forth to open new resources for mankind, and to point out new roads of activity for the human mind. Every generation, as if by one common impulse, has expressed its gratitude to them, either by written eulogies and orations, or by monuments, in order to transfer to future ages, not only a record of the exalted deeds of their great men, but also to show in what

manner they themselves acknowledge and appreciate the merits of those whom Providence was pleased to place in their midst.

Every nation jealously guards the history of her great men. France finds no language too rich to tell the history of her greatest general. Germany finds no oration too grand to celebrate the great ex-chancellor's natal day. America finds no marble too white for a monument to the memory of Washington. But if it reflects great credit upon these nations to have thus honored the men who distinguished themselves in the service of their respective race and country, how much more honor is due to that man whose life was a benefaction, not only to his own race and country, but to the world of mankind? The man who has, of all men, thus distinguished himself, is the one in whose memory we have assembled,—one of the world's greatest; one of America's greatest; our greatest; Frederick Douglass! His life has been, and shall ever be, an inspiration to suffering races; to men struggling under national prejudices; and to aspiring manhood, wherever found. His unfavorable, and yet favorable, birth; his intellectual capacities; his great qualities of heart; his force of will; his nobility of character; his untiring perseverance in the pursuit of his designs, a perseverance which could be checked by no obstacle; his magnanimity and whole-heartedness; his firmness in adversity; his goodness in prosperity; his cheerfulness and amiability under all circumstances; the stirring events of the period in which he lived; the need of an advocate for freedom, who could, in his own personality, show forth the suffering of the slave and the greatness of a noble soul; all alike declare that history shall record Frederick Douglass as a fit illustration of the possibilities of our American institutions, when a truly great soul is upon the stage of action.

John Lord says, in the preface to his work, "The Beacon Lights of History," "Inasmuch as the interest in the development of those great ideas and movements which we call civilization, centre, in no slight degree, in the men who were identified with them, I have endeavored to give a faithful picture of their lives in connection with the eras and institutions which they represent, whether they were philosophers, ecclesiastics, or men of action."

He then undertakes his task, upon this plan, selecting a great central character,—a Beacon Light,—and around this life he tells the history of events and institutions that were, more or less, affected by this great central character. America has her "Beacon Lights of History." Washington might well be selected as a Beacon Light of our early civilization. Grant, Sherman and Sheridan could easily gather about themselves our struggles and victories upon the field of battle. Webster, Calhoun and Clay may show forth the principles of oratory. Lincoln would be the central figure of a great contest. Garrison and Phillips would tell of the abolitionists' movement. But no one of these Beacon Lights, with the exception of Washington, can gather unto himself so

much of America's history, as can Frederick Douglass! The many years of American slavery, from its introduction, centre in his birth. The longing hopes and struggles of the enslaved find their most illustrious example of escape, in his flight from Maryland. The abolitionist movement gathers around him, as its illustration, as its soul, and its most eloquent advocate, either in America or in foreign lands. The agitation at the North; the secession of the South, and the war of the rebellion, were all more or less caused by the existence of the institution which Douglass represented. The great turning point in the struggle was due to his advice to President Lincoln to "arm the slaves." Therefore the great victory thus achieved by the Union army, cannot be written without the Douglass life, or can be best written with the Douglass life as its Beacon Light. And should the Colored American ever wish to transmit to generations yet unborn, their own struggles and achievements, Frederick Douglass would be the great central character around which our greatest accomplishments, thus far, would centre, and from which our greatest achievements in the future, shall borrow their inspiration.

The public schools of our city have already begun work for history. Last Friday young Colored America under the direction of its teachers, told of the birth, early struggles, achievements and death of our hero. This tells us that Frederick Douglass shall ever hold a place in the heart of Colored America, and that Douglass Day is a certainty. But, friends, should we assign to the Colored Americans alone, the place that Frederick Douglass shall occupy in history, we should do ourselves an injustice; we should do Douglass an injustice; we should do America an injustice. True, he was one of us. We love to think of him as a Colored American. He was ours and remained ours, but he became also the honored representative of our common country. He was proud of being a colored man, but he gloried in being an American citizen. America honored Douglass, Douglass honored America. He belonged to the nation as well as to the race. Orators, essayists and historians of the present generation may speak and write of him merely as a Colored American. This will not, however, do him proper honor. Unborn orators, essayists and historians will take him from this narrow confine and place him as one of America's greatest characters. The age in which Columbus lived could not do him justice. The age in which Attucks lived could not do him justice. The present age has placed them where they belong. The Columbian Exposition gave full recognition to him whose name it bore. The Attucks monument on Boston Common tells the world that it was a sable hand which struck the first blow for American independence.

The time will come when there shall be no distinction in America on account of race or color. The time will come in America when history shall be both written and read without prejudice. Then shall some John Lord, writing upon the Beacon Lights of American History, place

Washington as the one who best represents the early years and stirring events of our young country; Grant, Sherman and Sheridan as the most illustrious examples of military glory; Webster, Calhoun and Clay as models of American oratory; Garrison and Phillips as the leading spirits of the abolitionist movement; and Lincoln as the emancipator of four millions of slaves; then, reaching higher and still higher, for a beacon whose light shall illumine the history of the slave, from Jamestown to the emancipation; one whose existence was coincident with, and a part of, the most stirring events that have ever transpired in America; whose life-work was to advocate the noblest ideas and thoughts to men, and whose life shall serve as an inspiration to millions yet unborn, he will place, far above them all, the name of the slave, editor, advocate, diplomat, hero and chieftain, Frederick Douglass.

Rev. Francis J. Grimké, D. D., then pronounced the benediction, and the meeting adjourned.

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ADDRESS OF MR. I. C. WEARS, AT THE MEMORIAL MEETING  
HELD IN HONOR OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS, AT  
THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PHILADELPHIA, PA.,  
APRIL 15, 1895.

*Fellow Citizens* : It is fitting, indeed I think manifestly appropriate to the memory of one of the greatest of the apostles of human freedom of our times, that the citizens of Philadelphia and its vicinity should make some special public expression and acknowledgment of their estimation of the character and value of the public labors of the late Frederick Douglass.

It is fitting, first, because Pennsylvania, and especially Philadelphia, was, for more than half a century, the breakwater against which the surging billows of Southern slavery dashed with ever-increasing fury. It was in this city that most of the legal, as well as the physical, battles were fought for the maintenance of the personal freedom of its own citizens.

It was in this city that pro-slavery arrogance and brutality mobbed our citizens, both white and colored, burned to the ground our private dwellings, our anti-slavery halls, our churches and even our orphan asylums. It was in this city that the quiet and unoffending Quaker citizen of Lancaster County, of this State, "Castner Hanway," was tried for treason, because he declined to aid Gorsuch, a slaveholder, in the recovery of what he was pleased to call his slave property. The several weeks which have transpired since the demise of Frederick Douglass will not only protect this memorial meeting from the insinuation of being the outburst of mere emotions of sudden sorrow but will justify



the loftiest interpretation of a purpose to make honorable mention of his name and transmit to posterity his wondrous example of human possibilities.

I must leave to those appointed to follow me the more attractive work of weaving for this audience wreaths of eloquence, or the casting into it bouquets of rhetoric.

My simple task will be confined to a concise statement of the principles involved, as well as a brief recital of the events of history occurring in this country, in the period of the manhood existence of the great character whose matchless career we have to-night assembled to honor and to endorse.

It is not among the possibilities of human effort that we may do any kind of reasonable justice to either the character or labors of Frederick Douglass, except by first presenting to our audience, as far as may be, the field in which he labored and to some extent the beggarly facilities which were at his command.

Those living in the present generation, whose life period measures less than forty-five years (however intelligent they may be), have no definite conception, no adequate means of realizing the dark and bewildering reign of terror which preceded the years of 1860 and 1861. And even a deliberate effort by one who lived in the midst of its agonizing and soul-crushing potencies, may fail to present a faithful picture of those perilous times.

Considerate politeness to others who are to address you, will prevent my enlarging upon any topic I may present, or an attempt at extreme exemplification of the ideas which legitimately appear within the domain of my subject.

In painting the picture of the field in which this great man volunteered to labor, let me ask you to imagine, if you can, at this great distance from the scene, four millions of human beings, in a country under Christian government, doomed to incessant and unrequited toil; shut out from the protection of either sacred or of human law; imprisoned in a hopeless ignorance, and driven by the lash, the auction-block and branding iron, beyond range of every civilizing opportunity extended to others. Contemplate with me the disgusting spectacle, that of the twelve hundred thousand women of this same class, not one of them either was, or could be, a wife. By the very necessities of the horrid system and its laws (and I quote the law), they were each of them "held and reputed to be a chattel thing—personal to all intents and purposes whatsoever, having neither the right to buy, bargain, sell or exchange, but shall be held as any other property." They were, therefore, all living in enforced concubinage.

Keep before your offended vision the penal edict, nowhere else under civilization imposed, that from the cradle to the grave no one of these millions should, under any circumstances, be taught to spell even the name of the Judge of all the earth.

And now to extend the field of your retrospection to a wider range of observation, both as to territory and to population, to the forty millions of the so-called white freemen, and here you have a picture of that other great class of bondmen, politically, civilly and religiously subjected to the yoke of the Southern master. That they were slaves, the facts of history indisputably exhibit. First, they submitted to the humiliating demand that the master (in the ratio of Congressional representation) might count five of his chattel slaves as equal to three Northern white men.

The Congress of the United States was at that period a fair miniature representation of the whole national situation. Our Representatives in Congress assembled in those days would, in the interests of the whole country, present river and harbor bills, internal improvements, protective tariff measures, and instantly the representative of the slave master would step forward and blot out the entire list by writing in large letters the shibboleth "Slavery" over them.

These Southern masters, filled with wrath and mortification at the successful escape of numbers of their chattel slaves, at once determined to utilize the services of their white Northern slaves in order to recover what they claimed as their property. Being themselves owners of blood-hounds, they could and did use them in the South in pursuit of the fleeing bondsman, but north of Mason and Dixon's line another and different kind of a hound must be used. Hence, in 1850 they enacted the infamous "Fugitive Slave Bill," which made every Northern white man a slave hound in the unpaid service of their Southern masters.

It is important at this juncture that we recognize the fact that for thirty years preceding the war there were in this country two distinct anti-slavery or abolition parties. One was the Moral Suasionists, the other was the Political Actionists.

The creed of the Moral Suasionists was, that the Constitution of the United States was pro-slavery—that it was "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," and further, that to vote for any man who in assuming the duties of office should have to swear to support said Constitution, was an endorsement of said covenant, and hence they never voted. The creed of the Political Actionists was, that the Constitution of the United States was an anti-slavery document, a charter of human liberty, and, if properly interpreted and faithfully executed, slavery would cease to exist in this country by virtue of the organic law of the nation.

The Moral Suasionists were headed by William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Parker Pillsbury, Lucretia Mott and others. The Political Actionists were headed by Garrett Smith, William Goodell, Samuel R. Ward, Joshua R. Giddings and others.

Frederick Douglass in his first public labors acted for years with the former, but, convinced that political action was quite as important as argument, he linked his energetic activities with the latter. He had

witnessed the growing tendency of the Liberty party from 7000, in 1840, to 60,000 for J. K. Birney, in 1844. Being a voter at that period in the State of New York, he readily joined with the above-named abolitionists in forming the Free-Soil party, which in 1848 polled 120,000 votes in the State of New York, thereby knocking that State out of the Democratic list, and consequently defeating General Lewis Cass, the Democratic candidate. Encouraged by the potency, which their ever-increasing numbers gave promise of, their next work was to form a party, including the championship of the national exclusion of slavery from the territories. This was the origin and purpose of the great Republican party. And we maintain that the history of the broad and beneficent resolution which legitimately followed and has maintained itself up to the present hour, victoriously vindicates the wisdom both of the political philosophy and action which guided his footsteps and secured his masterly services.

The truth of history justifies, aye, demands, the reminder that in the midst of the hottest of this contest the brutal slaveholder was reinforced and defended by the public efforts and arguments of a very numerous and influential portion of the so-called Christian ministry both in the Northern and Southern States. They ransacked and perverted Holy Writ, from Genesis to Revelations, to produce incidents and precedents to vindicate and justify the foul and cruel system of American slavery.

This action on the part of these prominent religious teachers, aroused the antagonism of all real abolitionists against those by whom they were assailed, and in the heat of the contest between the assailed and the assailant, religion was made to suffer for the misdoings of those who claimed to be its public promoters and defenders.

Frederick Douglass, one of the greatest advocates of human freedom, marched into this fight and plied the scorpion lash of his caustic criticism to the backs of the pro-slavery clergymen. He was charged by them with being religiously sceptical.

Let me here say that for more than forty-five years it has been my custom and my pleasure to both publicly and privately review, criticise and antagonize in debate the doctrines of the religious sceptic, during which period I have enjoyed familiar personal contact with Frederick Douglass, and, although we have sometimes differed in some of the metaphysical abstractions of theology, I do not hesitate to say that I always regarded him as a great, good and religious man, whose Christian toilet had been somewhat soiled and disarranged by contact with the chimney-sweeps and pro-slavery scavengers, who were at that time passing themselves off as ministers of the Christian religion.

Allow me for a moment to repeat that, in the dark days of 1850 and thereabouts, when, at the commanding behests of the slave power, the Congress of the United States enacted the infamous "Fugitive Slave Bill" which brought terror and trepidation into every society organization, composed of colored people, secular and religious, in the Northern

States; when the bold, brazen slaveholder, flushed with his recent legislative victory, made the entire Northern States his hunting ground, compelling even white Northern citizens to aid in the capture of the fleeing bondsman; when Henry Clay rose in the Senate-chamber and proclaimed that "seventy years had sanctified the institution of slavery to the American people, and that the question of its continued existence was settled, and, thank God, settled forever,"—it was then, in response to that devilish announcement, in the Cimerian gloom which had settled upon our country, that the prophetic soul of the great Douglass, grasping a wider range of observation, and lifting his voice to inspire with renewed courage the beleaguered armies of freedom, with trumpet-tongued eloquence cried out: "I see an arm reaching down from God out of the heavens stronger than any human arm, an arm stronger than all human arms; I see an intelligence, higher and holier than all human intelligences, they are guarding and guiding our cause and are making auxiliaries of its enemies. I am willing to trust that arm. I am willing to confide in that intelligence, that it will ere long bring our storm-tossed vessel to the desired port."

And I may here add that at that dismal period of the struggle there was no such faith in God found among all that sanctimonious class who boisterously stigmatized him as an infidel.

It was not the love they had for the Christian religion that prompted these minions of caste and despotism to arraign this great and good man as an infidel. It was rather their superserviceable readiness to serve the slave-holding power, which at that period ruled in Church and State.

"They die unlamented by people and laws,  
Whose lives were but shadows on Liberty's cause;  
They slumber unblest by futurity's star,  
Who have blocked the track of humanity's car.

"Regarded when dead by the wise and the good,  
As the shepherd regards the dead wolf in the wood.  
They are only unhated when heaven shall efface  
The memory of such from the souls of the race."

. . . . The people of the Northern and Western States, availing themselves of the opportunities which the territorial question gave them, made through the ballot box, by the election of Abraham Lincoln, an official and popular declaration of independence, thus saying to the tyrant, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further!" . . . Smarting under the humiliating threat of Robert Toombs, of Georgia, that he would "yet call the roll of his slaves under the shadow of Bunker Hill," the whole North rose in rebellion and threw from their necks the galling yoke of the slave oligarchy by placing on guard the immortal Lincoln. This political revolution struck terror into the ranks of the Southern tyrant. They saw in that result that the abolitionists by their agitation and by their educational agencies had set the entire North ablaze with

the sentiments and principles of political and personal freedom. They the people of the South saw as we then saw the "arm," to which Frederick Douglass had pointed us just ten years before that period, as "stronger than all human arms."

When the history of that period is read with care, it will be clearly seen that theirs is an attempt to get away from a moral and political conflagration, which they had no means of extinguishing and no other means of avoiding.

We contend, therefore, the labors, the ostracisms and the sufferings of the abolitionists, and the unprecedented revolution, which has freed every man, white and black, North and South, and has buried the auction-block, the branding-iron and enforced concubinage, stand in the intimate relation of cause and effect.

This rebellion of 1860, through the agency of the ballot box was the first great national step for freedom in seventy-five years.

More than fifty years acquaintance with Frederick Douglass demands of me on this occasion a brief mention also of some of his personal characteristics.

First, then, let me say that during that extended period he was Orator Douglass, Editor Douglass, United States Minister Douglass and Mr. Douglass. He not only fully and faithfully performed the duties of each of these several departments while he honored them with his intelligent services, but he was more permanently and delightfully charming as Mr. Douglass, in his broad, brave, buoyant and beautiful manliness, as seen and enjoyed by those who had the good fortune to meet him, either in social or in civil life.

In blandness and urbanity, in unostentatious kindness and instinctive generosity he seemed without a peer. He was easily approached by all who had any legitimate claim on his time, his attention, or his services.

He had a supreme contempt for that haughtiness which distinguishes small-minded men, when they find themselves in authority or in popular favor.

He entertained a supreme contempt for the pitiable race distinctions tolerated by small-minded people in this country.

And we are proud to be able to say of him that neither his broad culture nor his ample material competence could lure him from the old intimate and companionable relationship with that portion of the people with whom he was identified by complexional classification.

However the public and most of his friends and acquaintances may have been startled by his sudden demise, some of those who knew him more intimately can affirm that for years he had made himself familiar with his proximate and probable contingencies of sudden departure from the scenes of his earthly labor.

Unlike many other great men, Frederick Douglass does not at this time, nor in the near future, require the erection of expensive monuments to remind us or our immediate posterity of the majestic grandeur

of his incomparable life-work. Monuments in the shape of school-houses in every considerable town and city south of Mason and Dixon's line, the numerous colleges and other institutions of learning, the practical personal liberties of the millions, who have reaped and are in enjoyment of blessings so largely the results of his labors dwarf into comparative and utter insignificance any mere structure of either brass or of stone.

No man living, I care not what may be the measure or character of his intellect, is capable of making a just estimate of the character and the work of Frederick Douglass in this country in the last fifty years, who leaves out of sight the fact that he labored for the white man's liberty, as well as for the black,—for woman's freedom and enfranchisement, as well as for man's. In this respect he has left his footprints on every square mile of territory within the jurisdiction of this great country.

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. H. L. WAYLAND, DELIVERED AT  
THE MEMORIAL MEETING, HELD AT THE ACADEMY  
OF MUSIC, PHILADELPHIA, PA., ON THE  
EVENING OF APRIL 15, 1895.

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :*

I cannot look upon the eminent citizen whose name is in every heart this evening, simply as a public man. To me, he was a valuable personal friend. Forty-two years ago, while I was residing in Rochester, I made his acquaintance, and was captivated by his brilliant and admirable qualities. I had the opportunity of rendering him some slight service, which he, with characteristic generosity, estimated at far more than its real worth. I had the honor of introducing him to three presidents of American colleges, a circumstance to which he often alluded with pleasure. In 1854 he was invited to give the annual literary address before what was then Western Reserve College, at Hudson, Ohio, which has since been removed to Cleveland, and largely endowed, and which now bears the name of Adelbert College. It was the first time such an invitation had been given to him, or, I imagine, to any colored man. He naturally felt a good deal of hesitation. I urged him to accept the service. He did so, and, thinking that for a college occasion, something of a scientific turn would be demanded, he selected as his subject "The Claims of the Negro, Ethnologically Considered." When he had read what was within his reach on the subject, I asked permission of Dr. Martin B. Anderson, then president of the University of Rochester, an eminent and widely read student of ethnology, to bring Mr. Douglass to his house, that the latter might have the benefit of his great stores of information. The president

kindly welcomed him, loaned him books, and afforded him the yet more invaluable inspiration of his personal encouragement. The address went off well, although Mr. Douglass was fettered by the use of manuscript, to which he was unaccustomed, and probably was not unconscious of his academic audience. He subsequently expressed the opinion that he would have done better to have spoken upon his great theme, and to have let himself out. One incident in regard to the address I recall. He quoted the opinion of some ethnologist, who claimed that the negro was radically differentiated from the other races, by his small, thin, weak voice. Mr. Douglass made no comment, but simply declaimed this extract from the author in a voice of thunder that made the rafters ring.

Later I was living in Worcester, the heart of the Commonwealth, a community more true to liberty than any other city in America. I fully agree with the sentiments that I have heard uttered by Theodore Parker, that, if you tie a rope ten miles long to the steeple of the Old South Church in Worcester, and use it as a radius, you will include within that circle a higher average, intellectually and morally, than anywhere else on the earth. Just after the crime of the Dred-Scott decision, I arranged a lecture for Mr. Douglass in the Worcester City Hall, and, for the first time in his history, he was introduced by the Mayor of the city, who presided. After the lecture, there was a little supper, at which, in addition to Mr. Douglass, the guest of honor, there were present John Brown of Ossawatamie, later of Harper's Ferry; Hon. Eli Thayer, then Member of Congress; Hon. W. W. Rice, later Member of Congress; Hon. J. N. Walker, present Member of Congress, and other citizens. Pardon me for these details, which I do not enter into from any personal motive, but simply to introduce an incident which took place twenty years later, while Mr. Douglass was Marshal of the District of Columbia. I called upon him in his office. His son came into the room, and Mr. Douglass said, "My son, this is Mr. Wayland. Mr. Wayland was a friend to your father at a time when your father needed a friend very much." The recollection of these few words, touching in their simplicity, I prize greatly at this hour.

It would be very pleasant to spend the time which your courtesy allows me in eulogizing the virtues of Mr. Douglass. There is little need to speak of his eloquence. Coming upon the platform in a day when Curtis and Sumner and Phillips were speaking, he occupied no second place. Forty years ago, John G. Palfrey, formerly a professor in Harvard University, from his place in the popular branch of Congress, spoke of Mr. Douglass as speaking and writing the English language "in a manner of which any member might be proud." He had the qualifications of a great orator. Eloquence comes from the heart. It is true of the orator, as of the poet:

"Men are cradled into poetry by wrong;  
They learn in suffering, what they teach in song."

In order to be eloquent, there must be a great cause, a great experience, a great agony. I can but think it a wonderful adjustment of Providence that in Mr. Douglass were united the burning experience, with the gift of speech. I seem to hear him now, as, looking back to the former condition of himself and those associated with him, he exclaimed, "Oh, the depth, the depth!" The utterance of these words cost him twenty years of slavery and a half century of sympathy.

Along with his eloquence and his brilliancy, Mr. Douglass united a wisdom, a good sense, that never allowed him to go astray. I recall no public man who has made fewer mistakes. His wisdom, together with his mental independence, was illustrated by his relations to Mr. Garrison and others of the old abolition leaders. They held that the Constitution was a pro-slavery document; that it was, in their own often-quoted language (which I think was printed every week on the first page of the *Liberator*), "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." They refused to act under the Constitution. They abjured the exercise of the franchise. They set at naught force and trusted only to moral appeal. But they did use words infinitely sharper than the sword. Mr. Douglass' early associations were with these men, who are to be honored for their bravery and their fidelity. But in the course of time, with enlarging wisdom, he found himself differing from them, and he was forced to protest against their fundamental principle and against their methods and spirit. He declared that the Constitution was an anti-slavery document, and that it contained resources for the universal establishment of liberty. Time passed. Under the forms of the Constitution, the great emancipator was elected. A President, constitutionally chosen, signed the Proclamation of Emancipation, and, through the armies of the United States, and under its flag, slavery was annihilated.

A striking feature in the character of Mr. Douglass was the absence of bitterness. He warred against a system, not against man. That was a very touching episode, his visit, late in life, to his old master, from whom, fifty years before, he had run away.

Mr. Douglass had a broad humanity. His sympathies were not confined to the advocacy of any single cause, or the championship of any single class or sex. His voice was enlisted for all who suffered wrong.

It would be pleasant to dwell at length upon the character of our honored friend. But I think we should do injustice to the occasion, if we did not draw from the life that has closed, one or two lessons. Especially here is an example in inspiration, for the young. I do not know in all history a parallel. Here is a lad—born a slave, not merely a serf, of the same race and color of the master, and belonging to the soil; but bearing upon his brow the indelible problem of his servitude, and of the defencelessness of his mother; liable to be brought to the block at a moment's notice; knowing law only by the burdens it imposed and the wrongs it inflicted. To teach him the five letters



which spell the name of the Redeemer of mankind is a penal offence. He has no property, no rights, no future. In childhood he sleeps on the floor, in a tow bag, which but partly covers him. He wears by day a single tow garment, and he picks out of the dust the grains of corn which the chickens have left. You heard him say, not long ago, in this city: "The slave looked at his body, and they told him it belonged to his master; and they told him that his soul belonged to God, and so he had nothing." He bore on his own body the marks of the lash, and could not have protected his own sister, his own mother, his own wife, from the vilest profanation. Robbed of everything else, he has a soul, a will, a mind; he has a sense of right and wrong, he has something in him, which, like the magnetic needle, eagerly quivers toward the North, and he dreams of the polar star.

After he had made his way to a land where slavery was forbidden, he was yet under the ban. White workmen would not labor by his side; in the steamboat, in the cars, in the place of amusement, not seldom in the house of worship, he saw or heard or felt the words, "No niggers allowed here!"

This was the man who, later, was the friend of Lincoln, and of Grant and of Sumner; who was chosen elector-at-large for the Empire State; who repeatedly sailed upon national ships, sent upon errands of honor by the nation; who ranked among the authors and orators of America; who was a welcome guest in many of the oldest and proudest homes of Great Britain and of Europe; who, but the other day, was borne to his grave amid universal reverence; whose body lay in state in the city of Rochester, where for a score of years he had resided. The story of his youth, of his manhood, of his age, unite in saying to every young man: "Nothing is impossible to him who wills." "Would you be held in honor? Make yourself worthy of honor!"

And out of this life, there grows a lesson for every one of us. We shall have conflicts, obstacles, enemies; and the higher our aims, the more generous our purposes, so much the more formidable the adversaries. We have to contend against the saloon, against the gambling-hell, against the spoils system, against the fraudulent vote, against ignorance, against superstition, against oppression, against race prejudice, against the lynching mob. Not seldom the conflict seems difficult, and success is invisible. We look at his history; we see the changes and the conquests which were compassed by the duration of a single life; we see the system of slavery, which for generations ruled the country absolutely, and which seemed more enduring than Gibraltar, now a dishonored fact in ancient history. We see an army of dark-hued children going daily to their schools. We see the colored adorning almost every station and every profession, and we realize that despair, that doubt, is a crime, which not humanity, and hardly God, can forgive.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE ADDRESS OF MRS. FANNIE  
JACKSON COPPIN, DELIVERED AT THE MEMORIAL  
MEETING IN PHILADELPHIA, PA.,  
APRIL 15, 1895.

. . . . "The picturesque figure of Frederick Douglass stands vividly before us as one of the great spirits born in servitude and nursed in scorn. He worked himself up to a position that any man in the world might be proud to hold, but the one thing that most distinguished him, was his sterling character. Frederick Douglass lived to see the great work for which he had labored fully completed. His good opinion of the rights of women was also a striking trait in his character. He held that women were not only capable of governing the household, but also of elective franchise. We have lost the most conspicuous advocate of our rights, by the death of Frederick Douglass.

The matter of justice and right is being fought now, by only a few colored people, but the principles of justice and freedom in this country shall flourish over the graves of those who contend against them. Frederick Douglass is dead, but his memory and his work will still live."

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ADDRESS OF MR. S. H. TAFT, DELIVERED AT THE MEMO-  
RIAL MEETING HELD AT DES MOINES, IOWA,  
MARCH 6, 1895.

*Mr. Chairman and Fellow Citizens :*

On coming into your city to-night I learned, from the morning papers, of this meeting, called to commemorate the great services which Frederick Douglass has rendered to his race, to the nation, and the world. While at once resolving to attend, I had no expectation of taking part in the meeting, as one of the speakers. But in the absence of your distinguished fellow citizen, Judge Wright, who cannot be present, I should do violence to the spirit of the occasion should I decline to accept the invitation to speak this evening.

Frederick Douglass and I were friends in the olden days when contempt for, and persecution of, the old line abolitionists, gave great significance to friendship. We were often associated together in the Liberty party campaigns. I first met Mr. Douglass at anti-slavery meetings, where he was always in demand. When lecturing in Oswego County, New York, he used often to make my father's house his home. Mr. Douglass was a delightful conversationalist and one of the best of story tellers. His stories were free from the taint of vulgarity, always

mirth provoking, often instructive. When listening to a narration of his own adventures one was often at a loss to know whether to laugh or weep, and would often do both before he knew it. No one who ever heard Mr. Douglass tell the story of his first Sunday in church after his escape from slavery, will ever forget it. I will venture to repeat the story as I remember it. "On the first Sunday after my coming into a free State I attended meeting at a Methodist church. Entering the church I had proceeded but a little way up the aisle, when the usher touched me on the shoulder, saying, 'The colored people sit up there,' pointing up into the gallery. I went up there and found the part of the gallery designed for us, with very different seats from those occupied by the white people; the partitions between our pews being much the higher, so high that none but very tall persons could see the preacher, when seated. I remained through the service in no very devotional frame of mind. It being quarterly meeting, the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was observed. During the singing which followed the sermon, the altar was twice filled and the communicants served, after which the presiding elder said, 'If there are any more of our white brethren and sisters who have not partaken of the sacred emblems, let them now come forward.' Not to exceed half a dozen came to the altar, leaving plenty of room for all the colored members to be served at the same time, but this might not be. After these few had partaken and retired, the presiding elder, peering from the pulpit up to the retired corner occupied by the colored people, and extending both hands in an inviting and pleading manner, exclaimed, 'And now let our dear colored brethren and sisters come forward; come forward, brethren and sisters, come forward, and partake of the sacred emblems, for God is no respecter of persons.' I did not go forward, for I felt like the simple fellow who, having applied for admission to a Baptist church, and seeing that he was likely to be rejected, quickly arose and withdrew his application, giving as a reason, that he had changed his mind and instead of uniting with the church he was going to join an engine company."

I had the honor to be one of the delegates representing the State of New York, in the Pittsburg convention of 1852, which nominated Hale and Julian as the standard bearers of the Free Democratic party. Among the delegates representing the Empire State were Gerritt Smith and Frederick Douglass. On our way home the cars halted for the passengers to take dinner at a station between Pittsburg and Cleveland. The New York delegation, with many New England delegates, among whom were Charles Francis Adams, Amasa Walker, and General Wilson, commenced gathering around a long table prepared for the occasion, when the master of ceremonies seeing the stalwart figure of Douglass approaching the table, called out to him, "You cannot come, we don't feed niggers here." As Douglass went out the whole delegation followed him, and crossing the street, we took dinner at a more hospitable table.

Mr. Douglass was a man of the highest oratorical power. He was also a statesman of marked attainments, and his statesmanship was of that high order which led him to recognize the principle of law as proclaimed by Blackstone, viz., "To command what is right and forbid what is wrong." Fidelity to this principle of law, not only made him a foe to American slavery, but also to all forms of monopoly, and especially to the most heartless and murderous monopoly of all, the licensed saloon traffic. His conception of law represented under a Republican form of government made him, of necessity, a defender of equal suffrage, which cause he championed with masterly ability.

The sentiment of Terrance, a Grecian slave, uttered centuries ago, found full expression in the life and work of Frederick Douglass, viz.: "Nothing pertaining to the welfare of man is foreign to me." When he came into the political arena, he found the Whig and Democratic parties wholly dominated by the slave power, and he identified himself with the despised band of abolitionists, known as the Liberty party. He remained with this party until its place was first taken by the Free-Soil party, of 1848; next by the Free Democratic party, of 1852; and finally by the Republican party, of 1856-60. Well do I remember his terrible arraignment and condemnation of the old political parties, for their guilty partnership with African slavery. On one occasion, after drawing a picture of the nation's guilt, that made every cheek tingle with indignant shame, he said, "I welcome the bolt, come it from heaven or hell, that shall break the power of these allies of American slavery." His resistless power as an orator, on great occasions, was unsurpassed by any of all the great men who have fought freedom's battles. At the time when the representatives of slavery stood in the pulpits, presided in our courts, mutilated our school books and made the laws of the nation, a meeting of the persecuted friends of freedom was held in Tremont Temple, Boston, Frederick Douglass being one of the speakers. He told the story of the nation's shame and of freedom's betrayal. He spoke of the anguish of his race, and of the humiliation of Northern freemen, who by the Fugitive Slave Law had been transformed into bloodhounds to bay upon the path of the fleeing bondman. The expression of his face, and the intonations of his voice, told of feelings too deep for utterance. The audience had come into such perfect sympathy with the speaker, that every heart seemed ready to break with commingled feelings of humiliation, indignation and despair, when the oppressive spell was broken by Sojourner Truth, who cried out, "Frederick! is God dead?" That question, like the affirmation of Garfield on the occasion of Lincoln's assassination, pierced the brooding night of despair, with the sunlight of hope. For several moments, Mr. Douglass stood silent, then answered slowly and solemnly: "No! God is not dead! And it is because God is not dead, that I speak!" Mr. Douglass was a deeply religious man. Believing in God, he believed in the final triumph of right. In this faith he lived and worked, and in this faith he triumphantly and peacefully died.

Mr. Douglass has been an important personality among American reformers for almost half a century. What cause having for its object the bringing in of God's kingdom upon earth, has he not advocated? He will be greatly missed. While mourning his departure, let us not fail to temper our sorrow with the sentiment of gratitude, that he has been so faithful in his service to humanity and God, and that the rich fruits of his labors remain to bless the world. In sad sincerity I lay upon memory's altar my tribute of respect and love for the genial, faithful friend, the eloquent orator, the noble patriot, the wise statesman, and the Christian gentleman, Frederick Douglass.

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REMARKS OF JUSTICE JOHN M. HARLAN, OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT,

At the Memorial Meeting held in the Metropolitan A. M. E. Church, Washington, D. C., Tuesday Evening, June 4, 1895, by the Bethel Literary and Historical Association, of which Mr. Douglass was a member.

Justice Harlan, in taking the chair, said :

I accept without hesitation, the invitation to preside over this meeting, and the more because I am always glad of an opportunity to testify to my respect for the memory of the distinguished man whom we honor here to-night, a man great in his physical manhood, but still greater in his mental and moral organization. I do not hesitate to say that among the orators that this country has produced, there was no greater than Frederick Douglass, and in all my long enjoyment of his acquaintance, I never met a man of loftier character.

The address of the evening was delivered by Hon. E. D. Bassett, ex-Minister to Haiti.

THE ADDRESS OF MR. BASSETT.

In making up a judgment of Mr. Douglass we cannot stop with the application of the facts, and only those are satisfactorily applied in judging and weighing other men who like him have stood out before the world as the great lights stand out in our Northern sky. The standards by which we may judge and compare other men do not cover his case. It is evident that no just estimate can be made of his qualities and achievements without a proper consideration of the estate of his birth and early years, which is unlike that of other men grown great in our

history, and of the then existing and subsequent condition of things affecting the current of his life and of events as the world saw them. But there must also be taken into view the fixed conventional forces, stronger and more difficult of change than the written law, because they lie in the unreasoning, universal consent, or the preponderating acquiescence of sentiment beyond the reach of the mere *lex scripta*, which were arrayed against him, but of which others with whom we might compare him, never felt the crushing effect. Indeed it is believed that the history of the human species shows that an all-pervading race prejudice, the soul and animus of the caste system, is one of the strongest forces in the world, and I think that in our own country it is only a little less un-American, or an infringement on the genius of our institutions and the spirit of Christian civilization, than slavery itself.

"You must judge us," as he himself was wont to say. "You must judge us out of the depths out of which we have come, rather than by any heights to which we have risen."

And those depths, hardly conceivable by one of the present generation, were the darkness of the tomb, the very shadow of death. They constituted the system which engulfed him at his birth, and by which men were counted as mere property, personal property, and in one State (Louisiana) at least, they were held, I know not by what principle of accepted law, to be real estate. This form of bondage was not merely theoretical; "it was not," as Mr. Douglass once said of Dr. Gardiner Spring's reference to slavery *per se* and *ipso facto*, "any mere Latin grammar slavery." But it was and was intended to be, a real slavery, which bound the limbs in chains; which seared the quivering flesh; which darkened the windows of the soul; which burned out the moral eyes; which stifled the voice of conscience, robbed men of their manhood by cowering the courage and crushing the instincts of manliness and humanity, and subordinated by actual physical force and violence, by the cat-o'-nine-tails and the thumb screw, the whole human existence in all its possible aspirations to joy and happiness, to growth, divine inspiration and preparation for the hereafter, to the absolute whim or will of another. No account whatever could be taken of the slaves' wishes. The deliberate purpose often, and the tendency always, were to imbrute, to wear out or use up solely according to avarice and greed, so that human life became a mere question of mathematics on the ledger of the slave owner. I know that this statement has been hotly denied. But it is nevertheless a matter of historical record that it was openly avowed to be a sound principle of plantation management in some of our Southern States to work up gangs of negroes every seven years and supply their places by new purchases, rather than to attempt to prolong their lives by moderate labors. (See Bryant's U. S. History, Vol. IV., p. 261.) At any rate it was all darkness and ignorance and moral death, wholly an abject animal existence, under constant coercion. And there was a fixed determination, at least a concurrent understanding,

of State, of society, and of church, that the slave and his offspring should be forever kept in the estate of their birth.

Now it was in the lowest depth of these depths, in this very mouth of hell, in this Golgotha of human woe, this very darkest of obscurity, that Frederick Douglass was born and spent the first twenty-one years of his life.

His case appears without a parallel in that of any other man who has climbed up before the world and won, as he won, the confidence of civilization and the respect of mankind. For when we turn from the revolting picture in the prison-house of despair, we see this man who was there weighted down with chains and reared in hunger and degradation, in rags and scorn, risen to an eminence and esteem in the world which has rarely been surpassed by any other American, however favored by social or official station. If we recall the messages concerning him that have recently appeared in the great journals throughout our own and other lands, we may be persuaded that this is not the language of exaggeration or extravagance.

Certain it is that his life was a romance. It was indeed stranger than any mere fiction, more notable, more extraordinary than that of any other man in the history of this country. No other man ever has touched or ever can now touch against almost every phase of American life as he did. No other man more than he could command the thoughtful attention, quicken the understanding or awaken the conscience of the great public on any mooted question affecting the rights of man, or the interests of humanity, fair dealing or good citizenship in this Republic. And I think it can justly be said of him that on no other ground whatever than that of pure personal merit, he fairly impressed himself on the times in which he lived as it comes to few of any estate or country or epoch to be able to do.

It is true that he held public office. But this was after he was fifty years of age, and, although he confessedly fulfilled with dignity, with signal fidelity and ability every public trust confided to him,—it cannot justly be claimed or pretended that mere official station added in the least to the general esteem which he had already won or to his acknowledged power and influence among men.

It is in no way probable that the world will soon forget so prominent, so striking, so unique a figure, a life that presents such extraordinary extremes and contrasts. Frederick Douglass will take his place on the page of history as one of the most notable and honorably distinguished characters, not only of our own country, but also of our times.

We may well pause to inquire what were the masterly intellectual and moral endowments, what the genius of inspiration, what the peculiar personal traits, what the invisible force, what the condition of things,—in a word, what were the secrets of this man's power, that permitted and led to these marvelous achievements?

There were in him personal traits, habits of thought, mental processes, lines of reflection, unwritten rules governing his conduct, hopes and aspirations, all lying somewhat back of those which the general public knew of him.

I am persuaded that all his fixed habits, all his springs of action and conduct, his speech and his conduct itself, carried to their minutest scrutiny in his ordinary, everyday life, as I saw them, were cast on the highest and purest plane. I believe that if they could all be spread out upon canvass before us here to-day, not one of us would fail to honor and esteem him more than ever before, or to be inspired to nobler motives and longer life.

While it is altogether probable that Mr. Douglass' great abilities many remarkable qualities, and his distinguished energies would, under any circumstances, have pushed him to the front in any free community however great, it is still also probable that neither he nor any other man would have reached the heights that he reached, if there had not been after all in the spirit of the times, in the contemporaneously existing conditions, in the trend of things, some favoring elements, some smouldering fires in the public conscience, which, however hidden from view or lulled into temporary silence, he seemed born to touch and rekindle into activity.

I once asked him if when he was in New Bedford working on the wharves, he had any idea of the possession of powers and abilities which the world has since recognized in him. He assured me in the most impressive manner that he not only had at that time no idea whatever of any such possession, and could hardly realize the fact as late as when I put the question to him, but that his only ambition and wish were to be permitted to enjoy the fruits of his hard manual labor as a freeman.

In the same sense General Grant tells us in his "Memoirs" that in 1861 he felt grave doubts as to his ability to command a single regiment of soldiers, and Bonaparte was at the age of twenty-five years denounced, put under arrest and disgraced for manifest ignorance and incompetency as a mere inspector of artillery.

So imperfectly do men sometimes know themselves, and so much do great achievements depend on existing conditions and responsibilities.

"I know very well," said Napoleon in the zenith of his power, "I know very well that my son cannot succeed me; I could not succeed myself."

Before Mr. Douglass had gained his freedom slavery had been abolished in the British Antillean colonies, and the avowed public policy of the government and the sentiment of the people of Great Britain, as well as of the European countries, were arrayed against slavery. The South American States, too, in throwing off allegiance to the Spanish crown had also thrown off the incubus of African slavery. All this constituted a tremendous moral force for freedom and against African slavery.



There were also certain other irresistible, underground currents slowly but surely undermining oppression everywhere. One of them was the forces set in motion by the French Revolution, which even the selfish and hypocritical, but powerful, "Holy Alliance" could not wholly arrest; another was the very fundamental character of our own government; another was the steady growth of intelligence; another was the theoretical acceptance of the Christian religion, and still another was the existence all along and everywhere among us, of certain deep-seated, though dormant and suppressed, moral convictions and humane instincts, which were creditable alike to our common humanity and especially to the Anglo-Saxon race.

As a logical outgrowth of all this, there had sprung up in several of the States anti-slavery societies, which were never wholly suppressed. But the expression against slavery became timid and receding, just in proportion as slavery became bold, defiant and aggressive.

In 1791 Jonathan Edwards advocated immediate emancipation. There was almost no response and he withdrew. But forty years later a further outgrowth of all the culminating forces was the coming forward to the front of a bold, determined man, the very embodiment of the anti-slavery idea.

In 1831 William Lloyd Garrison unfurled the banner of the immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery as the right of the slave and the duty of the master. Amid a sea of difficulties and every possible phase of discouragement, he hoisted and held the banner aloft. It stood out as a beacon light to the enslaved: it formed a nucleus around which could cluster all the bold, determined, aggressive anti-slavery convictions of the period.

It must not, however, be forgotten that slavery and contempt for the negro race were now more active and exacting than ever. A careful American writer has stated that about that time in this country slavery was more powerful than the English throne was in 1625, monarchy in 1780, or the English aristocracy in 1800. On the one side were the overshadowing influence of a great government, power, wealth, social standing, the press, the pulpit, the courts of law, a united public sentiment and very great material interests; all in hostile array and armed with a fierce determination to stifle every anti-slavery utterance and put down every anti-slavery movement.

On the other hand stood a single man of Puritan stock, inspired with a holy cause, armed only with a sense of duty and an unshakable purpose to speak the truth in peaceful appeal to the understanding and the conscience of his fellow men. He stood his ground amid every invention of tyrannical wrath, fiendish mobs, personal violence and brutal ostracism, and facing death at every turn.

After ten years of battle with the slave power, victory seemed for him less possible than at the beginning. Slavery appeared to think that it had hedged him about so as to limit and minimize his power to harm

its interests. There was a lull in the battle, and a sort of general apathy on the question of slavery had gradually spread over the country. Anti-slavery societies had begun to disband, and the people to tire of slavery agitation.

It was just at this juncture that all unexpectedly and by the merest accident, Mr. Douglass came upon the scene. It was like many another mere incident that has proved the beginning of important events in history.

He was in the full vigor of early manhood, being then in his twenty-fifth year, of tall and manly presence, possessing powers of intellect, eloquence and courage, which he and his small circle of acquaintances and friends then little suspected. But it was the man and the hour.

Almost before he knew it he had buckled on his armor and was ready for the conflict. The audacious, defiant, dominating presence of slavery, of which he had himself been so recently a victim, roused all the latent power of his being and at once lifted him to adequate expression. He had suffered intensely in slavery, and he would from the beginning burn into the understanding and heart of others both the facts and the cause of his sufferings. As he spoke of the dreadful wrongs of slavery, his eye glowed with intensity and his whole being seemed to be lighted up with inspiration from on high.

As he now went from city to city and from State to State, his powers developed rapidly. He soon began to appear to those who heard him, like a revelation, a fiery meteor, clothed with almost superhuman powers let down from the skies to stir up the human heart against slavery,—the first small wire stretched over the chasm separating the two races and he was in truth an entirely new element flung into the scales against slavery. He was like Blücher at Waterloo,—Sheridan at Winchester. The fame of him spread rapidly after that extraordinary impromptu outburst at Nantucket in the summer of 1841. Forthwith interest in the Garrisonian crusade began to revive. To Mr. Douglass more than to any other man, was due the revival of interest in the anti-slavery agitation from 1841 and onward. It was a great, singular and marvelous regeneration.

There was this man—this unlettered negro, just escaped from slavery, who somehow, in spite of the unpopularity of his color and his cause, could and did command attention and provoke discussion wherever he went,—here was this messenger from the dark land of slavery, a living, overwhelming contradiction to all the specious pleas of the slaveholder. He told such a straightforward story, he spoke with so much sense and force, with so much courage and genius, that even men who despised and condemned, could but listen, and to listen was to be stirred and moved.

Ingenious devices, threats of kidnapping and actual personal violence were put into requisition to silence him. But it is a most remarkable fact that every attempt to discredit him, to cow, coerce, or coax him into holding his peace, seemed in some mysterious way to be in the

end turned to his advantage. Indeed, he himself modestly says in his autobiography that he was often more indebted to his enemies than to his own skill or the assistance of friends for whatever success attended his labors. It is a literal fact that in the height of the anti-slavery struggle he actually drew the eyes of two continents upon him.

As I look back at it all now, it seems as if he really were an apostle, inspired and sent of God to proclaim through the darkness the glad tidings of a coming emancipation.

Again and again men asked, Whence hath this man knowledge, having never learned, and being only a negro?

I very much doubt whether there is in our country to-day any man that could command the public attention now, as Mr. Douglass did then. At any rate there is not now, and I hope there never will be again, any such mooted question to touch the heart and stir the instincts of humanity, as slavery did.

What was there in this man which enabled him thus to tower above others of the same faith, over others who like himself had escaped from slavery, and, I may ask, over men of the more favored race, gifted with faith, courage and eloquence, who had called him to their side? In the first place, nature and early training seemed to have equipped him in a special manner for his life-work. No college or university, however moss-grown its shades, ever sent forth a graduate more aptly fitted for a useful or special calling than Mr. Douglass was for the fulfillment of his mission. His was indeed a hard school, but it did its work thoroughly.

You may well smile when I speak of his training, yet it may be fairly presumed that his running wild in childhood, his hard out-door work and light diet in youth, helped to develop that powerful, finely knit frame, and to lay the foundations of that remarkable capacity of endurance, courage and abstemiousness, which characterized all his subsequent life.

Mr. Douglass' physical equipment left little to be desired. The tall and manly form of singular grace and vitality; the erect carriage that had something majestic about it; the searching but kindly eye; the whole cut of that strange, strong face, set off with the semblance of a certain scornful expression which told of the gall of early trials to a proud and sensitive nature like his; the never-to-be-forgotten flowing locks; the striking intelligence beaming in the look; the apparently unconscious possession of reserved forces; the perfect self-poise; the rare and happy blending of affability and modesty with dignity of bearing—all this gave him a distinguished appearance, a truly imposing presence, which everywhere stamped him as a man of mark, and were of no mean advantage to him from the beginning to the end of his career.

His faculty of observation and perception was singularly clear and keen, and his memory was phenomenal. He saw everything and

remembered everything. About the only reference I ever heard him make to his many striking gifts of intelligence was when he said to me some years ago: "Ah yes, Bassett, nothing escapes me, nothing escapes me." He was not artificial and it was difficult for him to conceal whatever was uppermost with him. But it was this faculty of clear, keen observation, coupled with his just appreciation of things that enabled him to profit in so marked a degree by the cultivation and refinement with which he came in contact. He could not assume a semblance. He had to absorb and make his own before he could use what he desired.

He possessed the power of rapid induction and sustained inward reflexion to an extent that is altogether beyond the ordinary, even among the most intelligent; and the same estimate may be placed upon his strong, penetrating intuitions. These together gave him the power to see, to weigh, to compare, with surprising and unequivocal accuracy, and to seem often to leap over intervening steps, from phenomena and facts to their cause and just relation. It was thus that he was never caught unawares or put in a place that he could not fill.

When I was a lad I used to hear the lawyers say of Chief Justice Marshall, that he first gave his decisions by a sort of intuition and then called upon Mr. Justice Story to hunt up the authorities, afterward. What set the country lawyers to talking about it was that the Justice's law, dug up with infinite pains, and the Chief Justice's intuitions, generally agreed. It always seemed that Mr. Douglass could have just as safely trusted his intuitions.

His grasp of thought, resting on broad and solid base, led him to new and often striking and brilliant generalizations. Common sense, which Trench declares to be the common bond of all others, he possessed in a very high degree. In him it seemed overpowering, and it never forsook him. It acted as a balance wheel to his other faculties, and with them gave him the power to look on all sides of things in such a way that he seldom got them out of their real or relative proportions to one another. Whoever knew him to offend good tastes? Whoever heard him say an altogether foolish or preposterous or wholly unreasonable thing? And who that knew him well or heard him often can have failed to note or can easily forget the telling sense of humor which seemed so natural to him, and which sometimes led him to point an argument with the *reductio ad absurdum*, and often to seize upon incongruities and contrasts? Sometimes he could condense a whole case in these ways.

He sent a train of thought running through the country when he stood up before the American people, at the great gathering at Pittsburgh in 1852 and proclaimed that "the man who is right is himself a majority." He caused the Republican heart to rejoice when at an opportune moment he coined two expressions that saw the length of the land and saved many a vote to the Republican party. "The Republican party is the ship—all else is the sea," is one of them, and the other is,

"Every road out of the Republican party leads direct to the Democratic camp."

Of his homely epigrammatic sayings, two, and many more probably, "He is whipped oftenest who is whipped easiest," and "I never could see the wisdom of going into a fight without a reasonable prospect of whipping somebody," caused many an average man to smile and say, just as it was said of Franklin's maxims in the last century, "Why, yes, that is so, but I never thought of it just that way before."

His astonishing reputation as an orator was made wholly by extempore speaking. But in later years, after the reporters took to following him up, and criticisms loud and deep persistently carped after him, he gradually fell into the habit of careful preparation. Thereafter the habit grew upon him until he became painstaking and somewhat cautious in his speech.

It was thus that ordinarily, when he was unexcited by unforeseen occasions calling for a sudden display of strength, his mental powers appeared rather slow, but they were remarkably—sometimes even marvelously—clear, searching and wide in their scope. Some of his most extraordinary flashes of soul-stirring eloquence, in which, however, he always carried with him the understanding and the good sense of his hearers, were called out by these unexpected occasions. Still it was in the careful preparation that his masterful breadth of intellect, his great powers of application and his eloquence shone out most brightly.

I remember especially that when on one of these unforeseen occasions it seemed not only as if he were speaking as never man spoke before, but as if, had he continued, his hearers would have almost burst asunder, as though overcharged with electric fluid, the great audience, moved by an inexpressible, common impulse, all rose from their seats, rushed toward the platform, and bore him off in their arms. We have read of such scenes under the inspiration of Henry Grattan and Daniel O'Connell, but I was an eye-witness to the case just related of Mr. Douglass.

Gifted as he was by nature with fluency of speech, he came, strangely enough, at last to a lack of full confidence in himself to speak in public without somewhat of special preparation. Still he was always a logical, captivating, off-hand extempore speaker. Indeed it is to be doubted if America has ever produced a more effective and eloquent orator than he. It was he, rather than Phillips and Quincy, both gifted sons of wealth and of Harvard, or Gerritt Smith or Mr. Garrison, of world-wide fame, that drew the multitude around the anti-slavery platform after 1841.

It would be difficult to draw a parallel between him and our recognized great orators of the last generation and the present, to both of which he belongs; not merely because of the gulf of dissimilarity between him and them in point of opportunity, but also because most of them had behind them organized parties. It was their good fortune

to give expression to the views of larger bodies of men, governing masses, entrusted or hoping to be entrusted with the wielding of great policies of state, with the shaping of great public interests; others of them, trained in the best schools, were lifted to eloquence by voicing traditional and established institutions of church, of society, of powerful concurring sentiment and opinion.

Any comparison between them and Mr. Douglass, who had against him both an unpopular cause and an intense race prejudice, would be wholly unfair, unless all the circumstances be carefully considered.

Professor Goodrich, after having heard Daniel Webster in the famous Dartmouth College case, wrote to Rufus Choate that the one thing that he had learned from the occasion was that true oratory consists not so much in what is said as in him who says it, and you remember that Mr. Webster himself said that oratory consists in the man and in the occasion.

Whenever and wherever Mr. Douglass spoke he had a theme which was always for the betterment of mankind. He knew how to be effective without recourse to what are called the "tricks of oratory." He had a serious, solemn mission to fulfill, and as it was to be effective on that that he spoke, he scorned every appearance of subterfuge or evasion. His aim was to impress and convict.

I remember that when in July or August, 1854, he was delivering his oration on "The Claims of the Negro Ethnologically Considered," before the literary societies of Western Reserve College, coming to a passage in which some ethnologist, I think it was Gliddon or Nott, offered, as one proof that the negro was radically differentiated from the other races, the assertion that "the voice of the negro in the male sex is thin, hoarse and weak," Mr. Douglass read the passage in a voice of clear, ringing, thundering tone that almost lifted the rafters and shook the ceiling and passed it over without a word of comment. This adroit treatment of the learned ethnologist was, under the circumstances of the moment, more effective than any other argument could have been.

Mr. Douglass was pre-eminently a man of character. We may be sure that no man could possibly stand up as a public speaker before the two great English speaking peoples of the world, for more than fifty years, and be more sought after at the end than at the beginning of his career, unless he were of unimpeachable sincerity and solid, sterling character; nor unless he had something to say, and said it well. Character, true, virtuous, manly character, lies at the basis of all genuine oratory, and courage and a good cause are its adjuncts.

We all know that Mr. Douglass was by nature an eloquent, off-hand speaker, and yet he told me that not unfrequently he had sat "trembling in every limb," as he expressed it, when he was momentarily expecting to be called up before an audience. I fancy that that was a feature in his make-up that was little suspected by the public.

Frederick Douglass will take his place on the pages of history as one of the very few of the truly notable orators that America has ever produced. You have just heard the eminent Justice (Harlan) of the Supreme Court, whom I believe to be held in as high esteem as any man that ever sat in that exalted tribunal,—you have heard him say that America has had no greater orator than Frederick Douglass.

I was surprised to find him a singularly slow reader. He apparently read but to digest and absorb. The scholarly habit was innate in him, and it gave him a wide sweep of accurate knowledge, particularly of contemporary men and events. He had evidently made a careful study of the Bible, and he knew more of the current and permanent literature of our language than would be supposed. His ever faithful memory placed all that he read at his command, and he could, as occasion required, make a just estimate and fair use of all that he knew.

Perhaps the most remarkable phenomenon in all of Mr. Douglass' rare gifts, was his clear, accurate, elevated style in writing and speaking. His syntax, his choice of words and construction of sentences, were models of accuracy. His style was clear, lucid, and wholly within the rules of good taste, and his manuscript bore every mark of coming from a trained scholar.

I should say that Mr. Douglass' crowning intellectual endowments were perception, memory, intuition, induction, reflection, wit, an unfailing common-sense, and power of patient, sustained application, all of which he possessed to an unusual and some of them to an extraordinary degree.

Striking and extraordinary as were Mr. Douglass' physical and intellectual endowments, I think that what may be called his moral qualities were of quite as high an order.

All his convictions and inspirations, his fixed habits of thought and lines of action, and his standards of judgment, ran in very high moral grooves. His confidence in the strength and certain triumph of whatever is just and right in all things, was simply sublime and all-pervading. It gave him a majestic selfhood, an unshakable will to speak and act out the right always, and enabled him to hope on, hope ever. It made him habitually sunny and cheerful, bold and courageous, frank and candid, even-tempered and above board in whatever he did.

In all of those darkest of dark days and trying times, from 1850 to 1861, I never knew him to falter in his confident belief that slavery in the South was so essentially wrong, so full of unutterable atrocities, so diametrically opposed to the spirit of the times and to the moral constitution of the universe by which all things must ultimately square, that it could not possibly endure.

In an article that he wrote for his paper in 1858 or 1859, entitled "Watchman, What of the Night?" and which attracted unusual attention, he said: "We are well on in the beginning of the last half of the nineteenth century, and yet the end of American slavery no man can

tell, but let us be assured that 'come it must and come it will for a' that.' "

From the moment, when, in September, 1838, he landed a free man in New Bedford, until the first of January, 1863, the one controlling aim and desire of his life were the abolition of slavery. To this end he bent his best energies and devoted all his remarkable powers. We may well wonder now at the manly, moral courage, the heroic devotion, which sustained him in all this struggle. A determined hostile public sentiment which despised him as a negro and hated him for his cause, angry mobs, sticks, clubs, vile missiles, personal danger, fierce denunciation, threats of death and of being kidnapped by night,—all fell in vain upon him. They never shook him from his lofty purpose to stand up for the cause which he had espoused.

In 1831 William Lloyd Garrison, said, in the teeth of an infuriated pro-slavery mob thirsting for his blood and determined to strike him into silence: "I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard." And he kept his word almost single-handed through an unrelenting battle of thirty-two years. I know of nothing like it in our day. Under the circumstances it was heroic, it was sublime, it was an epic poem. Heroism is not unknown to the Anglo-Saxon race.

But Frederick Douglass was a negro, and he stood up without a falter, for more than twenty years, to all the heroic and lofty lines of action proclaimed by Mr. Garrison in the beginning of his anti-slavery career.

It was this singleness of purpose, this heroic devotion to principle, through the Red Sea of obloquy and trial, of danger and death, that must never be forgotten whenever and wherever the name of Frederick Douglass is mentioned.

In spite of all his country failed to do for him, in failing to give him the common inheritance of a citizen at his birth, and in failing also to open to him the gates of opportunity so freely opened to others, Mr. Douglass will take his place in our history as a type of honorable, high-minded, gifted, dignified American manhood, which ought to be the emulation of his countrymen everywhere and forever.

It seemed to me that he never harbored—I am almost sure that he never nursed or cherished, the baser thoughts of malice and revenge. Neither did plotting for merely selfish ends find abode with him.

I wish to bear my testimony on this point, and I invite your special attention to it, that although he went in and out before the public a marked man, known and read of all men for more than fifty years, and although for a good part of that time it would have been to the temporal advantage of important social and material interests, to weaken his influence and undermine his good standing as an honorable man, and although he was beset at many a turn, as it is inevitable that a man like him must be, by artful, crafty, insinuating temptations, yet to the



best of my knowledge and belief, and let it be hung up before the eyes of our young men, no serious charge of dishonor, or double dealing or impurity, was ever so much as whispered against him by any responsible or impartial person or power. It is my unqualified belief that no human power could induce him to touch one penny that he did not believe to be fairly, squarely and openly above board his.

His ideas and estimates of women were very high and very pure, and he was fond of their society. In the social circle he bubbled all over with life and wit and ready knowledge, and was altogether a more captivating talker there than on the platform. But I do not believe that anybody ever heard from his lips a single indelicate or questionable utterance. He despised and recoiled at coarseness and vulgarity.

I never saw him cross or petulant or unreasonable. His limitless faith in whatever is reasonable and just not only added to his firmness, but it appeared to me to put him above mere ill temper.

It is proper to add that every one of his official acts were approved at Washington, and that his term of service was regarded at the White House, and is on record at the State Department, as altogether creditable to himself and honorable to his country.

Mr. Douglass' view was that the final solution of the so-called negro problem will be found, on the one hand, in the nation's growth in wholesome intelligence and the controlling sense of justice, and on the other hand in the complete absorption by the negro himself of the Christian civilization and of the ways of honorable existence by which he is surrounded.

Mr. Douglass felt satisfied that no candid, impartial person of intelligence could deny that the negro has already made a reasonable beginning in what is required of him, or that his aims, his aspirations, his aptitudes, and the aggregate of his tendencies, as we are bound to interpret them from the best element of his members, all lie in the same direction.

And to this beginning and tending Mr. Douglass believed that we must add the spirit of the times in which men live, the prevailing trend of things toward that which is best, the growing concern for the general welfare, the increasing insistence in the interest of that general welfare that in our country (in which by the law every man is free and every freeman a voter, being thus just as much of a political unit as every other man and no more), the law shall prevail, fair play shall be the rule, and every man who pitches his tent beneath the broad shield of the Constitution, shall have and shall enjoy the unquestioned, untrammelled right to become a good citizen, to make the most of himself, and thus contribute his full share toward the well-being of his neighbors and of the whole community.

If now, reasoned Mr. Douglass, we duly consider these two forces, the one within the negro himself urging him to go up higher, and the other in the steady march of events, the unerring trend of things toward

development, progress, betterment, inviting him and sweeping him in the press forward, we can hardly fail to see ground for reasonable hope and belief that the day must surely come when there will be no denial of rights or of public privileges to any class of men, and no negro question in our land.

Frederick Douglass is no more with us in the flesh. We shall see his noble form no more among us. We shall miss his dignified and welcome presence, his wise counsels, his thoughtful candor in advice, his manly voice pleading in behalf of honorable fair play before the nation, before the tribunal of enlightened Christian civilization. He was our sound and loyal friend: he was our beloved father: he was our uncrowned king. We cannot but mourn for him.

The name and fame, the life and work of Frederick Douglass are ours forever, and we will hold up the great works that he wrought for truth and justice to all men, the noble words that he spoke for right and freedom, the example of the unblemished, devoted and useful life that he led,—we will hold all these up as our proud inheritance from him to mankind, to our children and our children's children, as long as high character and honor and virtuous achievements are held in esteem among men.

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AN EXTRACT FROM A DISCOURSE BY REV. DR. LOUIS  
ALBERT BANKS, DELIVERED IN THE HANSON  
PLACE M. E. CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.,  
FEBRUARY 25, 1895.

If I were asked what person in the present century had fought against the greatest odds and won the struggle of life at most points, I should answer, Frederick Douglass.

The story of his life is the most romantic in all modern times. No man began so low and climbed so high as he.

Frederick Douglass had many elements of greatness, and one of the greatest was his power of grim perseverance. He had the power to patiently, ploddingly whip himself through any hard work that must be done. It was once said by an opponent of Sir Walter Raleigh: "He can toil terribly!" Frederick Douglass had, in a remarkable degree, that "terrible," irresistible power of the toiler.

Frederick Douglass had great ideals. He never compromised with himself for anything less than the best that was possible. Nothing short of being the best type of man and the most noble orator that it was possible to produce out of his circumstances and gifts, satisfied him for a moment.

These lofty ideals alone made it possible for him to achieve the great triumphs of his life. For, after all, the greatest triumphs in Douglass'

life are not to be found in his glorious success as an orator, or as a political leader, but in the splendid moral fibre of the man, that enabled him to live a life which is not only a precious heritage to his own race, but an inspiration to men of all races, throughout all times.

Think of the fearful odds he had to fight against in order to produce such a moral character! Milton says: "It is a long way out of hell up to light!" Think of the hell of lust and iniquity into which he was born! He was born in the midst of that enforced tendency to every vicious passion and unholy appetite, that springs from the world, the flesh and the devil. But, in spite of it all, he developed a strong, robust manhood which he kept clean and spotless throughout half a century lived in the public gaze. Frederick Douglass did for his race no greater thing than that.

Douglass' oratory gained much of its power from the superb manhood that was behind it. I once heard him in Music Hall, Boston, deliver his great address on John Brown. His discussion of the law of retribution was the strongest that I have ever heard. As he stood there on the platform, giving us the evolution of John Brown, he filled one's ideal of the old Hebrew prophets. He reached the climax in these words: "The cry that went up from the startled and terrified inhabitants of Harper's Ferry, was but the echo of that other cry which began two hundred years before, when the man-hunter first set foot in the quiet African villages. The raid on Harper's Ferry was contracted for when the first slaveship landed on these shores."

"The question has been often asked," said Douglass, in that great address, "Why Virginia did not, with a grand magnanimity, spare John Brown? But they had a thing down there which could not stand the life of John Brown. Her own Patrick Henry loved liberty for the rich man and the great. John Brown loved liberty for the poor and the lowly. It was not white man dying for white man; it was white man dying for black man!"

Here the orator's voice and presence became electric. Nothing could surpass the majesty of his presence as he thrilled our souls with the splendid utterance that followed: "He came down from the heaven of New England liberty to the hell of African slavery! He gave his life as the best gift he could lay on the altar of human liberty!"

Frederick Douglass was a broad-spirited public man. He was too large a man for any bitter, bigoted partisanship. His declaration about some public affair, not long ago, in a letter which has been printed, in which he says: "I am a Republican, but not 'a Republican right or wrong,'" shows the breadth of the man. And it is well to notice in connection with this fact, the marvelous growth in Frederick Douglass' time, in toleration of freedom of principles and speech, which is illustrated in the House of Representatives of the North Carolina Legislature adjourning in honor of Frederick Douglass, on receiving the news of his death.

It was very appropriate that the last appearance of Mr. Douglass in public should have been on the platform of the Woman's Council, on the very day of his death. To no other cause had he given more sincere devotion than to the equality of rights and privileges between men and women. I heard him one time in an address on woman suffrage, in reply to the suggestion that the pool of politics was too dirty to allow women to come into it, ask with stinging sarcasm, "Who made the pool dirty? No woman has been playing in it!"

A career like that of Frederick Douglass is at once an honor and an inspiration to humanity.

In such a man the kinship of all races is demonstrated. All men instinctively agree, in the presence of such a personality, with John Boyle O'Reilly's song:

The trapper died—our hero—and we grieved;  
 In every heart in camp the sorrow stirred.  
 "His soul was red!" the Indian cried, bereaved;  
 "A white man he;" the grim old Yankee's word.

So, brief and strong, each mourner gave his best;  
 How kind he was, how brave, how keen to track;  
 And as we laid him by the pines to rest,  
 A negro spoke, with tears: "His heart was black!"

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ADDRESS OF PROFESSOR W. H. H. HART, OF THE LAW  
 DEPARTMENT OF HOWARD UNIVERSITY,  
 WASHINGTON, D. C.,

Before the Students of that Department, at a Memorial Meeting in honor of Frederick Douglass, held by them on the Evening of March 19, 1895, and presided over by Professor B. F. Leighton, Dean of that Department.

It is impossible, on this occasion and at this time, not to be deeply impressed with the brevity and uncertainty of life, and of the inexorable end of all the living;—all, all, must enter, at last, the narrow house that awaits the children of men.

The human heart, conscious of its place in nature, pulsating with life and thought and treading the rounds of the hours and of the seasons, is seldom reconciled to the inevitable and desolate fate of silence, death and decay. This feeling is intensified when a strong man is stricken and falls in his place, and, as we look upon his inanimate dust, or behold the solemn cortege which conveys it to its last resting-place, the great questions of man's origin, man's life, and man's destiny, instinctively spring up within our minds transfixed by the Great Mystery.

Finding no stability in his own nature and constitution, man seeks to preserve his ephemeral life from utter annihilation, by making it a part of the enduring universe which lies beyond change and illusion, self and sense, appetite and passion, and inheres in truth and virtue, and justice and love. Virtue is the *summum bonum*; "the essence of the highest manhood; the only source of a noble life." "It is goodness that is victorious through trial, through temptations and conflict."

An eminent Chinese, standing beneath the tender dreamy blue of the Oriental sky that seems to lift the mind up and out into infinity, was moved to exclaim—"What thought is so high as it is? What mind is so wide?" A similar feeling possesses me as I approach the subject of this evening's memorial and endeavor to set before you, in the brief period allotted me, some reflections upon the life and character of the great dead in whose memory we are met.

In the contemplation of the rich, varied and heroic life which has come to its period, and which we are entitled to regard, for the greater part, as our priceless possession, I am at a loss to determine what portion of it can be most profitably celebrated on this occasion. The beginning of it was so humble, the power of it so marvelous, and the fruits of it so extensive and substantial, and the end of it so noble and luminous, that one knows not, for very profusion, where to make a beginning, and, having begun, where to make an ending. The grand, useful and practical career of Frederick Douglass is full of interest and instruction to all men, but to the young men of our caste and condition passing, in a measure, through the fiery furnace of his own experience, it is a priceless heritage, both as an ideal of excellence and as a proof of capacity,—the value of which no words can estimate, no time diminish and no tongue disparage. One lesson of surpassing and permanent importance, which the young may find clearly and completely exemplified in the life of Frederick Douglass, was, the virtue of the man. By virtue I mean "moral goodness; the practice of moral duties and the conformity of life and conversation to the moral law."

Hutcheson, the founder in modern times, of the doctrine of a "moral sense," resolved all virtue into benevolence or the pursuit of the happiness of others. This goodness which we call virtue, is a twin sister of wisdom, and springs from a protecting and preserving benevolence, whose very essence and mission is to destroy and extirpate vice, oppression and disorder from the earth. Whatever connects itself with power for the destruction of liberty, of equality, of common rights and of common prosperity, is an offence which the virtuous man will denounce and oppose to the last limit of his life. His indignation at guilt will never be extinguished while he lives.

The idea of Right,—moral obligation and moral right—held controlling place in the mind and motives of this great leader of men. To render to every man what is due him; and that every man should do unto others as he would have others do unto him, constituted the law

and shaped the course of his life. These principles comprehending the whole moral law, were, to him, self-evident truth. His personal fidelity to them rendered him just, honest and benevolent, and his genius and courage in proclaiming and urging them upon society, rendered him powerful, beloved and famous.

No greater illustration of the sure and saving value of moral integrity can be presented, than is exemplified in this character and life of Frederick Douglass,—whether regard be had to mere personal and private domestic relations, or to the wide field of public and political affairs in which he was a conspicuous figure holding important and responsible public trusts always administered with distinguished ability and scrupulous honesty. Wherever the course of his romantic and eventful life led him, his fair fame was untarnished, his honor unblemished; faithful and true in all things,—no trust betrayed; no worthy confidence disappointed.

The moral worth is, after all, the real worth of the man. Mere brilliancy of intellect is a vain will-o'-the-wisp, without solid moral culture to ballast and direct it. What availed the splendid intellectual endowments of Byron and Poe, in comparison with the sweet and inspiring poetic graces, the saving moral excellence of Whittier and Lowell? Locke said "Instruction is but the least part of education. What a father should desire for his son is virtue before everything else. Knowledge occupies but the second place," and Aristotle declared that "the end of study is not knowledge, but conduct." The mind of Frederick Douglass seemed, of its own natural vigor, to embrace and embody these eternal principles of morality as attributes of his own soul, and thus his lofty character was the pride and delight of those who loved him,—furnishing at once a most powerful argument for the friends of freedom, and a most damaging stultification to the advocates of slavery. Its influence in the great contest which brought freedom to the slaves and removed the greatest reproach from our country, was hardly less potent than his wonderful eloquence; indeed, it gave acceptance and weight and power to that eloquence. One of the rich rewards of a virtuous life is that the individual himself finds in it that personal and permanent dignity which ennobles and sweetens life, for, accompanying the virtuous mind are a whole troop of those silent perfections of the soul, not discoverable to the knowledge of others; purity of thought, as Addison has it, which refines and sanctifies the virtuous man; secret rest and contentedness of mind which brings perfect enjoyment of each moment of life; the inward pleasure derived from doing good; that delight and satisfaction which he takes in the happiness and prosperity of others. Seneca says "that a great and a right mind is a kind of divinity lodged in the flesh, and may be the blessing of a slave as well as of a prince. It came from Heaven and to Heaven it must return; and it is a kind of heavenly felicity which a pure and virtuous mind enjoys in some degree, even upon earth." There are

moral altitudes which, accordingly as the mind and spirit of man attain them, bring his conscience immutable rest, and to his mind, a knowledge approaching infinite vision. From these heights the great souls of the centuries look down upon us and beckon us onward and upward to the serene higher life. These are the indicia of a virtuous man, and the embodiment of these principles in the character of Frederick Douglass, rendered his life a blessing to the world while it lasted, and a priceless benefaction after it ended.

Moral excellence is so essential in its nature to the welfare of humanity, that the results of its culture or of the neglect of it, are almost as apparent in the case of nations as in that of individuals. A more or less correct apprehension of this truth will explain the tremendous force and influence exerted by Frederick Douglass upon the age in which he lived. . . . The doctrine of the universal brotherhood of man, applied to States and enforced by law, needed to be exalted and taught with a consuming zeal and enthusiasm, as men teach religion and science. A great leader,—a unifier,—the lightning without which the fuel never would have burned,—was needed to become the indispensable saviour of his epoch." Where was such a one to be found? Every country has its so-called great men who move along a well-defined line of promotion from stage to stage of public service, appointed by public favor until the summit is reached and the career rounded. Their success, their pride, their power, prestige and applause are well understood, and result from familiar and common causes. But the prophet out of the wilderness, with his inspired message on his lips and his staff in his hand, whence comes he? To what genus does he belong? From what house does he spring? History answers that these questions are important; that a Carian was the mother of Themistocles; a Scythian, of Demosthenes; a Thracian, of Iphicrates and Timotheus; that Galileo and Erasmus knew not their fathers, and that slave mothers, the "rejected and despised," gave the world Hercules, Theseus, Achilles and Romulus. Science unfolds to those who seek her deeper meaning, the profound truth that man, in his ensemble of character and power, is not made but self-fashioned to escape suffering and death. Under the pressure of pain we are chiseled and shaped; and, so long as pain endures, must continue self-change, sublimation of character and self-development of soul and intellect; while, for every exigency threatening human welfare, some hero, a Garibaldi, —a Toussaint L'Ouverture,—a Frederick Douglass,—a man equal to the stress of the hour, will at the supreme moment, step forth to serve and save his kind. Under travail and deprivation the hero will be disciplined and developed for the task which, in providence, awaits him. So Frederick Douglass was shaped and chiseled by what he suffered and by what he witnessed others suffer in slavery, and so he was developed and disciplined by this hard but effective experience, to portray the agonies of the victims of that system "red in tooth and claw with

ravin," and the unutterable and brutal shame of those who maintained and administered it. The world heard the pitiful story, and then began that wonderful crusade which finally transformed our Republic from a hunting ground for slave-catchers, into a government of free-men, without a slave within its borders. But what a crusade, and what a leader! While apologists excused the crime, and incompetent statesmen faltered before it, and compromised with it, this incomparable champion of human rights attacked and denounced it with the sagacity of Ulysses, the courage of Achilles and the voice of Nestor, until, throughout the length and breadth of these United States,—from sea to sea, and across the seas,—his consuming eloquence awoke to battle the slumbering conscience of the good people of the North and West.

The simple facts of the great anti-slavery crusade of which Frederick Douglass was the central and colossal figure, and which culminated in the civil war and the freedom and enfranchisement of the former slaves, surpass and dwarf any and every single achievement of moral and political reformation recorded in human history. The institution which he attacked had its foundations deep down in the racial feelings and selfish instincts and national habits and examples of the people of whom he formed a part. Slavery was a feature of the Greek and Roman social and political systems. It had a place in the scheme of government originating among the Germanic tribes; it formed a part of the English economy in the early centuries, as it was a part of the Russian to the very middle of the present century. Every stream of the Aryan race influence, contributed to the adoption and practice of it. Teutonic, Celtic, Scandinavian, Anglo-Saxon and Slavonic subdivisions, either part or together, had approved the principle and pursued the practice of human chattel slavery. It lay at the foundation of the American social and political structure and entered into the national life and character, finding expression in the pleasures, refinements and luxuries of the dominant race, as well as in the development of its countless industries; and modifying and moulding into conformity with it itself, the art, the literature, the manners, customs, conduct, ethics, philosophy and religion of the people, in almost every phase of public and private life.

It was this system, sanctioned by history and custom, buttressed by law, and abounding in wealth for its supporters, that Frederick Douglass essayed to overturn and extirpate. In its transcending importance to humanity,—in its far-reaching influence upon society and upon the American nation, comprised in the United States, and upon Russia in Europe and Brazil in South America, the task assumed and accomplished was immeasurably beyond anything ever attempted by mortal man; whether he be ranked among the great warriors, the great statesmen or the great orators of the world. Measured by beneficent results, there is not one of them who deserves to share the crown with this foremost man of them all.



But his glorious career did not stop here. A nation's habits are like an individual's habits,—once fixed, they are difficult to be changed. The fact and the habits of slavery had warped alike the oppressor and his victim, from the noble and upright stature of true manhood. Strike down as he might in a day the trunk of the poisonous tree, its roots would remain, and weary days must be spent in teaching the master that he was no more than a man, and the poor, broken and blighted slave, that he was as much as any man and no less, in right or in duty. To break and remove the gyves which had been for centuries bound about the mind and character and manhood of the slave; to free him from the influence, as he had freed him from the fact of slavery, was the task which fell to the later years of our great hero. And right nobly did he address himself to this great work. To the white people of the Republic he constantly said, "The freedmen are men! Give them an opportunity such as men may of right claim!" To the freedmen he as constantly said, "Go forward and be men!" and wherever a political or social lie reared its head to impede the progress of the colored people to complete civil and social equality, he struck it down, that the weight and force of his grand and inspiring example might stand before us for emulation and imitation forever. He claimed no right for himself which he did not concede to all others, whether they were Jews, Celts, or Mongols, males or females, Europeans, Africans or Indians. He conceded no right to any man which he did not claim for himself and all other men, and in his fine scorn of whatever was mean and ignoble, he resented the base injustice which sought to deprive him of his proper and equitable share of the benefits of our institutions, confessedly founded on the principle of the equality, in right and duty, of all the people.

If equality be predicated of the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, it embraces the right of *all* persons to do, within the meaning of the terms, "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," that which *any* person may do.

It is not competent to select certain essential rights included in the phrase "the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," *which are declared to be inalienable*, and denominate them "*social rights*," and then proceed to strip and deprive certain citizens of them. This is a rank violation of the spirit of our institutions and of the spirit of the age.

All the relations which men have with each other in the way of maintaining themselves in society, are social. The fiction, in the philosophy of the law, of an original agreement by which mankind organized themselves into tribes or communities or states, is termed "the social compact." All the rights and privileges and relations growing out of the association of people into society or bodies politic, are *social* primarily, in their origin and nature, and civil or political or otherwise, secondarily.

Our simple and noble republican institutions leave nothing to implication on this head; they plainly declare the unqualified equality of all men in the matter of the inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; it is therefore contrary to right and reason for one class of the people to appropriate to itself the common benefits of our institutions. It ought to be without the power of any men or set of men to deprive any of their fellow citizens and equals in right and obligation, of a just participation in the equal benefits of our common society, because of any accidental differences either of race, color or previous condition of servitude.

Whoever attempts to divide the common and essential rights of the people into so-called social, but really anti-social, civil and political divisions, and at the same time denies or abridges one class while professing to concede the others, will find that, in the practical administration of this rule of division, all the valued rights of citizenship and manhood and womanhood, will be abridged and withheld. This result will follow from whatever point in the entire body of equality of rights the division and discrimination is made. It matters not whether the dividing line be drawn through that portion of essential rights termed social, or that portion termed civil; the integrity of all rights will be impaired. If men may, by law or custom, refuse to eat and drink with you in the public inn, or to ride with you in the public conveyance, or to learn with you in the public school, or to worship with you in the sacred temple; they may refuse to bargain with you in the market, to toil with you at the forge, in the field, or in any of the highways and byways of life; and, at last, they will by law refuse to make place for you in the courts of justice, the halls of legislation, and the circle embracing those administrative positions of power and dignity upon which liberty depends and through which alone it is assured.

To denominate essential rights of citizens and freemen "social rights," and withhold them from a certain increment of the blameless citizenship of the Republic, on the ground of those rights being thus denominated, is to mislead the unwary and defeat justice with an adjective. There should be but one standard of excellence and acceptance in the society of our Republic, and that should be a standard of character, and all pretensions of either a private or public nature that seek to fasten aristocratic and foreign doctrines of superiority of class inferiority, merely as such, upon our pure democracy of freedom and equality, should be rejected and abominated. Such unsocial and un-republican doctrines and devices have never, wherever adopted or practiced, served any other than oppressive purposes. These destroy, not only the liberty of the people, but their moral and physical vitality also, and lead to national decline. They limit the field of individual development, and restrict the law of natural selection, and are therefore contrary to the very law of progress and evolution. That they are contrary to reason and nature is evidenced by the facts of history that those people who

apply them most rigidly, suffer most severely. Of that almost divine race of Greeks whose monuments of art and literature remain at once the delight and despair of modern times, not one little community exists to-day. Of the order of Patricians,—increased from time to time by the elevation of outsiders to its rank and protected by rigid laws prohibiting intermarriage with plebeians,—not a single vestige remained in Rome at the time of Livy. Of the five hundred titles of nobility endowed and conferred upon his companions in arms by the "Conqueror," not five have been perpetuated in direct line to the present time. The decadence of India and Portugal is due to caste systems. The neurotic condition of the hordes of gypsies and the Jews grow out of the same causes. Nature will not tolerate such outrages upon her laws.

"*Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.*"

Let us heed the admonition of reason, nature and history, upon the inevitable penalty attached to denial of justice and departure from natural law. Individual freedom in all the relations of life, limited only by such just laws as are devised and established alike for all citizens, will result in giving to the world such superb types of physical, mental and moral manhood as Frederick Douglass in himself proved and promised. That malicious and designing persons or classes are allowed to perpetuate error and injustice in this matter of social discriminations among men to the end that individuals or classes may enjoy unfair advantages or reap unjust profits, is an unspeakable calamity, and therefore, whoever strike at social discrimination against the colored people of this country, renders to the whole country a most valuable service. Upon this last stronghold of slavery Frederick Douglass led the first assault and forged

"A hoop of gold to bind our brothers in."

and giving us an example whose light will be a perpetual illumination.

I am admonished that I must conclude and give way to others, but I cannot refrain from dwelling somewhat upon the unswerving devotion of Frederick Douglass to the people from whose loins he sprung and upon his love for the land of his birth. Whatever touched them or it, —despite his individual sufferings and ostracism, —touched his soul and awakened its deepest interest.

There was no withstanding the power of his eloquence which he cast like a "mantle of fire" upon those who would willingly perpetrate wrongs and outrages against the weak and defenceless; but there was no room in his great soul for personal malice. He hated injustice so bitterly that he could be unjust to none. The entire circle of influences exerted by him upon society and upon his country, was wholesome and charitable. The good word and the good deed were what he commended

and commanded. Rancor and revenge found no tolerance from him; but to secure just and effective laws, to establish and promote liberty, he would labor without rest and without reward.

He knew that the three principles upon which our government is based; namely, that all men are naturally equal in rights; that people cannot be taxed without their consent; and that they may delegate their power of self-government to representatives chosen by themselves;—faithfully and practically embraced in all our policies, constitutions, and statutes, both in the letter and spirit of the framing of them and of the administration of them would realize for this people and nation a beneficent and just government of "Liberty under Law." Frederick Douglass knew the inestimable importance of each of these three essential principles, both to the common and to the individual welfare, and he gave his voice and suffrage, without stint and without price, to make them of universal application and force.

He knew that municipal law is not stable and self-executive, like natural law; that the common laws of the land are never finished and ended, but are always in process of becoming,—by flux and reflux,—taking form and substance from the varying convictions, motives, genius, habits and customs of the people, as occasion and agitation offer.

He knew that the interests and prejudices of individuals and classes are being constantly pressed forward for enactment into law; that this is unavoidable and grows out of the infirmity of human nature itself, so that it long ago became a general maxim that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." He knew also that a people or a class of people which is indifferent to the blessings of liberty and will not value them and make exertions to retain them will not long possess them.

Valuing freedom thus, Frederick Douglass fought his way, step by step, through the weary years, from the cabin of a slave,—the position of a mere thing—a chattel,—into the heart and body of the supreme law of the land, until now, the glorious amendments of freedom guarantee every right which he claimed.

At what a cost that heritage was won! The stripes that were borne, the agony that was endured, the treasure that was poured forth, the tears and the blood that was shed, in order that we might be free,—who shall make the numbering thereof?

The Puritans owed us a pledge of freedom when Crispus Attucks baptized the Revolution with his blood, and the worthy sons and daughters of those same noble Puritans, have redeemed that pledge of liberty.

The rare flower, the priceless jewel of this earth has been won for us, and we are in part in possession of this boon of freedom. Those who won it for us cannot preserve it to us. On ourselves alone will depend the preservation of our liberties and the transmission of them in their integrity to those who shall come after us. This imperative duty and

the dangers accompanying it are very clearly revealed in considering how, in the first instance, liberty was lost and slavery established. Slavery was merely tolerated by the Constitution and in a very limited degree supported by law, but those who desired to make slavery a part of the national economy, persisted in their purpose of gradually developing and perfecting the system until it became firmly established as a primal institution of the land, to check and destroy which, finally required, for nearly a century, the greatest exertions of the best people of the whole country and the greatest civil war of all history.

To secure to the slaves this freedom, Frederick Douglass labored and he lived to see that labor crowned with success in the guarantees of liberty thrust by the sword into the Constitution.

This Constitution of the United States, through the vigor inhering in its thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth Amendments, strike to the ground, in its corrective force, any provision of State-Constitution or statute in direct conflict with the substance of these Amendments as interpreted and construed by the Supreme Court.

But are the friends of Liberty to rest here? Can they safely leave attacks upon the principles of these Amendments unresisted and the disparagement of them unnoticed? Will the aggressive spirit which established and extended and defended slavery and which now, by every available means of force and fraud, openly and confessedly opposes and defeats the purposes and spirit of these Amendments of freedom, remain without result upon our liberties? Or will it not ultimately, in the practical operations of policy and the administration of the political, commercial, civil and social affairs of this nation, break down and override and render of no effect these constitutional safeguards of liberty?

Continued existence is not only a function, but also a warfare. An element or organism is assured of continuity, or perpetuity, or survival, only when, to the power to live, it adds the capacity and disposition to assure itself protection and defence. Action and reaction, attack and opposition, impact and endurance, must measurably equal each other if equilibrium is to be maintained. If action be met by inaction, attack by submission, impact by demolition, the equilibrium will be destroyed, whether the principles involved be civil, political, moral or social. The relations of men will be changed; the equality inhering in a condition of liberty will be lost; the strong will become stronger, and the weak weaker. Instead of men and citizens, we shall again find masters and slaves. If this agreement be brought about by common agreement, or by what amounts to the same thing, by common indifference—against the letter and spirit of the organic law of the land—in open defiance of constitutional provisions meant to prevent such a happening, soon that organic law will be changed from the ideal it sought to enforce, to the actual situation it has to consider, and the potent and irresistible statute of custom, with its simplification of

agreement and consent and authority, will emasculate and abrogate the Constitutional Amendments which Frederick Douglass, more than any other one agency in the world, made possible and real. To the lessons of virtue, truth and justice, of faith, hope and love, of temperance, patience and patriotism exemplified in the wonderful life and character of Frederick Douglass, must be added the wisdom which everywhere distinguished his career.

Frederick Douglass was not only a good man and a great man—a reformer and a patriot whose genius at once both discerned the path of duty and liberty, and by sweet persuasion brought the feet of men to tread and abide therein; but, to the student, he was in himself a most complete and striking illustration of an educated man.

He was an educated man who had learned how to successfully use his own faculties so as to make the hand cunning and skillful in work, the tongue instructive and persuasive in speech and the pen attractive and effective in composition.

Frederick Douglass was wise without the discipline of the schools. He reached the goal of all mental culture without coursing the curriculum of the college. He was a close observer of men and things, and was an earnest and honest student of the open book of nature, whose study expands, enriches and exalts the mind and gives at last true learning, strong reason and sound sense. There he sought the infinite and eternal truth and when, in more or less full measure, he apprehended it, he felt the thrill of Kepler's exclamation, "O, Almighty God! I think Thy thoughts after Thee!"

The favors of Divine Providence are ours in profusion; brought into our possession through the lives and labors of the devoted disciples of truth of every age and clime. Amid all these immortal benefactors of humanity, the majestic and heroic figure, the lofty genius, the marvelous power and the blameless life of Frederick Douglass will hold a foremost place while mankind shall cherish the love for virtue, justice and liberty.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE ADDRESS OF PROFESSOR H. T.  
KEALING, PRESIDENT OF PAUL QUINN COLLEGE,  
WACO, TEXAS,

Delivered at the Memorial Meeting held at Waco, Texas,  
March 27, 1895.

. . . . . Standards of greatness vary as much as standards of beauty, value or measure.

There is the military standard—the standard of blood—which follows with breathless interest and approval Alexander from Macedonia to India, Hannibal from Spain to Rome, Cæsar from Gaul to Egypt, Napoleon from Toulon to Waterloo. But the standard of blood is a savage standard, and civilization, with all its arts, has failed to veneer its horrors more than when a thousand years ago the brawny Saxon drank wassail from the undried skulls of vanquished foes.

There is the diplomatic standard—the standard of cunning—which takes by deception what war takes by force. Here are written high the names of Metternich, Richelieu, Tallyrand and Palmerston. The standard of cunning is but a refinement of the standard of blood. The one is a war of wits; the other a war of weapons; and both for selfish gain.

There is a third—the patriotic standard; higher because broader and beneficent, which enthrones fidelity to one's own country, without ill will to that of another.

But there is a fourth standard of greatness, to my mind, the truest of all. It may be called the Cosmopolitan.

John Wesley hinted at it when he said, "The world is my parish." Cosmopolitan greatness embraces the world in its sympathies and dare rebuke one's country for one's kind. It has always courage to dare, do and die for a principle; has wide knowledge of history and deep discernment of its philosophy; it has courage to strike, patience to bear, skill to confound and power to prevail.

Mr. Douglass had all this and, added to it, the gift of eloquence. His endowments of intellect, will, purpose and of physique were all of the first class. But great qualities alone do not make great men. They must be put to great uses. Just as the law takes no note of desires and intentions until they become overt in action so the court of the world registers no judgment against an unborn impulse or a sleeping power. Nor even when great deeds are wrought can the real degree of greatness be determined till the degree of resistance be known. Some men are greater in having reached mediocrity, than others in having gained distinction. Winkelried, breaking through the spears of the phalanx and falling dead, was greater than his general, who passed through the opening thus made, to victory.

Mr. Douglass meets this test grandly. His slogan was, "One with God is a majority." This saying was his own and has already taken its place among the great epigrams of the world.

The lives of Gladstone and Douglass form a wonderful parallel. Both devoted their lives to the battles of others. Both brought matchless eloquence and resource to their aid. Both were of iron will. Both were high minded and pure souled. Both were gentle in repose and leonine in action. Gladstone is white and was born to freedom. Douglass was dark in hue and born to chains. Gladstone shares with those around him in the pride and advantage of being an Englishman. Douglass was born an alien, isolated and despised. Gladstone found the doors of Oxford open and inviting him to the pursuit of classic lore; Douglass found, not only every school but every book closed against him, on pain of the lash. Gladstone had at his back a cultured titled constituency; Douglass fought to create a constituency. Gladstone entered the arena equipped for the struggle; Douglass armed himself from the quiver of his energy as he fought. Gladstone contended for political liberty, Douglass for liberty of body. Gladstone contended with personal friends; Douglass with personal enemies.

Gladstone may have sometimes suffered from the sarcasm of heated debate, but Douglass was always sure of premeditated insult. Intellectually Gladstone had a fuller quiver, but Douglass a stronger bow arm. Gladstone's logic may have been weightier, but Douglass' speech was more overwhelming.

Thus these two men, the one already accorded his place in the temple of fame, though living; the other denied it by many, even after death, are seen to be much alike in power and purpose, with the difference that the American conquered more difficulties to become a man, than the Englishman did to become a statesman.

Can I ever forget the summer of 1893, when the great men of many nations assembled on the World's Fair grounds to receive the Spanish captain who had just arrived with the three Columbian vessels? Seated upon the platform were Secretary Herbert, Senator Sherman, Mayor Harrison, representatives of the French, of the English and a number of others, among whom was Mr. Douglass. The Spaniard spoke first, painting the glory of Spain; then the Frenchman, the Englishman and the American, each in turn responded, eloquently lauding their several countries. The program was then finished, but there arose a loud cry of "Douglass, Douglass!" Mr. Douglass shrank back and waved his hand deprecatingly, saying, "Friends, I am not on the program." But the cry arose more insistently, "Douglass, Douglass!" till he stepped to the front. A great silence fell upon the throng as he stood there, straight, tall and broad-shouldered, with his halo of snow-white hair gently waving in the breeze, and said, "It is a great thing to be a Spaniard and be heir to Spain's splendid history; it is a great thing to be a Frenchman, with all the honor of his country's past upon



one; it is a great thing to be an Englishman, and feel the flow of that unconquered blood; it is greater still to be an American, of the youngest, fairest, strongest child of time; but greater, grander, incomparably more glorious than all, it is, to be a man!" That was all, but how that crowd surged, yelled and tossed its hats in the air. It was a sublime sentence, grandly uttered and to an audience from all over the world. And it was the only sentiment of that day that was broad enough to take in the world.

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EULOGY ON THE LIFE AND SERVICES OF HONORABLE  
FREDERICK DOUGLASS, BY PROFESSOR GEORGE  
W. COOK, OF HOWARD UNIVERSITY.

Delivered at Lincoln Memorial Congregational Church,  
Washington, D. C., Sunday evening, April 28, 1895.

In studying Mr. Douglass, we may be led into extreme enthusiasm. If we are so led the subject is our apology. This is the time for eulogy—this is the time for presenting those characteristics which will be of benefit to us and lead to a higher plane of living.

As we consider what might be the theme for our remarks, so many virtues of this man crowd upon our minds that we are brought to pause where we shall first begin.

Let us then trace some lines of his character and come to some lesson that surely must be there.

What use are we to make of such a character as Frederick Douglass? Let his life be a lesson to all our children. Let his virtues be rehearsed to future generations. Let not one of us forget to hold him up as a pattern for young men in any station of life. Paul on Mars Hill is not a more striking and valuable lesson than Mr. Douglass upon the platform. They, both apostles, preached the doctrines of their Master. The Pauline echoes have been intensified by the Douglass reverberation; the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, was their theme. Contemplate the Douglass character as you will, it is one of moral sublimity. His daring grand, his courage awe-striking. He stood "where Moses stood and viewed the landscape o'er." Ever conscious of his moral defence he could not be affrighted from his post. Xenophon in his *Memorabilia* says of Socrates: "Of those who knew what sort of a man Socrates was, such as were lovers of virtue continue to regret him above all other men even to the present day as having contributed in the highest degree to their advancement in goodness. To me being such as I have described him, so pious that he did nothing without the sanction of the gods; so just that he wronged no man in

the most trifling affairs, but was of service in the most important matters, to those who enjoyed his society; so temperate that he never preferred pleasure to virtue; so wise that he never erred in distinguishing between better and worse, needing no counsel from others, but being sufficient in himself to discriminate between them; so able to explain and settle questions by argument; so capable of discerning the characters of others, of confuting those who were in error, and of exhorting them to virtue and honor—to me, I say, he seemed to be such as the best and happiest of men would be. But if anyone disapproves of my opinion, let him compare the conduct of others with that of Socrates and determine accordingly."

Is there a line, a word or a sentiment in this extract not having positive fitness in its application to Mr. Douglass? Is he not regretted by those who love virtue? Have not his words and example contributed to the advancement of good in others? What has Douglass done without the sanction of the moral code? In that, he is pious like Socrates. He wronged no man in trivial matters and was of service in important affairs. So temperate that he always discountenanced pleasure not virtuous. He distinguished between better and worse. No matter how dark the encircling gloom, wisdom's kindly light always led him, thereby making him sufficient in himself to discriminate between them. Able indeed in explanation and argument; penetrating in his discernment of the characters of others; capable to confute the wrong and exhort to the right. To me, I say, he seemed as the best and happiest of men would be. If any man disapproves of my opinion let him compare the conduct of Douglass with that of others and decide for himself.

Where in nature must we turn for a proper symbol of Frederick Douglass? If we seek it in the forest and view the giants there, as we read their lessons we must talk for them to give expression to their silent language. If we scan history, we fail to find the counterpart; for as lofty as may be the reality before us it does not fit the conception of those who have known Mr. Douglass.

"Howl, fir-tree, for the cedar of Lebanon is fallen."

The cedar of Lebanon was held by the ancient Hebrew prophets and sacred writers as of great importance for its adaptability as a symbol for many virtues and its fitness for figurative application. Its longevity is great; it towers skyward till its branches seem to kiss the blue vault. It stands for power and teaches prosperity. Erectness is in its character. It is a type of rectitude, its bole being as straight as righteousness itself. One or two of its strong arms rise higher than the rest, while all present a protecting shade and covering aspect, with foliage ever green as the eternal truths it typifies. Its roots are deeply imbedded in earth's mold.

Striking indeed is the poetic similarity between the cedar of Lebanon and Frederick Douglass. Of a towering stature—blessed with a long life

—a cedar in giant physical cast; emblematic of prosperity in his intellectual and material growth, with integrity as pronounced as the shaft of the cedar; his oratory and sage insight standing as counterparts of the sky-piercing branches of the cedar tree. The foundation on which Douglass built his enduring character is like the deep root embedded in nature's gifts—drawing from her rich stores their sustenance, and lending influences which are ever fresh as the rich and green foliage.

The Douglass education is not the so-called of the school, emanating from the teacher. There is an education which includes in its elements all the forces of nature, all the forms of social environments, all the chance incidents of observation and all the imprints from whatever source influencing that pliable composition called the soul of man. Unlettered, with neither primary course or classics, Douglass was, by his intellect and oratory, able, like the fisherman of old, to become a profound thinker and to perplex the doctors. He sounded the depths of the human heart and penned immortal works. His analysis and insight into character were accurate. Born great, experience was his school and God the director. In that school no lifeless words fall from the Master's lips, no listless souls attend. Inspiration is the motive, and justice promulgated to man the curriculum. "Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." Mr. Douglass was of the first class, and he achieved distinction through that gift of nature. Instead of needing stimulus from others, he stimulated others. Injustice done to man nerved him for the conflict. It was so when he incited the other slaves to join the plot to run away, and that spirit of leadership dominated his whole life.

Can we commune with our own thoughts and say that the validity of our own knowledge of Mr. Douglass is unquestioned? Do we know him? Is that mighty instrument of God more scrutable to us than the genius of Shakespeare and the soul of Milton to their contemporaries? I believe not. Time must alone reveal to man what the treasure is. It is but the fate of man to be honored no more in his own time than in his own country. Luther is known better to-day than in the fifteenth century. Milton is admired more now than when he penned his immortal lines "to the height of the great argument, asserted eternal Providence and justified the ways of God to man." The debt of gratitude being greater than the ordinary, is no more understood in great men's day than is the magnitude of his work.

Jesus Christ is honored more to-day than when Pilate found no fault with him, even when a few believed that He spake as never man spake before. The natural attitude of men truly great is interesting at first view, then enchanting to study. They seem from their birth to force antagonism. They are living challenges for conflict against all that is vicious and strong and they are conspicuous examples as objects of adverse attacks from social surroundings. Often they come into this

world tasting the pangs of hunger, wearing the mantle of poverty, and denied social advantages—all of which seem only to intensify their natures to endeavor and make invincible their careers. With them every rebuff brings forth a new power and a greater display of patience. Every opposing obstacle displays heretofore hidden ability which leaping higher clears away every bar to their progress. Great characters are of more value for the future than the present. Douglass was maligned, so was Christ. The flight into Egypt attests a principle. Mohammed must needs seek safety in Medina. Luther found an asylum in Wartburg. It requires the development of ages to fit the hand and mind to analyze a truly great man. He is always far in advance of his times. Ordinary experiences give no instructions as to solving the thoughts of sages. It is easier to tell who are great than to tell what is greatness. It is less difficult to know the thing than to tell what the thing is. Great men are not as frequent as was supposed by a recent Methodist conference. Of the Douglass mold there are but a quartette in American history.

Of the Douglass personal presence nothing can be said to enlighten the American mind. To view it is to have emotions and intellectual experiences combined. "What a piece of work was this man. How noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form and moving, how expressive and admirable." To-day there are men who have hung as transfixed by his presence and eloquence, who cannot fathom the spell nor express the emotion. To the day of his death his appearance at any place was as pronounced and irresistible an event as the presence of the mighty Lear of Shakespeare. At once the grand central figure; at once the magic presence, with such kingly mien to enrich the scene.

That snow-capped brow seated aloft upon an eminence of four-score years, Jove-like with its verbal thunders, carried with it the halo of the sage, a paragon among men, a conception from God. God made a gift to man in the Douglass person. Born for no meaner purpose than would challenge the gratitude of the world and make for itself a monument in the hearts of an appreciative race.

By the mandate of an inscrutable Providence we are ushered into this world. We play our parts, and are taken into the mysteries of the great unknown. A little while here and all is gone—for a time the prattle of infancy—then the joyousness and freshness of childhood—the gayer hours of youth—the cares of manhood—the disappointments and aftermath of age—then a few more sorrows and a few more joys, and a few more tears and a few more smiles and all is over—our parts are performed and all is past.

Various indeed are those parts, some rôles are more pronounced—some more prominent—some more creditable—some more reprehensible than others; but all to some purpose, all to some effect. Fortunate is the man whose imprints are of good to others—unfortunate indeed is he who sees the light of day, journeys through from early dawn to mid-day

glare, glides into the twilight of waning manhood, and then falls to sleep in the great hereafter without paying the debt of his being by some good done—some profit brought to the aggregate of human existence.

It is said that "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." The opposite is equally true, that man's humanity makes countless thousands glad. None deserve more the laurel wreath than he who wins it through his sympathies for the human race. The broader the circle of those sympathies the brighter should shine the crown of reward. Judged by the most severe standard Mr. Douglass, because of the catholicity of his sympathies, has now and will ever wear a victor's adornment, undimmed by the dust of ages, and unharmed by the ravages of time. Built as is his personality upon a pedestal whose base is eternal principles of justice and fraternity, whose every composing stone a setting from the inexhaustible quarry of God's treasure house, one name is assured as a light of history to inspire the weak and goad the lagging on to action. The entire category of higher principles, every benevolent desire, every sentiment and emotion dominating the human breast for man's welfare were expounded, defended, encouraged and exalted in his life and hurled with effectiveness against their opposites. Name the cause calling for strong arms to defend it, words to encourage it, money to further it, that did not get its defence, its encouragement, and its financial aid from him. The Irish cause demanded his attention. The suffering of the serfs of Russia engaged his favorable consideration. The negro problem, both here and in Africa, drew forth the Douglass powers—none such were ever equaled before—injustice to women elicited his endeavors. He was ever ready to stand forth in his personality as an impress, to use his voice to persuade or dissuade, his means to further the elevation of woman as the sure path to substantial human progress.

The Douglass oratory is unique. Born of nature; rugged at times, at others melodious; soft and pleasing at others; suited to any purpose desired. His voice possessed a rich diversity of intonations, running the gamut for every shade of sentiment, every form of desire, every grade of passion, every plane of pathos; a voice "that can swell the soul to rage or kindle soft desire;" can melt the hardened criminal to tears and make furious the gentlest woman. Mr. Douglass had a capability for every pitch of nature from wit and humor to sublime eloquence, and for every adornment of art. What he said of Garrison may be said of him: "Mighty in words, mighty in truth, mighty in their simple earnestness." "His words," as Melancthon said of Luther, "born not on his lips, but in his soul."

Time has proved Mr. Douglass a man of prophetic vision. In truth, no man is great without the touch of the inspiration of prophecy. The wisdom that makes a man great is the power to see coming events—that power which penetrates with mystical lore and gives reasonable

assurance of a triumphant cause. Wise men take present conditions; decide for the future, not upon superficial grounds, but take the measure not only of the probable but of the inevitable. No matter how dark the way to the goal—"sometimes the shadows how deep," yet they never halt, seldom stumble and always follow a guide, though leading through mires and bogs of opposition, even unto martyrdom; yet with a firm and abiding faith in the sure success of a course selected on principle. Such a sage was Mr. Douglass. Did he not meet the most pronounced opposition? Did he not suffer the most positive outrages? Did he not risk his life and receive bodily harm for a cause great to humanity?

He might have escaped the turmoil and horrors of the day by remaining a fugitive, yet he accepted it all for principle's sake, which sustained his personal courage and placed him on a height with no cloud about him but the nebulae of the acclamation of a thankful people. What but a prophetic soul could mount to such sublime heights with such anchors on his wings?

Let us venture to make a reasonable prediction. When the questions of this day cease to be agitated—when the historian shall have fought the battles incident to preserving the annals and biographies—when to know of Lincoln will be through the printed page—when Emancipation will be only a theme for scholarly disquisition, and Reconstruction a problem to be viewed not by everyday experiences—when the muse of history shall have enshrined her heroes and set upon the shelves the urns within which are written the history of the men of our day—then the histrionic art will deal with Frederick Douglass as a colossal character and the playwright make his fame by exercising his genius on a dramatic personation of him.

If the historian be no harsher than the truth demands, and the facts are prominent, that play will be easier to write than to set when written. To teach the lesson of history from the life of Mr. Douglass will require an acre for a stage, a multitude for the company, a nation's interests as a theme and a prophet from God as a hero. What must be the mould of the man to personate the Douglass? He must stand as Saul of old, from his shoulders up above his fellow-men. Symmetrical in character and harmonious in outline. When standing before the audience he must have the dignity of the lion and the strength of the ox, the gentleness of the lamb, the tenderness of the mother. An Ingomar he must be in patience, an Othello in honesty, a Mark Antony in persuasiveness, a Cicero in thundering ponderousness, a Demosthenes in insinuating irony and caustic satire, black, but comely, a personage fair indeed to look upon, an advocate to prize, an adversary to fear. At once gentle in speech, yet terrible in philippics—able to melt to tears or to exasperate to madness. A man of harmonious contradictions, charitable and forgiving in his nature. In the play he must be the noblest Roman of them all.

There may be grades of greatness considered from a convenient standpoint, but philosophically there is but one greatness. Its differentia are superiority, it is the superlative. When once recognized none other can be considered. Greatness must not be measured by any other standard than that graded and marked by ethical principle; that is in the being of God. "God alone is great." As man shows the image of his Maker is he great. The display of divine attributes conditions the standard. Lincoln is great and more prominent than John Brown, but John Brown is greater. Cæsar is great, and stands in the index line of secular history as the "foremost man of all the world," yet Christ is greater. Daniel Webster stands at the culmination of American institutions and the result of New England's advancement and refinement, but as a true representative of the genius of American philanthropy Douglass is greater. Webster made apologies for the wrong. Douglass was as uncompromising as the nature of truth, and as just as justice herself.

Prominence is not greatness. Sesostris, Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, all are great, but greater are Moses, Cicero, Luther, and Douglass. That quartette ruled by might from physical forces. Their empires went to pieces as their bodies disintegrated. Their achievements lasted only while they controlled them. Their works lived because they lived. But this quartette were themselves controlled by the powers by which they controlled others. Their conquests and creations were in the realm of thought. They wrought in spirit and in spirit they live. Their souls are marching on. Their preaching can outlive principalities, empires, hammered brass, carved stone or moulded bronze. These will pass to their elements, leaving no traces; but those in the empire of thought carry the ever lasting and ever moving principle and stamp of the Divine Nature. Products of physical sciences are subject to the mutations of time and discovery. Spiritual results are unchangeable.

A thorough study of the life of Mr. Douglass will prove a philosophy of being worth the time. Environments may be forceful in the shaping of character. Much is said about the depths from which he sprang. Those depths were external to his soul. He was born in the heights, and the depths could not contain that proud spirit. How else are we to account for his ethereal flights? He soared without encouragement and in spite of discouragement. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" Can a fountain shoot higher than its source? Douglass could not have been other than he was.

"Can it be that perpetual sleep rests upon Quintillius? When will modesty and the sister of Justice, uncorrupted Faith, and naked truth find any equal to him?"

He had that nice knowledge of men without which no man can be great. His sense of justice was combined with and softened by benevolence. He loved his friends and they remained true to him until

death. Industrious, shrewd, great and brilliant in political life, a penetrating student of politics, he followed the highest intellectual pursuits.

Mr. Douglass was truly sent of God. Human ingenuity could not break his mission. The slavery drag-net for his apprehension failed to catch the fearless champion, and had it done so he would have broken through its meshes or have died the death of a martyr to a righteous cause; but his soul, strenghtened by its return to the God who gave it, would have marched on mighty in battle, mighty in victory. The whole contemplation is too rich, too high, too beautiful for earthly confines alone. We must look for the outcome in the state of the soul redeemed, entered into the joys of the New Jerusalem. "But now he has come unto the Mount Zion and unto the city of the living God, heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels . . . and to God, the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect."

"What needs," my Douglass, "for his honored bones,  
The labor of an age in piled stones?  
Or that his hallowed reliques be hid  
Under a starry-pointing pyramid?  
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,  
What needst thou such weak witness of thy name:  
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,  
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.  
For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavoring art,  
Thy easy numbers flow; and that each heart  
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,  
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;  
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,  
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,  
And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,  
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die."

#### MEMORIAL.

In giving this expression in memoriam to-night, the history of a great people, noted for their love of liberty, their pride of race, ancestry and country, their devotion to the cause of humanity, their valor and their sterling integrity comes to us as an inspiration. Such a people, possessing such traits of character, must needs have produced great men, who became noted in the annals of their country through the accomplishment of many magnificent and beneficent deeds. When in the thirteenth century Scotland produced a Douglass, noted for his devotion to country, race, liberty, right and justice, it seems to be a repetition of history that America, in the nineteenth century produced his parallel in Frederick Douglass. Both devoted their lives to the freedom of their respective people, with the difference that the one sought by the force of arms to accomplish that which the other did accomplish by calm and persuasive argument, appealing to the higher reason of his



fellow-men. The one failed, the other succeeded and lived to enjoy the fruits of his labor.

We come then to-night, under the shadow of this great grief that has come to us, of his race, that has come to his nation, that has come upon the world, and, as it were, lay flowers upon memory's casket to this most unique character in history, the greatest negro of this or any other age, who became the leader of his race before that race had a suffrage. The eloquence of this "slave orator" was wholly original. We know that words can never add to the fragrance of his memory, which will live as long as human character lives and as long as history enrolls the records of men and events. Encomiums cannot now add any lustre to that life, crowned as it is with noble deeds, undaunted courage, fortitude, zeal and duty, while battling for humanity under the blazoned banner of "The Brotherhood of Man."

We present Frederick Douglass to the world to-day as an example of the possibilities of the negro under favorable conditions. Especially do we invite the people of these United States to view him in all the numerous phases of that life—slave, mechanic, freeman, orator, author, statesman, philosopher, diplomat, reaching and occupying, like Daniel and Joseph, the exalted place next the king—the United States Marshalship of the District of Columbia. We challenge here and now those who in this fair land of ours detract from us, who ostracize and demean us, to produce from their kind his equal or one near thereto. We safely affirm that mankind has never furnished his equal along all the lines that he so faithfully pursued.

He was not a Cæsar, not a man whose failings bear the imprint of greatness, but a Douglass, whose standard of humanity was the highest, and whose life was as pure and as just as the doctrine he taught. His life, like a Greek tragedy, maintained throughout the same lofty and measured dignity.

But Frederick Douglass is not dead. The good that a man does lives after his bones have mouldered away. As an example of the valor of the Scots, James of Douglass lives, and will live as long as the world shall exist, so shall the memory of the grand achievements of the negroes' Frederick Douglass go side by side with his in a blaze of glory until memory shall perish from the earth.

"For when the great and good go down,  
Their statues shall arise  
Within these temples of our own,  
Our fadeless memories.

"For when the sculptured marble falls,  
And Art itself shall die,  
Their forms shall live in holier halls,  
The Pantheon of the sky."

To the young men of to-day we say, it was largely through his ceaseless and burning eloquence, his many sacrifices, his zeal, his great

self-respect, his moral and stainless character, that you enjoy the liberties you now possess. Though these liberties are shattered and fettered, they are ten thousand fold better than Frederick Douglass possessed when at your age. Upon you then devolves the preservation of these liberties; upon you devolves the task of making them more full in their enjoyment. Revere his memory as you do that of your progenitors, and in all the coming years let the name of Douglass be an incentive to high and lofty aims, to noble purposes and deeds. While his death is not alone a loss to his family, immediate relatives and friends, it is a loss to his race, to his country and to the world, for a champion of all human rights against oppression has fallen and thus by this touch of nature countless numbers are made to mourn.

Linked together are the names of Benjamin Lundy, William Wilberforce, Daniel O'Connell, William Lloyd Garrison, Elijah P. Lovejoy, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, John Brown and Abraham Lincoln, of the dominant race, and of our own, the names of Samuel Ward, Henry Highland Garnet, Charles L. Remond, William Whipper, Dr. Bias, J. W. C. Pennington, Charles H. Langston, Bishop Daniel A. Payne, until they form a pyramid of illustrious names, with that of Frederick Douglass crowning the apex, with this phrase inscribed—*"Exegi Monumentum Aere Perennius."*

"Great Sage! Thou hast left behind  
Powers that will work for thee,—air, earth and skies:  
There's not a breathing of the common wind  
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies:  
Thy friends are great exultations, agonies,  
And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

We not only extend our condolence to his widow and his family, but to civilization; for Frederick Douglass belonged to the world.

JERE A. BROWN,  
P. M. TYLER,  
WILLIAM H. RONEY,  
RILEY F. WILLIAMS,  
FRANK P. GILLIAMS,  
ALLEN S. PRAL,  
*Committee on Expression.*



## **Tributes from the Press.**

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## TRIBUTES FROM THE PRESS.

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From "The Evening Star," Washington, D. C., February 21, 1895.]

Of remarkable men this country has produced at least its quota and among those whose title to eminence may not be disputed the figure of Frederick Douglass is properly conspicuous—a fact that will be accentuated by the sudden death of him who did so much for himself and for the enslaved millions of his race who by force were compelled to residence in this country. Born into captivity and constrained for years by anti-educational environment he nevertheless achieved greatness such as rewards the conscientious efforts of but few, and now that his earthly existence has ended his character assumes greater proportions than those conceded it during his lifetime. It is not enough to say that Frederick Douglass was a great man—the term has degenerated and is frequently misapplied; it is but fair to show wherein his greatness was and of what it consisted. Self-elevated from the degrading depths of slavery and ignorance to the highest plane upon which philanthropic man may here stand, he retained to the last simplicity such as is but rarely to be found in those who have come up through great tribulation and are accorded place in the midst of the mighty. Always deeply interested in political matters, he was ever with the better element and was never accused of anything that savored of moral impropriety; called to associate with those who were by the accident of birth his social superiors, he built up friendships where a narrower mind than his would have compelled lasting enmity; often brought face to face with the officially powerful, he was yet regardless of what a mere politician would have regarded as his personal interests—his courage never faltered. It is therefore evident that the principal feature of his character was its wonderful breadth. In the minds of those who were personally cognizant of Douglass and his anti-slavery campaigns he will always be the great orator, and as such to-day he is remembered in thousands of English homes—homes that were thrown open to shelter him when he fled, a merchantable fugitive, from his native land. There he is yet spoken of as the one man whose language had the simple charm which until the arrival of Douglass seemed to be exclusively possessed by that powerful public speaker and unwearied friend of freedom, John Bright; each reached the heart of his many audiences with monosyllabic directness of the most uncommon yet most magnetic sort. To the masses for whom he toiled so incessantly and

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risked so much, the memory of Frederick Douglass should be especially precious, yet he cannot be regarded as wholly theirs; he was an American, of whom the whole people can truthfully say nothing but good and of whose friendship no human being—no matter what his racial origin—could be otherwise than proud.

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From "The Boston Transcript," Boston, Mass., Feb. 21, 1895.]

A NOTED AND NOTABLE MAN.

Frederick Douglass was, at his death, one of the best known men in this country. This partially grew out of the fact that, like Abraham Lincoln, his name was a household word among the colored people of the South. He was, in very truth, a self-made man, having built himself up from the condition of a human chattel, to that of a sentient being endowed with all the faculties and aspirations of a full-orbed manhood. His mission on this planet was evidently to demolish color prejudice, and he did this with wonderful success by his example, his patient self-sacrifice, his unflinching attachment to principle and his never-failing cheerfulness. The political enemies that, on the stump, he was wont to overcome, in the darkest slavery days, admitted the charm of his manner even while he was holding them up to public condemnation. He compelled respect—such was his unflinching simplicity and candor—from the most bigoted pro-slavery men and Union savers of that day. He had not been many years freed from the shackles of slavery, before the Northern defenders of the "peculiar institution" confessed that he was fully a match despite his early disadvantages, for their most renowned champions of wrong and oppression.

After slavery was abolished, Mr. Douglass became one of the eloquent upholders of the principles of the Republican party. He was a stalwart Republican of the old sort. In his own proper person, Mr. Douglass might have been at one time cited as a proof of the divine character of slavery, provided that he could have attained the unmistakable eminence while the property of another man, that he did as a free man.

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From the "Brooklyn Eagle," Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1895.]

Frederick Douglass was thrice an American. In his veins ran the blood of three races—the races that owned the land, that found the land, and that developed the land at the bidding of its discoverers: the Indian, the white man and the negro.

The lesson of Douglass' life is that of self-trust and energetic action. He was a grand illustration of what a man may do for himself, his

people and his country. With *everything* against him, he conquered a place for himself where he was looked up to even by his former enemies. He was not a weak pleader or petitioner, but a man of initiative. It was not because he advanced the interests of the negro that men will honor his memory to-day, but because, by advancing the interests of the negro, he raised the level of all manhood, and made the whole world better by living in it.

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From the "Brooklyn Times," Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1895.]

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

It is not often that the inspired apostrophe of King David over Abner, the son of Ner—"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"—is more conspicuously applicable to current events in the United States than it is to-day, to the death of Frederick Douglass. There are many distinguished and honored citizens of African lineage in the United States but not one of them has, not all of them have, done so much to advance the interests of this important element in American citizenship as the great man who died suddenly, last night, in Washington.

The superlative service which Frederick Douglass rendered to his mother's race was to dispel forever the fiction of the inferiority of the African race. America has produced many great men, but not one who accomplished so much in the face of such a terrible handicap. In Abraham Lincoln the United States possesses a splendid example of what is possible to a man of brains and principle, even though raised amidst the most discouraging environments, but the difficulties against which Lincoln had to contend, were as nothing to those that encompassed young Douglass. Born a slave, his only heritage the blood of a race that was regarded as less than human, he was an outcast from the common rights of humanity, and even the privilege of teaching himself to read was denied him. It was in this condition, rated only as the equal of the mule and the ox, that the first twenty-one of his years were spent. Then he escaped, and on free soil he soon vindicated his right to equality with the ablest and the proudest of his compeers. It was in England that his splendid qualities as an orator were first developed and recognized, and it was his English admirers who raised the money that purchased his freedom formally from a master whose bondage he had shaken off, and made it possible for him to live in America, free from the terror of the slave-catcher. An honorable career was open to him in England, but he elected to return to the United States and to devote his life to furthering the great work of emancipation and to prove to the reluctant sense of a prejudiced people that the tradition of the natural inferiority of the African race was a



wild fiction. . . . . The *Times* regards the work which Douglass rendered in this respect as the greatest of the services he rendered to his race. The abolition work could have been carried to a successful issue by Phillips, Garrison, Whittier, the Joys, Powell and the other able and earnest white men who were enlisted in the cause, but these could not have done the especial work that Douglass did in proving the capacity of the race for freedom.

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From the "Indianapolis Journal," Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 21, 1895.]

Frederick Douglass was the man who compelled a reluctant people to admit that a man of African blood could be an intellectual force. In the face of obstacles now not possible, the born slave rose steadily, step by step, to the position of one of the really great men of the period in which he lived. Long before the war, with an intellectual persistence which was only less admirable than his high moral courage he had won a reputation as one of the great orators to whom cultivated audiences would listen. . . . In short, all his years of vigorous manhood he has presented to his countrymen of all races a character and a career which all must admire, and which all can contemplate with profit. He will hold a place in history among the greatest of Americans.

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From the New York "Mail and Express," New York, Feb. 21, 1895.]

#### FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

In the death of Frederick Douglass we lose the last conspicuous figure in that brilliant and picturesque group of anti-slavery agitators and orators who made so deep an impress upon their contemporaries and who will be gratefully and reverently remembered by all future generations.

Frederick Douglass occupied a position in that fierce struggle that was altogether unique. His relation to the curse of slavery was that of both victim and victor. Beyond the wonderful eloquence of his words he spoke with the wounds and chains of a slave. The combination was irresistible. From 1838, when he made his escape from the South to New England, down to Lincoln's immortal Emancipation Proclamation, he never ceased to make war upon the barbarous system of slavery.

Frederick Douglass was a prodigy of his race. He was cast in the mould of true greatness. The color of his skin could not hide the glory of his soul. His race extraction could not detract from his rank in great talents and good deeds. He was a great orator, measured from whatever standard. His distinction and standing in this respect would

have been neither increased nor diminished by the possession of a white skin. He did not shine with an artificial or a borrowed light. His brilliancy was from within. It was a radiation and not a reflection. He was respected and consulted by the great anti-slavery leaders, and was held in affectionate regard by both Lincoln and Grant. He was an honor to his country and an example to his race. He linked his life and his talents to noble causes in behalf of humanity. His death is a calamity to his race and a loss to the country.

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From the "Topeka Capital," Kansas, Feb. 21, 1895.]

Frederick Douglass was a man of high intellectual qualities. He was a natural orator, spoke in pure English, fluently, gracefully and with extraordinary power. What he did by his attractive address and bearing, his personal character and his surprising natural talents, at a critical period, for the good name of the negro race in America, it is difficult perhaps to exaggerate. . . . In the last Republican National Convention, Frederick Douglass was a conspicuous figure, sitting on the platform behind the chairman, his tall form surmounted by a still shaggy head of perfectly white hair. His entrance to the hall was, at every session, the signal for general applause and cheers, and he was persistently importuned to address the convention.

At the time of Mr. Douglass' death, he was hard at work in behalf of the colored people of the South, and, on the very day of his death the personal columns of the newspapers contained a reference to the work he was doing. The colored people of the United States may well venerate his memory; not alone for what he did, but also for what he was, the prophecy of a coming race.

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From the "Springfield Republican," Mass., Feb. 21, 1895.]

#### FREDERICK DOUGLASS DEAD.

In the person of Frederick Douglass, whose death occurred yesterday at his home in Anacostia, a suburb of the National Capital, was embodied the cause of a race and the highest development it has reached, and his departure closes the era of African slavery in America with the most powerful emphasis, while it affords a supreme example of the new era of entire equality which has begun, and despite all discouraging incidents of transition, is to continue, until the brotherhood of humanity on lines of character, cultivation and principle, is triumphant over the petty and irrational prejudice of mere race antagonism.

Douglass was essentially a great man. Escaping from slavery when he was twenty-one years old, in three years after he had begun in a Massachusetts seaport town to be a leader of his race and an orator for the

abolition of slavery: he became an associate of Garrison and Phillips, of Stephen S. Foster, Abby Kelly and Parker Pillsbury, of the Buffums and Tappans, of Charles Remond, Samuel J. May and Charles C. Burleigh, in the great abolition warfare. He went to England and stirred the moral sense of the English people, which so often compels the allegiance of its politicians and statesmen in behalf of moral causes. He became an editor as well as an orator, and one of the considerable forces in awakening the dull consciences of the Northern States to that sensitive pitch where Abraham Lincoln found it when his declaration that the nation could not exist unless it became all slave or all free struck the sure doom of the institution and its dough-face supporters. Later, Douglass was the confidant of John Brown, in his chimerical, but noble attack upon slavery in its stronghold; and since all this has been done, he has been honored with high public office, as a Marshal of the United States, Recorder of the District of Columbia, an ambassador and a special diplomatic agent. In every position Douglass showed a capacity which justified his appointment and service, even though he was not always successful, or always in accord with the best thing to be done.

Frederick Douglass has thus shown as wide a scope of ability as any man could be expected to reach, even with the advantages of free birth and absence of all those prejudices, which gathered around his career. He was a slave born in disgrace, suffering abuse and degradation, friendless and alone, save for other slaves, as hopeless as himself. He won recognition as a master of the rare faculty of eloquence, the moving power over men which marks the orator from the days of Demosthenes to our own. No one who has heard Douglass speak will ever forget that most impressive presence. As a young man, his uncommon stature, his powerful physique, his strongly marked features, and a certain repressed rage which spoke through them, together with the wealth of native argument and ready illustration, which formed the staple of his addresses, bore his hearers on a stream of irresistible feeling. His oratory was no more notable than in this fact—that as the day of success drew near his whole tone was changed to fit the new prospect, and after the war had determined the freedom of his race, stern, but calm argument was the staple of his speech, with only so much of the intense fervor of the prophet's indignation as served to show that the fire did not burn low, but was restrained by the statesman's wisdom. This is not to say that Douglass was always wise. He was wiser than his friend Wendell Phillips, but there were many matters in respect to which he was in error. Nevertheless, it is to be said that few men with the background of his bitter experience, the character of his origin, the fate of his kindred, the ever-present burden of his race, could have been so self-contained, so well controlled, and so full of charity and consideration for the slow movement toward equal justice and the end of cruel prejudice as Douglass was.

His own race was often turned against him for a brief time by their conservative quality, but it was generally recognized, nevertheless, that Douglass held his offices and estimated his place as so much gained for the cause of the negro, and not as personal matters. He will be regarded as the greatest man of the negro race.

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From the 'Times,' Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 21, 1895.]

#### THE DEATH OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

With the death of Frederick Douglass passes away an interesting figure of even more than national prominence. Born to the color and condition of his mother; with no name even, except one which was the badge of slavery, he escaped to the free North, applied his mind to study as he had opportunity and from his first oration of which we have any knowledge, he claimed an equal place upon the platform side by side with the foremost leaders of the most vital thought of his time. Who can measure or guess how much the influence of his splendid abilities in winning respect for the race of his mother had to do with the spread of abolition sentiment, which was the vital impulse of the war, and made the Emancipation Proclamation its natural and acceptable fruit? No man who ever heard Frederick Douglass speak in those days of his power could ever again believe that the black man was fit for no place in the world but the place of a slave. Other black men of exceptional ability there have been, and under the new conditions there will be many more. But Frederick Douglass has a place in history which is all his own, and the lesson that he taught can never be forgotten.

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From the "News," Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 21, 1895.]

#### FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

The death of Frederick Douglass removes the most distinguished of American negroes. In the great strides which the race has made since the war of the rebellion, many men have displayed ability in various directions; not a few have demonstrated capacity for business or for the practice of the professions. But Frederick Douglass has not only given proof of signal ability and great intellectual force, but his high integrity, sincerity and earnestness have always been recognized and appreciated, and never questioned. It is not unfair to say that in the instances of some other negroes who have been prominent in politics, the same order of intellectual ability, steadfastness and integrity have not been so happily combined. Mr. Douglass always enjoyed the respect of the great body of the American people. He was keenly appreciative of the many difficulties to be overcome in the elevation of

the race. Others less just and sane have been abusive, but while Mr. Douglass was, through many years, a speaker and writer on topics related to the advancement of his own people, he always viewed the subject comprehensively. He was too sound a student of history and science, and he knew too well his own people and their condition to rush into abuse where conservative counsel alone could advance the causes dear to his heart.

Mr. Douglass' struggles and achievements would have been praiseworthy and admirable in a man of whatever race or color. In the instance of a man who began life under the most discouraging circumstances imaginable they lift him to a high place among the men of the time. We do not recall that the honesty of his motives was ever doubted, or that he ever failed of any task assumed, or any duty imposed upon him. As a public officer he acquitted himself with honor and credit, and socially he seems to have been pretty generally received in circles which his talents and instincts entitled him to enter. The perplexities of what is called, for the sake of convenience, the negro problem, increase rather than diminish. Wise guidance from men of high character among their own people could be of great help in the solution of these puzzling questions. It would be well for the country and for the American negro if there were many such men as Frederick Douglass to address their talents and influence to completing the work of which emancipation was only the beginning.

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From the "Bee," Sacramento, California, Feb. 21, 1895.]

#### A DEAD BLACK LION.

One of America's great men is no more. Frederick Douglass, with the blood of Ethiopia in his veins, was successful in raising himself above his station, and in carving out for himself a name that will last in history. Douglass was not what could properly be called a remarkably brilliant man, but he was endowed with something far above mere brilliancy. He had purpose, vigor, energy; he fought for a grand cause which he grandly championed. He was soulful. He put his whole heart into his work. His speeches were rugged in their English—good and pure, but not polished; rather the rough, reliable granite. But the auditors always knew that back of his words were his heart throbs—and therein lay his power. A man may erase and erase, polish and polish, change synonym after synonym, until what he is to speak swings and sways with its melodious rhythm, enchanting the hearers as it falls musically from the tongue of the orator. Yet, if the soul of the speaker, his conscience, the indomitable energy of an honest purpose, are not back of the words, they will fall as soothingly on the ear as the tinkling drops of a fountain, and with about as much

effect. There was no emasculation in the speeches of Douglass; no effeminacy. They broke in upon his auditors like blasts from an old war bugle in the days that tried men's souls, and not with the pervasive and peaceful harmony of a cornet solo in a music hall. Men who looked at him, who listened to him, knew that his heart, his soul, his manhood, his conscience, every fibre of his being were pulsating in the burning words he flung forth. They knew he was honest and sincere; therefore he commanded respect, attention, admiration, even though he frequently evoked bitter opposition.

The directness, the honesty of purpose, the unswerving devotion to his ideal, which characterized this man throughout his life, are fruits which it would be well for the rising generation to study and to emulate. Whatever they have to do, let them do with all their might and main, with all their heart and soul. Let them detest flabbiness of purpose, as they would hypocrisy. Let them say what they have to say honestly and ruggedly. Let them have an object in life; let that object be worthy and honorable and let them champion that object in the face of any and all opposition, in the teeth of sneers and threats. Men who are without courage are absolutely worthless as factors in any scheme of civilization.

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From the "Washington Post," Washington, D. C., Feb. 22, 1895.]

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Frederick Douglass was one of the great men of the century, measuring magnitude by the influence which he was enabled to exert through a long and memorable contention. He may not have been at all times discreet, adroit or diplomatic in the formulation of policies on which to conduct the cause to which he consecrated himself at an early period in life, but he was for many years the heart and soul of that cause and indomitable in its prosecution. In the shaping of events which finally culminated in the triumph of the abolition crusade, no leader in the fight was more potent.

It is hardly worth one's while to undertake an analysis of the forces or the motives by which the original anti-slavery agitators were inspired. The agitation had to be. It was written in the book of fate. Call it what you will, manifest destiny or the ordination of an overruling Providence, it had its inception and ran its course and did its work as though by some inexorable mandate, and it is well enough to leave the question there. To the results that followed, no exceptions are now taken.

Douglass, of course, lacked the scholarship of Wendell Phillips, and the masterful rhetoric of Lloyd Garrison, but the eloquence which he did possess, and which was felt in two hemispheres for a generation

or more, was of well-nigh apostolic earnestness, and in quaint and rugged fashion asserted over the sympathies of mankind an almost resistless spell. Even sectional prejudice was moved, if not melted by it.

As to his education, such as it was in that strange youth of his, it was gained in a school to the portals of which his Northern compatriots were strangers. It was of such a character, so far as imparted to him by others as was only to be obtained at the hands of a master or overseer at the end of a lash. So far as self-acquired, it was acquired by stealth. Later in life, Mr. Douglass became one of the best-read men of the day, and few were his superiors in mental equipment. But it was his Maryland education that gave to him his wonderful impressiveness as an object lesson upon the rostrum. He who had been a whipped slave was capable of sending a thrill of emotion through the very platform upon which he spoke. The end came at last. Frederick Douglass retired from the front. He became a thrifty man of affairs and accumulated valuable property. He conducted himself with a manly independence of bearing. He was a faithful official and honorable citizen. And he never lost his interest in the cause of human suffrage as having no limitations in color or sex. It may be that on the very last evening of his life—to the very last act of his sentient being—the venerable old man caught a glimpse of the promised land and of the suffrage for womanhood that remains to make of it a land of universal liberty.

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From the "New York Tribune," New York, N. Y., Feb. 22, 1895.]

#### A PRECIOUS HERITAGE.

Frederick Douglass' eloquence as an orator and his power as a political leader lent dignity and honor to the black race. In his own career of self-development he illustrated the possibilities of intellectual progress among his own people. No child could have been either less promising or more ignorant than the Maryland slave boy, yet he became the representative man of his race in America by virtue of self-help. The child who studied the carpenter's mark on the planks in a Baltimore shipyard, was father to the man who in his best estate was regarded by good judges as the equal of Phillips, Everett, Sumner, Beecher and Curtis, as an orator. The youthful ardor which inspired his escape from slavery, and his self-education in New England, was the same invincible force of character which directed his career as the intellectual leader of a despised race. The inspiration of such a life ought not to end with death in an honored old age.

What Frederick Douglass did was to embody in his own life the philosophy of the injunction: "Go teach the hands to work, the mind

to think and the heart to love!" Self-made and self-trained he disclosed the potentiality of nobility in the obscured and despised slave. Life for him was the best thing that could possibly be made of it; and because he acquired distinction by talents and accomplishments which were regarded as exclusively the gifts of white men, he opened a wider and higher destiny for his race. For twenty years before the outbreak of the war he taught from abolitionist platforms the great truth that the slave had a mind worth educating, a soul predestined for liberty. He survived the war period by a long generation and helped to keep alive the idea that a black man, whether free or slave, is capable of intellectual development and moral and social progress.

How flippantly this truth is denied by cynical Southerners to-day! It is the commonest thing to hear in the cotton belt such expressions as these: "The negro is ruined by education!" "The old negroes who were slaves and have remained ignorant are trustworthy, but the young negroes, who have grown up since the war and have received the advantages of education, are worthless!" "Teach a black child his letters and you unfit him for honest, self-respecting labor!" There are to-day thousands of white men in the South who profess to believe that the young generation of blacks is inferior to the old generation, which was born and bred in slavery, and that education is spoiling what might otherwise be an efficient and industrious working race. This, happily, is not the general belief. If it were, school appropriations would be cut down and negro illiteracy would be allowed to increase.

The fame of Frederick Douglass is the heritage of millions of negroes who, little by little, and hand over hand, are struggling to work out their destiny, and to justify their emancipation as the crowning result of the fratricidal war of which slavery was the cause. It is like a still small voice rising above the idle chatter about the evils of education and "the good old slavery times," above the fury and turmoil of election mobs, lynchings and the atrocities of "slave hunting." It silences the stupid lie that slavery can ever be better than liberty, or that ignorance is safer than intelligence for any human creature made in the image of God.

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From the "Indianapolis Sentinel," Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 22, 1895.]

Frederick Douglass as a man of native ability stood at the head of his race in this country. His attained acquirements in their earlier stages were more creditable than those of white men who have arisen from lowly position because he had not only the obstacles of poverty to struggle against, but also the obstacles of prejudice and law, which opposed any education. An invincible will, developed even in childhood, carried him over all impediments and gave him in early



manhood the friendship and respect of the great abolition leaders. Throughout his life he held the esteem of the prominent men of the nation with whom he was thrown in contact. His life-work was for the benefit of his race in this country, and it may be doubted that any one accomplished more for it than he. His people should always hold his memory in the highest honor.

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From the "Weekly Astonisher," Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 28, 1895.]

What Gambetta was to France, Gladstone to the Britons, Bismarck to the Germans, and what Blaine was to every true American heart, but poorly expresses to our friends Mr. Douglass' true station to the negro. His name is to-day a part of history. Few of us accorded to him in his lifetime that meed of praise that was due him as a man and a Christian. We have often said, and are still of the opinion, that few of us ever appreciated the man's real worth. We truly believe that he was really the greatest negro who ever lived, and we feel that time will bear us out in our assertion. His aims were lofty and he made it the aim of his life to lead the negro to this higher plane. Often we refused to see as he did, but that did not for one moment stop him in his noble work. "Come up higher!" his actions always said to us, and if we did not follow, he kept right along. He never lowered his standard one inch. He had lifted himself from a station as low as ever man held. Lincoln, Wilson and Johnson came up from poverty, but with advantages of freemen; but Douglass, a black slave boy, lived to be honored with them; and this through his own energy.

He was orator, journalist, statesman and worthy of the praise of all people. His life was a most blameless one and one worthy all emulation. To our children, the name of Frederick Douglass should have the same influence for good as has the name of George Washington. In Mr. Douglass we have the possibilities of the race clearly brought out; with him there was no negro problem, and he was right. He has made the way; let us walk therein.

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From the "Chicago Tribune," Chicago, Ill., Feb. 22, 1895.]

#### DEATH OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

By the death of Frederick Douglass there has passed away the most illustrious representative of the negro race in the United States, and a well-known figure so highly esteemed by the white people that his entrance into their midst upon any public occasion was always the signal for an enthusiastic personal greeting. No man, black or white,

has been better known for nearly half a century in this country, than Frederick Douglass.

While Mr. Douglass' death will cause widespread regret among people of all classes, it is among his own people that he will be most sincerely mourned. He was, in an eminent sense, the ideal of the possibilities of his race and a type of which it was proud. He rose out of the conditions of human slavery, and by his own exertions attained to high positions in the service of his country and made his reputation for intellectual and oratorical ability world-wide. He began his efforts to know something, to learn to read and write, and to fit himself for higher conditions, even while he was the chattel of his master. How he learned he hardly knew himself, but ambition grew with knowledge, and at last he made good his escape. He was no longer a chattel, but a free man, and, once free, the possibilities of his nature and his intellect were made known and recognized. Living in the free State of Massachusetts, he was brought in contact with the leading agitators of the time, Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison and numerous others, both men and women, and was warmly welcomed by them as a co-worker. Under their auspices he soon took a leading position as an antagonist of slavery and a champion of his people, and as such he was recognized both in this country and in Europe.

With the details of his remarkable career, his struggle against slavery, his eloquence with pen and tongue, his long, earnest labors for his people, whether free or slave, and the successful accomplishments of his life, the public is familiar. The most glorious part of his career was that in which he was fighting the battle of freedom for his own people. From that point of view they have every reason to be proud of him and of his record. In his later years he was more or less associated with politics, and he was more or less human in that connection, but this will be considered as of little account when placed in contrast with his great achievements for his race, and with the magnificent example he set them of what indomitable will, high ambitions, restless industry and nobility of purpose can accomplish.

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From the "Chicago Herald," Chicago, Ill., Feb. 22, 1895.]

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Douglass was undoubtedly a great factor in hastening the progress of public opinion in the United States toward emancipation. Mastering the English language until he possessed almost a phenomenal eloquence, in which the impetuosity of one strain of descent commingled with the logic of the other, few orators of the age surpassed him in persuasive power over a popular audience.

He probably more resembled O'Connell in scope than any other haranguer of the century, except that he had none of the great Celt's humor. Douglass was bitter where O'Connell was jocular. The depressed social state of the race to which the Celt belonged never affected its constitutional gaiety, which enabled its victims to smile at their miseries where they could find no other alleviation for them.

Douglass was deficient in this resource as an orator, although he was a good story teller off the platform.

Douglass' appearance on the rostrum before the emancipation question was settled in the Federal law, was always the most significant incident of an evening. Black enough to proclaim his mother's classification, he possessed the strong body, the well-poised head, the dominating self-control that command attention, and his torrent of invective, his overwhelming story of personal dangers, of blood-hounds, sale of women and children, barter of womanhood to bestiality among masters, enforced degradation of even house servants, who happened to be black, together with an alternative talent of entreaty and inspiration, made him easily one of the foremost personages in the movement he powerfully led.

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From the "Daily News," Strand, London, Eng., Feb. 22, 1895.]

The history of Frederick Douglass belongs to the great day of Wendell Phillips and Lloyd Garrison, of John Brown and Harriet Beecher Stowe. He was born a slave; he died as full of honors as of years. He was an ex-Minister of the United States, and he had held other offices of only inferior dignity. At one time he was a familiar figure on the English platform, and he was regarded on both sides of the Atlantic as a representative of all that was best in his race. The purity of his life and the brilliancy of his talents as an orator, and a man of letters, were in themselves, and without regard to the noble ends to which he made them subservient, among his highest services to the negro cause. They showed of what the negro was capable under freedom, fair advantages and generous treatment. In his early experience he stood for everything that was most tragic in the fate of the slave; in his late career of public honor and of public consideration he showed to what eminence of every kind the despised race wanted only opportunity to attain. The war at length brought him to his final and conclusive reckoning with the enemies of human liberty, and its triumphant termination gave him the full freedom of the soil in the land of his birth. His place in public life was waiting for him. He rose rapidly in honors and in dignities. He was sent on a mission to San Domingo, appointed a member of Council, and subsequently Marshal of the District of Columbia, and a representative elector for the State of New York. In later years he was appointed United States

Minister to Haiti. No great public celebration of national importance was considered complete without him. As an orator, or as a writer for the press, his utterances reached to the furthest extremities, not only of his own country, but of ours. He had but one great theme—the amelioration of the lot of his race. He pleaded with them as well as for them, and he never ceased to teach them the precious lesson of self-help. “I have aimed,” he said, “to assure them that knowledge can be obtained under difficulties; that poverty may give place to competency; that obscurity is not an absolute bar to distinction, and that a way is open to welfare and happiness for all who will resolutely and wisely pursue it; that neither slavery, stripes, imprisonment, nor proscription need extinguish self-respect, crush manly ambition, nor paralyze effort; that races, like individuals, must stand or fall by their own merits, that the fault is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings, and that ‘who would be free, themselves must strike the blow.’” His final efforts on behalf of his race brethren were devoted to that anti-lynching crusade, of which Miss Ida Wells in America, and Miss Florence Balgarnie and other ladies of position in this country, are the generous champions. One of his latest literary labors was an article on that cause in the *American Church Review*, which was justly described as a splendid specimen of impassioned eloquence. From first to last it was a noble life. His own people have lost a father and a friend, and all good men a comrade in the fight, not only for the legal emancipation of one race, but for the spiritual emancipation of all.

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From the “Tribune,” Salt Lake City, Utah, Feb. 22, 1895.]

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

The colored people owe him loving remembrance, for he did very much to exalt his race. He wore his life out in trying to make the path easier for them to tread, and to convince the American people that the colored people not only had co-equal rights with white people, but that they possessed intellect to maintain themselves and be good citizens if given the chance. Douglass was about the last of the old race. Garrison, Phillips, Sumner, Wade, Andrews, the whole band of immortals, who devoted the best of their lives to the redemption of this country from the stain of slavery, are all dead, and with the death of Douglass that page in the history of our country closes. There are other forms of slavery upon the people now, and while we let the dead past bury its dead, the work which these men performed ought to be our inspiration to try to cure what is still wrong, and keep this land secure, that her freedom for human intellect and liberty of action under the law may be secured to all the generations to come.

From the "Times," Oakland, California, Feb. 23, 1895.]

Few living orators surpassed Frederick Douglass in declamatory eloquence. He was not argumentative or so logical as many of his contemporaries, but few living men of his day ever produced a more powerful impression upon an audience. His manner was wonderfully eloquent, and his language copious and impressive. He stood before an audience a natural orator like the African Cinque who, without the aid of schools, poured forth with burning zeal the thoughts which crowded his brain. His voice was good, his form manly and graceful, and his electric words leaped forth like the flashes of lightning, clothed with beauty and power.

The writer of this listened to him when a boy, and was spellbound with his bold imagery, pictures gorgeously beautiful, voice as musical and deep as the organ and captivating as the songs of the sirens. He held his audience entranced from start to finish. He was a wonderful man, more wonderful from the contrast with his early life of bondage and chains that bound body, mind and soul in their fetters of hopeless darkness and moral and intellectual death.

In his old age a Republican president conferred upon him an official position of United States Marshal of the District of Columbia, which he honorably held until Mr. Cleveland came into the presidency, when he was removed.

A great free people have progressed beyond the false idea, born of human slavery, that the color of the skin is the sign manual of a man and a gentleman, and honor the name of Frederick Douglass, strong in mental powers, as was the Black Douglass of Scotland in physical powers, and with a chivalry of character, like unto his namesake.

Peace to the ashes of the great orator and liberator of his race.

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From the "Press," Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 24, 1895.]

#### DOUGLASS HERE AND IN FRANCE.

The death of Frederick Douglass has been followed by wide public notice of the honors he had received, the consideration with which he has been treated and the positions he has filled.

But it is worth while remembering in the interest of justice and equality, twin duties of the Republic, that these honors and this consideration were both infinitely less than he would have received in any other civilized country in the world, though more than one American goes through life imagining that "the Republic is opportunity" for all its citizens in a better sense than in other lands. As a matter of fact, it is not, where color is concerned.

In England, with his ability as a speaker, Frederick Douglass would have unquestionably become a member of Parliament, and he might

easily have been knighted, as men darker than he have been. In France he would have found Dumas, a man darker than himself, honored through life in every social circle, and after death one of the few whose statue stands in the Theatre Française. If, as might easily have been the case, Douglass had been elected to the French Academy, he would have found there, now and in the past, men of his race. In no corner of France and in no part of Europe would he have found the hotel, the theatre, the railroad car, the school or the home in which he would not have been accepted on his merits as a man and his manners as a gentleman.

This simple equality and justice exists in all other civilized nations. When like even-handed justice is dealt here the negro question will be solved, and no other solution can give peace, because no other is just.

From "L'Eclair," France, 24 Fevrier, 1895. L'Actualité.]

#### FRÉDÉRIC DOUGLASS, CHAMPION DE L'ABOLITIONNISME.

Dans le champ de l'éternité—pour parler le langage de l'auteur de la *Case de l'oncle Tom*—vient d'arriver Frédéric Douglass.

Ce Frédéric Douglass fut une maniere de grand homme noir, un peu l'O'Connell des nègres. . . .

En secret, il avait appris à lire et à écrire. A vingt et un ans, il mettait à exécution un project conçu depuis longtemps. Il s'enfuit à New York, puis à New Bedford, ou il vécut de son travail manuel pendant deux ans.

Il ne faudrait point croire que sa fuite passa inaperçue. Elle fut signalée par des avis insérés en bonne place—avis qui n'ont point changé depuis qu'il y a des esclaves au monde. Quelle différence voit—on entre l'avis de la fuite d'un esclave que relate un papyrus égyptien accroché à la muraille du Louvre, et celui-ci qui est contemporain de Frédéric Douglass.

C'était plus que sa liberté qu'il entendait conquérir, mais celle aussi de ses frères traités comme des bêtes de somme.

Le jeune esclave s'était mis en tête que ses pareils ne seraient ni vendus comme des bêtes, ni battus, ni tyrannisés. Dès 1841, il commença son oeuvre abolitionniste. Eu les Etats du Nord il prononça d'ardents discours en faveur de cette cause. Il se montra si éloquent, si entraînant, si chaleureux, qu'on lui offrit d'être l'agent de la Société anto-esclavagiste du Massachusetts, avec mission de prêcher publiquement l'abolition.

#### LE PREDICATEUR.

Il commença par prêcher d'exemple, en publiant l'histoire de sa vie. Il fallait à cette cause gagner de libres et fiers esprits. Il vint en Angleterre, dans les principales villes; noir Pierre-l'Ermite, il organisait la

croisade sainte, pour l'émancipation de ses frères dans les chaînes. C'était dans le même temps que l'admirable Beecher-Stowe concevait la *Case de l'oncle Tom*, cet évangile fraternel des nouveaux cieux. On craignit que ce prédicateur dont l'éloquence était si dangereuse ne fut exposé à être renchainé. On paya sa rançon. Désormais, il était libre.

De cette liberté, il ne se servit que pour la poursuite de l'idée. Esclave affranchi, il porta tout de suite la guerre vers les esclavagistes. Il fonda la *Feuille de Frédéric Douglass*, un journal hebdomadaire. Le succès de cette feuille était d'autant plus grand que beaucoup d'esclaves — on ne sait comment — avaient appris à lire.

Sa croisade porta ses fruits. Elle mena le peuple des noirs dans la terre promise : au pays de la liberté.

Etourdis de cette indépendance, comme un enfant par un vin capiteux, ils manacèrent d'en faire un usage fâcheux. Douglass intervint, leur remontra que leur force était dans leur sagesse et qu'ils avaient le devoir de se montrer dignes de la liberté qu'ils avaient conquise, en travaillant sans désordre.

On l'écouta.

#### LES PRINCIPES DE DOUGLASS.

Il savait langue riche, imagée, ardente. Il s'exprimait avec une véritable largeur de vues, philosophe sensé et profond. En novembre, 1865, il adressait au *Phare de la Loire* cette lettre :

“La cause de la liberté et de la justice est grande comme le monde. Elle n'est limitée ni par le pays, ni par le climat, ni par la couleur. Celui qui y coopère par une bonne action, celui qui prononce une parole digne pour son service, n'est plus un étranger, mais un compatriote, un homme de la même famille, un allié, un frère chéri. . . .

“La doctrine qu'une race puisse être élevée par la dégradation d'une autre a reçu une réfutation puissante dans la guerre terrible qui vient de se terminer dans ce pays. Cette guerre nous a appris la grande leçon que les nations, de même que les individus, doivent respecter les droits de la nature humaine. *La chaîne au pied de l'esclave est attachée au cou de l'opprimeur.*

“J'ai appris avec plaisir le fait que la plupart des esprits supérieurs ont embrassé notre cause. Les noms de Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Louis Blanc, Sehoecher, Edgar Quinet, ceux des ministres du gouvernement provisoire de la République sont des noms que les hommes de couleur doivent partout chérir et honorer.”

L'homme qui s'exprimait ainsi, zélé d'une noble cause, arbitre écouté, polémiste vibrant, administrateur des biens généraux, soldat même, a achevé sa vie précieuse. Il a droit au bon repos, bien gagné. Il a droit aussi au souvenir ému et des noirs qu'il affranchit et . . . de leurs maîtres—car il délivra ceux-ci de la honte d'opprimer, car il les débarrassa de cette chaîne qui, pour employer son énergique expression, les rivait par le cou au pied de leur propre esclave.

From the "Post," Boston, Mass., Feb. 24, 1895.]

## RACE AND HEREDITY.

The death of Frederick Douglass has served to call attention to the fact—which no one thought anything about when he was alive—that he was half white. From a mingling of races sprang this man of genius and power.

It is easy to say, as has been carelessly said by some in commenting upon Mr. Douglass' life and career, that the intellectual power, the ambition, the talent which he displayed, were inheritances from his white father; that the colored strain disappeared except as it gave the hue to his skin; and that to all intents and purposes Frederick Douglass was a white man. But this is not fair or reasonable. It may flatter the pride of race, which all Caucasians feel, to assume the dominating force of that blood in combination with others; but in the case of Douglass it is taking too much for granted to claim him entire for the white half of his origin.

Equally unjust is it to refuse to him the place of a representative of the colored race. It is said that his mental processes were those of a white man; that in logical persistence, in foresight, in perseverance toward high ideals, in the intellectual and moral, rather than in the material world of the senses, he showed himself fully controlled by the influences characteristic of the white race. But this also is asking too much. It is not imaginable that the results of heredity can be thus exactly assigned to one source or another; and it is preposterous to assume that all the good and noble in human nature is to be found in one color, and all that is detrimental in another.

The fact is that Douglass represented in himself the possibilities of development of the race whose color he bore, as clearly as he also represented certain characteristics of the white race. It was not as a white man that he took his place in the world; it was as a negro, and as such he won his way to leadership and honors in two hemispheres. He was superior intellectually to the vast majority of the colored race. So were Daniel Webster, Wendell Phillips, Abraham Lincoln superior, on much the same lines of superiority, to the vast majority of their race. In each case, it is the development of the individual which produces the exception. The racial possibility exists; the single personality demonstrates its existence.

Frederick Douglass was a truly great man, of a greatness with which his color had nothing to do. He was phenomenal in his gifts. But throughout his character there were observable traits which mark the colored race unmistakably, and which forbid the claim so flippantly made of the predominance of the white strain in his blood. He was emotional and enthusiastic in a remarkable degree, as well as capable of communicating enthusiasm to others. He was faithful even to blindness, in his friendships. He was unselfish in his devotion to sentiment,



and fearless of consequences in his pursuit of what he felt to be right. He was in every respect the finest example this country has produced of the possibilities of the colored race; and no intricate problem of heredity can be set up to take from that race the honor of producing such a representative.

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From "La Justice," Paris, 26 Fevrier, 1895.]

#### VARIÉTÉ.

Un Champion de l'Abolitionnisme,  
L'esclavage aux Etats-Unis.—Mort de Frédéric Douglass.

Vers 1841, un jeune homme parcourait les Etats du Nord de l' Amerique, prêchant l'abolition de l'esclavage. Son éloquence entraînant, l'ardente conviction qu'il mettait au service de sa cause, lui acquirent bientôt une notoriété considérable.

La société anti-esclavagiste du Massachusetts qui commençait alors sa campagne abolitionniste songea à s'attacher cet auxiliaire puissant. Elle offrit à Frédéric Douglass—c'était le nom du jeune prédicateur—de devenir son agent et de prêcher pour elle. Celui-ci accepta et reprit avec ardeur sa mission humanitaire.

Désireux de gagner les grands esprits à sa cause, Douglass vint en Angleterre, et parcourut les principales villes, organisant partout la croisade sainte pour l'émancipation de ses frères dans les chaînes. C'était dans le même temps que l'admirable Beecher-Stowe concevait la *Case de l'oncle Tom*, cet évangile fraternel des nouveaux cioux. On craignait que ce prédicateur dont l'éloquence était si dangereuse ne fut exposé à être renchâiné. On paya sa rançon. Désormais, il était libre.

De cette liberté, il ne se servit que pour la poursuite de l'idée. Esclave affranchi, il porta tout de suite la guerre vers les esclavagistes. Il fonda la feuille de Frédéric Douglass, un journal hebdomadaire. Le succès de cette feuille était d'autant plus grand que beaucoup d'esclaves—on ne sait comment—avaient appris à lire.

Sa croisade porta ses fruits. Elle aboutit, après plusieurs années de lutte à l'affranchissement des noirs.

On sait que ceux-ci, étourdis par cette indépendance menacèrent d'en faire un fâcheux usage.

Douglass intervint alors : il fut l'arbitre entre les affranchis et leur maître d'hier.

En apprenant aux nouveaux hommes libres le noble usage qu'ils devaient faire de leur liberté, il servit une fois de plus la cause de la philanthropie. Tel vient de terminer une vie bien remplie. Son souvenir ne mourra pas.

Frédéric Douglass a sa place marquée parmi les grands bienfaiteurs de l'humanité.

From the "Democrat and Chronicle," Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 26, 1895.]

## DOUGLASS AND LEE.

It was to be expected that howls would be raised in some parts of the South over the action of the North Carolina legislature in adjourning out of respect to the memory of Frederick Douglass, and in refusing to adjourn on General Lee's birthday. The New Orleans *States* comes forward with a wail and a protest, saying that the members of the legislature have "violated decency," earned the "contempt of the whole country," and "insulted their ancestors."

It continues thus: "The tribute of respect which they have paid to a negro, whose life was spent in attacking and vilifying the white people of the South, and the brutal insult offered to the memory of General Lee, one of the grandest and noblest characters in American history, will, we are quite sure, do the Populist cause no good, for the reason that it will impel self-respecting white men in North Carolina to revolt against Populism and stamp it out."

This, and all talk like it, is out of date. The name of Frederick Douglass stands for freedom, and can never be separated from the deliverance of this nation from the disgrace of maintaining traffic in human beings. The name of Lee stands for a great rebellion, designed to disrupt this Republic, for the purpose of perpetuating and extending the system of slavery. Lee's "grand and noble character is one thing; his significance in history is another. It was right for the North Carolina legislature, whether it was composed of Populists, Democrats or Republicans, to show respect for the man who had been a leader in a campaign for liberty. There is not much sense in interrupting public business on every birthday of a soldier who fought for a bad cause that was lost. It is well to keep sight of the cold facts of the case and of their meaning in the life of this nation.

## FROM THE SAME PAPER AND ISSUE.

This morning all that is mortal of Frederick Douglass will be brought from his home on the banks of the Potomac, to be placed at rest, in the beautiful Mount Hope cemetery, on the banks of the Genesee.

It is eminently fitting that the remains of the great apostle of human freedom should find their resting place in the city which was for so many years his home. It was here that he passed the early years of his manhood, and where the greater part of the work to which he devoted his life was accomplished. Here, before the war, which resulted in the emancipation of his race in America, he toiled constantly for the cause of human freedom, and he has never quite ceased to be regarded as one of Rochester's citizens. It cannot be said of Frederick Douglass that he was without honor in his own city, and the city which he has honored in his life will be honored as the place of his burial. It was

here that he saw the light for which he had been so many years watching break over the land of bondage. It was here that he read the immortal Proclamation of Emancipation, which, at one stroke, broke the chains of millions of his oppressed race, and made this land, for the first time in truth and deed, the home of the free. The stalwart and dignified form, so familiar to the people of Rochester, has fallen, and the tongue, whose eloquence has thrilled hundreds of thousands of auditors, is stilled, but his work is done, and all that remains is to honor his memory.

In accordance with arrangements that were made by the committee of the Common Council, the remains will lie in state in the city hall, and the three upper grades of the public schools will be closed during the forenoon to enable the children to view the face of one who is so closely identified with the history of their city and country.

It is too early to write the obituary of Frederick Douglass. The people of the United States are not far enough from the events attending the work to which he was engaged to appreciate that work in its entirety. That he suffered much and accomplished much is known and read of all men, but the final results of that suffering and that ceaseless labor no man living to-day can measure. Born and reared in slavery, it was vouchsafed to him to see the auction block banished from the land, but the future of his race, for whom he toiled so unceasingly, was hidden from his view. In the later years of his life this problem of the future of the colored race in the United States was very close to his heart. With a wisdom which was greater than that of most men, he recognized the difficulty of the problem to the full. He believed that it is through education alone that the welfare of his race can finally be achieved, and the benefits of freedom fully realized. With this idea he worked until the last. To-day Rochester is proud to honor the memory of its distinguished citizen. Children, who this morning gather around the bier of this truly great American, will cherish his memory in the coming years, when the prejudice which moved a Senator of the State of Maryland to object to his remains lying in state in the National Capitol, shall be obliterated. They will read the history of Douglass in a better light than the present affords; read it when a measure of justice shall have been meted to his race so long held in bondage; read it when his grave shall have become a shrine, which shall be the object of the pilgrimage of lovers of freedom throughout the civilized world. For the name of Frederick Douglass will go down to posterity with that of Abraham Lincoln.

From the "Journal de Rouen," 27 Fevrier, 1895.]

## FRÉDÉRIC DOUGLASS.

La Mort de Frédéric Douglass a ravivé les controverses tant de fois agitées à propos des aptitudes intellectuelles des noirs. Assez peu connu en Europe, le personnage qui vient de disparaître était célèbre de l'autre côté de l'Atlantique. Tous les nègres du Nouveau-Monde le considéraient, à bon droit, comme l'honneur et la gloire de leur race, et en apprenant qu'il venait de rendre le dernier soupir, la Chambre des représentants des Etats-Unis a levé la séance en signe de deuil. C'est en vain que, pour faire échouer cette manifestation, les députés de ceux des Etats du Sud où les blancs ont conservé la majorité, ont opposé Washington à Douglass. La motion où ils célébraient la gloire du fondateur de la République Américaine a été repoussée par 32 voix contre 25. Le Père de la patrie a été battu par un nègre.

C'était peut-être exagérer les mérites de Frédéric Douglass que de le mettre au-dessus de Washington à sept voix de majorité, mais il n'en serait pas moins injuste de ne pas rendre hommage aux hautes qualités morales de cet ancien esclave qui a si puissamment contribué à l'émancipation de sa race.

Les générations actuelles, obligées de vivre sous les armes, dans une légitime défiance à l'égard de toutes les nations, ne peuvent se faire une idée des généreux entraînements qui se manifestaient autrefois en Europe en faveur de l'abolition de l'esclavage.

Frédéric Douglass a continué par la parole l'oeuvre que Mme. Beecher Stowe avait commencée par la plume. Il a défendu devant l'opinion publique, la cause des noirs.

From the "Independent," New York, Feb. 28, 1895.]

## FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Frederick Douglass was the one great negro representative of the abolition campaign. He was not only one of the great orators for freedom, but he was the brilliant example of what was the genius hidden in the negro race and of what was the atrocity of keeping such men in slavery.

He belonged to a mixed race and his life does not at all confirm the theory that the product of such relations between those of the most diverse race depreciates the moral, the intellectual or the physical character of the offspring. He was a man of massive figure, great brain power and strong moral perceptions. Magnificent, tall and strong. In the later years of his life his large head, covered with pure white hair, made him a striking figure in any public place. In the company of men, who, for twenty years or more labored for freedom against all

obloquy, Douglass deserves a high rank; among the cultivated and forcible orators of the country, he was the chief representative of the colored people of the country, their pride and example, a man of noble purpose, grand achievement, wise counsel and pure life. His death takes from us the most picturesque figure which has come down to us from the days of the fathers.

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From the "Christian Register," Boston, Mass., Feb. 28, 1895.]

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

"With a great price," Frederick Douglass might have said, "purchased I this freedom." Yet, though slave-born, the instincts of freedom were born in him. They early asserted themselves, and were with him a controlling influence during his whole life. It was foreseen by the slaveholders that slavery and a high degree of knowledge and intelligence could not exist together. The laws in all the Southern States prohibiting slaves from learning to read and write were enacted as a safeguard of slavery. To-day, when schools and colleges for the education of the colored people are springing up everywhere in the South, protected and fostered by State laws and crowded by eager throngs of colored youths, it may be hard to realize that Frederick Douglass had to learn to read and write by stealth, and that he was violating the laws of the State of Maryland in acquiring this knowledge. He likewise refused to regard himself as a piece of property, and added to his criminality by running away. The interesting details of his early life he has told in his autobiography.

Frederick Douglass had the joy not only of gaining his own freedom, but of seeing the enfranchisement of his race and its remarkable progress in the last twenty-five years. Yet race hatred dies slowly. There are States in the South in which it would have been unlawful for Mr. Douglass to ride in the same car with white men, his inferior in ability, knowledge and decorum. And one of his last addresses in Boston was directed against the evils of lynching in the South.

As Mr. Douglass saw that liberty was too great and too sacred a blessing for his own selfish enjoyment, he saw likewise that civil and political freedom could not be bound by sex any more than it could be bound by race. He became an earnest advocate of woman suffrage. He spoke in favor of temperance and other moral reforms. He was benevolent in spirit and progressive in ideas. He was a striking and commanding figure, especially in later years, when the large bronze face was crowned with hair like snow on the summit of Olympus.

Douglass wrought in no spirit of vindictiveness. It cost him something to obtain his freedom. It cost the South something, too. But it was worth to Douglass all that he paid for it, and worth to the

South vastly more than it cost; for there is nothing clearer than that the emancipation of the colored man was necessary to the emancipation of the white man. The South will some day erect monuments to Garrison, Phillips and Douglass, or, if it does not pay the debt in this way, it will be paid more fully by the perfect consummation of the liberty for which these men wrought.

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From the "Advance," Chicago, Ill., Feb. 28, 1895.]

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

And so another "grand old man," for years the most picturesque and historically significant personality in America, is gone. The great American negro will always remain one of the most distinctive and heroic characters in American history of the now closing century, at least so long as men care to remember that the youthful American Republic, boasting of matchless freedom, imagined that the mockery might continue and itself be "half slave and half free," until the conscience of the North was, at last, awakened, as it were, from the dead, enough to make it inevitable that the long "impending crisis" be settled by war and crowned by the immortal act of emancipation.

There has been no more heroic personage in the new world; none whose life and lifelong contention stood for more. The difference between what was and what is seems well-nigh incredible; a monstrous gulf spanned by this one life. To think back hardly fifty years ago to the condition of things in our own country, in New England even, when for a man, however otherwise honored and loved he might be, to stand up before his brethren and declare human slavery to be a wrong and a wickedness, a flagrant contradiction of the first principles of our governmental theory, and something that ought to be abolished, was to subject such a man to the special contumely, and likely as not to be chased out of town by ill-odorous eggs, if fortunately he escaped the coating of tar and feathers, now seems like peering back into prehistoric "dark ages."

But all of this Douglass saw and much of it he was. That he lived through it all and was permitted to see the consummated victory, and to be himself, though once a slave, one of the most universally honored and esteemed men in the nation, and to go on still pleading the rights and the hopes of his brethren of his own race, and to champion in various ways the cause of reform for the whole people, with that unique effectiveness of eloquent speech, that has but rarely ever been surpassed, all this appears now to have been a piece of poetic, rather than of providential justice.

To name Abraham Lincoln and Frederick Douglass in one breath does no injury to the memory of either. Should the people of his

own race, North and South, unite by the gift of but a penny a piece for the erection at the Capital of the nation of a monument to his memory, not over pompous in size, but one fitted to last forever, all the world would applaud them for it.

Should the government itself be moved to erect some other memorial to match it, it would be an object lesson of perpetual and beautiful significance and moral usefulness. And one of the particular lessons which it would be fitted to be forever impressing on the minds of those observing it, would be this, that the world, at all events the Christian world, ought, sooner, to see the great open secrets of God's justice and of man's duty toward his brother man.

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From the "Evangelist," New York City, Feb. 28, 1895.]

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

The splendor of a great name borne by one who was born a slave and put himself in the front rank of philanthropy and patriotism, beside such men of mark as William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, who made friends of poets like Whittier and Lowell, of Emerson, the philosopher and critic, of Holmes, most brilliant of modern essayists and of Sumner, the Bayard of anti-slavery reform, is the sufficient eulogy of one who has lately passed from life in the fullness of years and the ripeness of well-earned renown. Douglass was a free man before the war of emancipation. He was already named as one of the great abolitionists, when by a law of the Congress of the United States he fell under ban as a fugitive slave and was ransomed like a recent plantation runaway. This redemption of a man who had fought his way up from the lowest grade of bondman to the dignity of champion and advocate of his race before the whole civilized world, proved what Sumner had propounded in the Senate as the essential, intrinsic barbarism of slavery. When Anthony Burns was taken by slave hunters in the streets of Boston, and Dred Scott was handed over in Missouri to his captors, by a Supreme Court decision, the end of forbearance had come, the limit of endurance was passed, the slave power had humiliated the nation. In those days it was necessary for politicians to "trim ship" with extraordinary vigilance and adroitness. To them Douglass seemed a spectre of defeat. If he lifted those once manacled arms before the people, even before they caught the tremulous tones of his magical voice, they were swayed by uncontrollable emotion. Once in the old Broadway Tabernacle, filled up to the dome, as Douglass was announced, the vast crowd sprang up as one man, and the *Marseillaise* hymn, with a refrain "free soil, free speech, free press, free men," rolled out through doors and windows, blocking the street with lingering listeners for a hundred yards either way. Meanwhile

Douglass stood with bowed head, great tears coursing down his cheeks. "It is the angel of divine compassion and forgiveness!" sobbed one of the fifty vice-presidents of the meeting. But the avenging angel was on the way. Less than five years after that day the Massachusetts soldiers marched by, singing:

"He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat,  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat,"

while the whole city held its breath and strong men wept aloud.

In this way we can call Douglass the forerunner of emancipation. The great and terrible Civil War was to vindicate our unity as a nation. But the way for Lincoln was made clear by Douglass, and those who stood with him for freedom. He was no Spartacus. He fought Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry with all his might. He was for abolition by law and not by force. He had the sublime patience which made Lincoln and Washington so strong and so triumphant. He knew he was right and he could afford to wait. Now all men can see how State sovereignty and slavery, which it strove to defend, went out forever.

There was a certain moral grandeur in the position of Douglass which imparted a peculiar elevation to his character. He was an interesting study up to the end of his long life; but in the times which naturally pushed him to the front, he was something the like of which we had never seen before. Whence hath this man wisdom, whence these majestic traits? Heredity could not answer, for he never knew his parentage. He sprang from the depths of slavery to be a witness against the system and for the slave. The freedmen owe more to Douglass than they can know. Our people were not blind to the perils of emancipation, nor to the difficulties of the problem we are still trying to solve. Whatever constitutional rights the freedmen have to-day were granted on the faith we had in such manhood as Douglass developed before our eyes. He was a sort of Colossus, over whom, as fulcrum, the friends of the negro threw the lever of citizenship in order to uplift the race. And now our appeal to them is not on the ground of their color or their previous condition, as if this or that gave them inalienable claims against all obligation of virtue and character, but it is on the fact of such a man and such a life, to be their model and inspiration. There is no citizenship without obligation. What Douglass did in spite of outward obstacles, the men of his race, in their way, must do against indolence and indulgence, if they would prove their birthright and wear liberty's crown!



From the "Christian World," Strand, London, England, Feb. 28, 1895.]

DEATH OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Millions of colored people throughout the United States are mourning the sudden death of Frederick Douglass, ex-slave, great orator and fearless champion of his race. His funeral took place in Rochester, New York. All business was suspended and the whole population, with thousands who had flocked in, were among the mourners.

I saw Frederick Douglass at Chicago two summers ago, and I thought then, as I think now, that the human race can scarcely have produced a nobler specimen of humanity in any age or nation. Imagine a figure, tall, dignified, commanding, a great head, in shape not altogether unlike that of John Bright, but seeming to be much more massive, surmounted by thick bushy hair, as white as the driven snow, and showing with such striking effect against the dark brown of his smiling face. As we sat side by side in the Unitarian church, listening to the not unmusical voice of Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, lecturing us on "Zoroaster," the warm sunshine of that beautiful morning seemed all the brighter for the sunny presence of this royal man in whom two races had combined to equip a hero.

Modern history affords no parallel to the career of Douglass. A slave, lashed and scarred, without a name, merely one amongst a herd of animals, beasts of burden, on the estate of the lordly planter—United States Marshal, entrusted with the care of the President and the President-elect, in the most important ceremony of American life, and Minister of the great Republic to a distant State—truly the contrast is startling and wonderful. Riches, honor and power failed to spoil him; big and brave and tender-hearted, his later life was as beautiful in its modesty and quiet strength, as those early years of storm and stress and passion were splendid with battle and with victory. His letters to me, to the very last, have been charged with an affectionate gratitude to the English people for all their sympathy with an oppressed people, and have breathed a cheerful faith in the good time coming for his race.

Great-souled champion of a distressed but noble people, that voice which no tyranny which ever yet defied high heaven could silence, when right was to be defended or wrong defied, is not yet dumb! It was the name of Douglass which opened the hearts of the British people to Miss Wells, when that lady came to us unfriended and unknown. And as the weak are crushed down by the strong, as often as the oppressed cry to us for succor, whenever men with black skins are foully treated by men with white, in the Southern States by Americans, or in South Africa by Englishmen, the spirit of Frederick Douglass will inspire our demand for liberty and right. What Wordsworth said of Toussaint L'Ouverture, the hero of the Black Republic,

dying broken-hearted in that dreary Besancon dungeon, we say of this great soul, whose memory is the heritage of the world:

"Thou hast left behind  
Powers that will work for thee, air, earth and skies!  
There's not a breathing of the common wind  
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies  
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
And love and man's unconquerable mind."

CHARLES F. AKED.

From the "Freeman," Indianapolis, Ind., March 2, 1895.]

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

"The front of Jove himself;  
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;  
A station like the herald Mercury,  
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;  
A combination, and a form, indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man."—*Coriolanus*.

"How long thine ever-growing mind  
Hath still'd the blast and strewn the wave."—*Tennyson*.

"He gave his honors to the world again,  
His blessed part to heaven—and slept in peace."—*Henry VIII*.

"His was a giant's robe, who shall put it on?"

In the death of Frederick Douglass, the family of mankind, regardless of race, geographic division, form of government, creed or flag, has suffered a loss.

When, nearly eighty years ago on the eastern shore of Maryland, he was ushered into existence, the progeny of a slave mother and the chattel of a free father, it is nowhere on record that his birth was heralded by the clang of bells, the blare of trumpets, or other ceremonies usually resorted to in announcing the successful accouchement of an heir of royalty. Yet the world has long since reached the conclusion and so recorded it, to be known of all posterity that at that time there was born in a slave's cabin in Maryland, near the Atlantic's ceaseless roar and break, a king of men; copper-colored, of matchless symmetry of limb and brawn, big-boned, big-hearted, his baby cranium crowned with a suit of hair like "any lamb's wool," and whose plain title after the ceremony of naming had been attended to, was merely "Frederick Douglass"—for short, Fred Douglass.

You ask where, upon what page in the list of heraldry, as declared and prepared by man, his name may be found and his antecedents vouched for, and we answer, this dead scion of nobility had no need of

vouchers of this ilk, he was noble "by the right of an earlier creation," a king "by the imposition of a mightier hand" than that of any man. The business of his soul, the theme to which the mission of his life was attuned and consecrated, was as broad as humanity, and in touch with all the woes that beset and pursue the children of mankind of whatever hue, sex or clime.

He loved his race, sympathized with its woes, compassionated its sorrows, and strove unremittingly through all the years of his responsible existence to alleviate its distresses and release it from the thongs that bore it down; not alone because he was born a slave and felt his country's guilt in his hampered life and unfortuitous environments, but more; that in his nature, the springs that gave it direction, the grains that composed its quality, he was an animated, breathing, living protest against wrong.

Had he been of the dominant race, blessed with the same masterful humane intellect, the same fine equipoise of soul, feeling a stain like a wound, the same lion heart and prescience of vision that marked him as the foremost man of his race, we do not believe but that the course of his life, the trend of his opinion and action, as regards the great moral questions to which his name is inseparable, would have been the same.

The statesman differs from the politician, the mere serving man of party expediency, in that, while the plaudits and praises of the crowd are apt to be quickly and fulsomely bestowed upon the latter, they are, if not entirely withheld, grudgingly extended to the former.

Above any other man of his race, living or dead, Mr. Douglass was worthy to don the toga of statesmanship, and for many years in his life the penalty exacted of him by his own people for this distinction was such, that a smaller man would have long since been broken-hearted, crushed and forgotten.

Among the, not a few, members of his race who, within the last fifty years, have won for themselves certain degrees of prominence, deserved and otherwise, this man, around whose grave, within a day or two, a nation has expressed its lamentations and a race shed its tears of grief, was the most abused of any of his contemporaries, the most maliciously misunderstood and pursued with malice, envy and downright cussedness aforethought, of any negro called upon to bear the travail of race, pleading as it was not possible for any of his fellow battlers to plead, at the bar of human sympathy for respite and relief.

"Foul libel slimed him o'er with its exhalations.

And he . . . suffered unmourned,  
The envenomed sting of double distilled calumny."

Recent panegyric has dubbed him the "saviour of his people," the "Moses of his race," the "negro's greatest friend," etc., but the

services of his grand life, if apparently invoked for a class, were, after all, a boon to all. He was, in a sense, just as much a saviour, a Moses and friend of the white man in America, joined like Ephraim of old to his iniquities and selfish conceptions of justice, as he was to the race that to-day guards his ashes as its own. No more reassuring spectacle has been afforded the friends of right in the new world since the landing of the kidnapped Africans at Jamestown in 1619, than the picture of the members of both races in our great commonwealth, vying one with the other in doing honor to the memory of an ex-slave and member of a broken and maimed race. There is, however, no aristocracy of genius or special classification based upon color and condition among the throng who kneel at its shrine. Like death, it

"Levels all ranks,  
And places the shepherd's crook beside the sceptre."

It is not probable the race will produce a successor to Mr. Douglass, for the reason that for the mission he seemed born to discharge, no successor is needed. The conditions once surrounding the negro in America, that aroused the young lion of his tribe, moving his soul with indignant fervor and his lips with the power of an eloquence weird and irresistible, has passed, never to return.

Men of the stamp of Frederick Douglass, commanding, overshadowing, "really great," are, compared to the breathing, teeming millions of earth, few and far between. They seem to be vouchsafed, for a brief space, to come and go in the haunts of men, about one in a hundred years, to either mark the beginning or close, or both, of an epoch, and by their life-work and consecrated devotion blaze the way for coming generations.

In the new emancipation that must come to the negro in America, a freedom from the tyranny of commercial and labor caste, which to-day confronts and challenges at every turn his right to earn his bread in the sweat of his brow, God grant that somewhere in the ranks of the race a second Douglass may be forthcoming, all puissant, armed *cap-a-pie*, and that we the people, whose rights and dues he shall contend for, will be constrained not to wait for the presence of death's sable messenger to crown him with flowers and sprinkle him with perfumes.

W. ALLISON SWEENEY.

From the "Strassburg Post," Strassburg, Germany, March 1, 1895.]

### Frederic Douglass.

Ein Erinnerungsblatt von Assessor Dr. Hirsch in Altkirch.

Am 20. Februar 1895 ist in Anacostia in den Vereinigten Staaten einer der interessantesten und verdienstesten Bürger der großen transatlantischen Republik gestorben, Frederic, oder wie man ihn drüben mit Vorliebe nannte, Fred Douglass. Sie werden den Namen des Mannes wohl noch nie gelesen haben, verehrter Leser; ebenso erging es indessen auch mir bis zum Sommer des Jahres 1893, während dessen ich mich gelegentlich eines mehrmonatlichen Aufenthaltes in den Vereinigten Staaten aus populären Geschichtswerken über Entwicklung und Politik dieses Landes zu belehren suchte. Bei dieser Gelegenheit fiel mir ein dickes Buch in die Hände, betitelt „The Great Men of the United States.“ Dasselbe war geziert mit den Bildern der berühmtesten Amerikaner, deren Lebensgeschichte in kurzen Worten erzählt wurde. Auf einem der letzten Blätter befand sich das Bild eines Mulatten, eines „coloured gentleman.“ Bei der großen Antipathie, welche die Yankee gegen die Söhne Africas hegen, mußte dieses Bild selbstverständlich besonders auffallen.

Ich las die Lebensbeschreibung, deren kurzer Inhalt etwa darin besteht, daß Douglass im Jahre 1817 in den Vereinigten Staaten als Sohn eines weißen Ansiedlers und einer Negerflavin geboren, dann von seinem eigenen Vater in die Sklaverei verkauft wurde; seinem Herrn, der ihn mit Prügeln und Peitschenhieben tractirte, entließ; mit Hilfe guter Menschen nach England entkam, dort durch seine geistvollen Vorträge über die Sklavenfrage allgemeines Aufsehen erregte und sich die Mittel verschaffte, sich loszulaufen. Im Jahre 1845 nach America zurückgekehrt, wirkte er in Wort und Schrift für die Sklavenbefreiung, und als dann der Sieg der Nordstaaten die Sklaverei für immer beseitigt hatte, wurde er, der frühere Sklave, zu den höchsten Ehren berufen. Er wurde nach einander Mitglied des Congresses, Staats senator, Wahlmann für die Präsidentenwahl, Generaleinnehmer und schließlich Gesandter in Hayti. Als gesinnungstreuer Republikaner mußte er, als der Demokrat Cleveland im März 1893 das Amt des Präsidenten antrat, seinen Posten verlassen. Soweit die Lebensbeschreibung.

Im Juli 1893 las ich in einer Chicagoer Zeitung eine kurze Notiz, daß das Staatsgebäude von Hayti im Ausstellungsparc unter entsprechenden Feierlichkeiten durch eine Eröffnungsrede des Commissars Frederic Douglass inaugurirt worden sei. Da die Neger — und die Einwohner von Hayti sind, wie bekannt, zum größten Teile Neger — die Gewohnheit haben, sich nach großen Männern zu benennen, so nahm ich an, daß der betreffende Commissar ein unfreiwilliges Patenkind von Fred Douglass sei. Später aber hörte ich ganz zufällig, daß die Männer von Hayti, die „darkies“, denen auch Consul Büng in Chicago, welcher vorher in Hayti Deutschland vertreten hatte, ein rühmliches Zeugnis ausstellte, den früheren amerikanischen Diplomaten mit ihrer Vertretung auf der World's Fair beauftragt hatten.

Da es mich interessirte, die persönliche Bekanntschaft dieses Ueberbleibfels einer schmachvollen Zeit zu machen, begab ich mich eines Tages in den Pavillon von Haiti und ließ durch den riesengroßen schwarzen Thürsteher meine Karte für Douglass abgeben. Douglass empfing mich in seinem Salon, einem großen, einfach aber mit Geschmack eingerichteten Raume, dessen Möbel aus westindischen Hölzern gefertigt waren und dessen größtes Stück ein mächtiger, wie mir Douglass im Laufe der Unterhaltung erzählte, ebenfalls in Haiti angefertigter Flügel bildete. Douglass begrüßte mich mit den Worten, er freue sich, einen Mann bei sich zu sehen, welcher in Deutschland promovirt habe, ist doch, wie er mir sagte und wie ich während meines Aufenthaltes drüben mehr als einmal bestätigt fand, der Doctortitel in America durch die wie Pilze emporwachsenden dortigen Universitäten stark in Mißcredit gekommen.

Während wir uns über dies und jenes unterhielten, nahm ich Gelegenheit, Douglass genauer zu betrachten. Von hochragender, vom Alter nicht gebeugter Gestalt von wenigstens 1,90 Meter Höhe, mit schneeweißem Vollbart, langem wallenden Lockenhaar und einem tadellosen, blendend weißen Gebiß, machte er eher den Eindruck eines angehenden Sechszigers, als eines Sechszundsiebenzighährigen.

Von beiden Eltern hatte er charakteristische Merkmale; war sein ganzes Wesen, namentlich die stolze hohe Erscheinung ganz die eines Kaukasiers, so beriet anderseits die tiefbraune Gesichtsfarbe und die charakteristische, platte Neger Nase die africanische Mutter.

Douglass ist, wie die meisten gebildeten Americaner, häufig auf Reisen gewesen. Außer England kannte er Frankreich und Italien genauer. Seine Schwärmerei aber waren Griechenland und Aegypten. In beiden Ländern hatte er wiederholt geweilt, beider Geschichte und Antiken waren ihm genau bekannt.

Ich fragte ihn, ob er in Deutschland gewesen sei, was er verneinte, wiewohl er schon aus dem Grunde gerne hingereist wäre, um auf deutschem Boden ein deutsches Lied und deutsche Musik zu hören. „Sie müssen wissen, lieber Doctor, für Musik bin ich selbst ein Deutscher.“ In Parenthese darf wohl auch daran erinnert werden, daß die Americaner in ihrer großen Mehrheit von aufrichtiger Begeisterung für deutsche Musik erfüllt sind, bestimmte doch auch der im Jahre 1893 durch Mörderhand gefallene Bürgermeister von Chicago, Carter Harrison, ein Vollblutamericaner mit allen Vorzügen und Fehlern eines solchen, unter den Klängen eines deutschen Liedes zur letzten Ruhe gebettet zu werden.

Während wir uns unterhielten, betrat ein hübscher junger Mann von etwa 25 Jahren das Zimmer, den mir Douglass als den Mann einer Enkelin vorstellte. Der junge Mann war auch ein „coloured gentleman“, nämlich ein Quarterone (Mischling von Weißen und Mulatten). Die Regierung von Haiti hatte ihn seinem Großvater attachirt, und das erste, wovon er sprach, waren Deutschlands Erfolge auf der Columbischen Ausstellung. Hieran schloß sich dann unmitttelbar eine Schilderung der Erfolge Haitis. Der junge Mann hielt mich augenscheinlich für einen Reporter und wollte nicht verfehlen, mir einen Blick von Haitis Macht und Herrlichkeit zu geben.

Unter seiner und Douglaß' Führung wurde dann ein Rundgang durch die Ausstellung von Haiti gemacht. Viel zu sehen gab es allerdings nicht, Kaffeefässer, Proben von westindischen Hölzern, speciell Mahagoni, Kalao- und Tabakpflanzen waren das Wichtigste. Dann sah man eine Landkarte mit den Verbindungswegen von Haiti, bei Betrachtung derer mir Douglaß demonstrierte, daß man mittels eines Schnelldampfers, wie sie für die transatlantischen Fahrten im Gebrauch sind, in drei Tagen von New-York nach Port-au-Prince, der Hauptstadt von Haiti, gelangen könne. Von Port-au-Prince selbst, dessen Hafen eine frappante Ähnlichkeit mit dem von Neapel hat, hing ein prächtiger Plan im Paviillon.

Ich war gerade daran, mich bei den beiden Herren für ihre liebenswürdige Führung zu bedanken, als ein etwa 20 Jahre alter Yankee auf Fred Douglaß herantrat, ihm in impertinent-vertraulicher Weise auf die Schulter klopfte und sagte: „He, farbiger Gentleman, Sie sind wohl angestellt (engaged), um hier die Sachen zu zeigen. Zeigen Sie mir doch auch etwas von dem Krempel (trash).“

Daß Douglaß den Flegel mit Würde und Hoheit abfertigte, bedarf wohl nach dem, was ich über ihn berichtet habe, keiner weiteren Erwähnung. Interessant war mir aber, wie das im Paviillon anwesende Publicum dem Jüngling zurief: „Wissen Sie nicht, daß dieser Herr Fred Douglaß ist?“, und daß der Burleske feuerrot wurde, seinen Hut tief abzog und sich schleunigst aus dem Staube machte.

Die Erfahrungen, die Douglaß gemacht hat, haben ihn, trotzdem er zweimal mit weißen Frauen verheiratet war — seine Witwe ist, wenn ich nicht irre, eine Engländerin — immer ins Lager der Farbigen, deren beredester Fürsprecher er alle Zeit gewesen ist, zurückgetrieben. Als solcher steht er allen denen, die ihn auf den vielen Congressen während der Ausstellung haben reden hören, in lebhafter Erinnerung.\*)

Am 9. August 1893 hielt in Chicago der Professor Weeks vom Trinity College in North-Carolina auf dem Congreß für allgemeines Stimmrecht einen Vortrag über das Stimmrecht der Neger in den Südstaaten. Seine Rede gipfelte in den Sätzen:

„Es war ein politischer Fehlgriß, den Regern Stimmrecht zu gewähren, denn für die Weißen ist die Stimmkugel ein Kampfmittel, so zu sagen ein zeitgemäßer Ersatz für die Flintenkugel. Anders steht es mit dem Neger. Er ist keine Kampfnatur. Der Angelsachse ist nicht der Mann, der sich unterwirft. Er wird nicht regiert, sondern er regiert selbst. Und so wird es auch in den Südstaaten sein. Der Weiße wird und muß regieren. Er sucht sich die Gewalt durch lautere Mittel zu sichern, aber will und wird herrschen.“

Und das alles vertrat der Professor mit Eifer und Ueberzeugung, weil nach göttlichem Recht die weiße Rasse zum Beherrschen der Welt ausersehen ist. Douglaß saß an dem Vorstandstisch. Als Weeks seine Sätze vortrug und von der Erbärmlichkeit der Negerrasse zu reden begann, da flammten die Augen des Greises und als nach Schluß von Weeks Rede der Vorsitzende Douglaß das Wort erteilte, da schien er wie ein Löwe, der aus dem Schläfe gestört worden ist. Seine 77 Jahre waren vergessen, und er trat an die Rednerbühne, so wie er es

\*) Das folgende ist einem Bericht der „Chicago Times“ vom 10. August 1893 entnommen.

vor 30 Jahren gethan hatte, als er voll heiliger Begeisterung für die Emancipation seiner Rasse das Wort ergriff. Er nannte den Antrag von Weels eine Lüge, wohlüberlegte Verteidigung der größten Niederträchtigkeit, die jemals an dem Volke verübt worden sei. In zündenden Worten zergliederte er die ganze Rede von Weels. Er sagte:

„Ich habe während meines langen Lebens die Erfahrung gemacht, daß, wenn immer eine Sache zu niedrig und zu gemein erscheint, um menschlich zu sein, dann ihre Anhänger sie mit göttlichem Recht begründen. Professor Weels sagt uns, daß die Herrschaft des weißen Mannes durch die göttliche Weltordnung bestimmt sei, und beschreibt die Mittel, wie das göttliche Recht wieder zu Ehren gebracht werden kann. Er sagt, die Neger können nicht kämpfen. Nicht kämpfen? Und doch war das erste Blut, das für die Freiheit der Nation auf Bunker Hill (Hügel bei Boston, auf dem am 17. Juni 1775 eine blutige Schlacht zwischen Americanern und Engländern stattfand) vergossen wurde, das eines Farbigen. Das erste Blut, welches in den Straßen von Boston in den Tagen der Revolution vergossen wurde, war das eines Farbigen. Und als die Niederlage unvermeidlich erschien, als der Norden entmutigt und verzagt war und als Präsident Lincoln seinen Hilferuf an die Farbigen ergehen ließ, da kamen sie heran, zweimalhunderttausend Köpfe stark.“

Und so verteidigte der Greis, erregt bis ins innerste Gemüt durch die Worte des Gegners, mit seiner Energie von damals den Neger und seine Menschenrechte. Die große Hörerschaft war nicht weniger ergriffen als der Redner selbst, und als er von der Vergangenheit sprach, von den Heldenthaten der Neger, den Leiden und Qualen, die ihnen Räuberglaube und Bornirtheit auferlegt hatten, da waren alle, Männer und Frauen, zu Thränen gerührt und spendeten dem gottbegnadeten Redner stürmischen Beifall.

Nun ist der berebte Mund für immer geschlossen, und der wackere Streiter für die Freiheit des Menschengeschlechts ist abgerufen worden in jenes ferne Land, wo der Weiße nicht mehr gilt als der Farbige.

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From the "Outlook," New York City, March 2, 1895.]

A race is to be measured, not by its lower strata, nor even by its average men, but by its exceptional geniuses. If we wish to know what the French nation is capable of, we turn to the lives of Voltaire, Mirabeau, Napoleon, Moliere, Victor Hugo. If we ask of what the Anglo-Saxon race is capable, we turn to the lives of Bacon, Shakespeare, Milton, Cromwell, Gladstone. If we ask of what the negro race is capable, we turn to the characters and the careers of such men as Toussaint L'Ouverture and Frederick Douglass. The latter has established for all his race, the capacity of the negro to receive and benefit by education, to be more than slave or serf, to be orator and journalist, to be a man of power and a gentleman of refinement. Such a career as his is worth more in answer to the question, "Of what is the negro race capable," than volumes of cynical and pessimistic theory.



From the "Methodist," Philadelphia, Pa., March 2, 1895.]

The career of Frederick Douglass was one of the most notable in our history. In person he was tall and broad-shouldered, his skin of an olive color; dignified without affectation, courtly but natural in manner; his eyes dark and brilliant, his forehead well shaped, but not distinctive; his nose long and nostrils distended. The entire expression of his face was an epitome of good will to men. The first time we heard him speak was in the delivery of his lecture on "Our Composite Nationality." The discussion of his theme was on a high plane—comprehensive, analytical, clear, dispassionate, patriotic, forcible. The last time we saw him was at the New University reception in Washington, D. C., during the session of the Ecumenical Conference. Age had marked him, but not hardened one genial line of his countenance. His work was done. It remains but to recognize it as well done.

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From the "Boston Pilot," Mass., March 2, 1895.]

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

He was a self-taught man, and rose to high distinction as an orator and writer. He held important offices, and compelled the respect for his mental ability, which was denied him because of his color. We have had many and striking instances of what may be achieved in this free country by men who began the struggle at the very foot of the social ladder. Abraham Lincoln being most conspicuous of all; but here was a man who began limitless depths below the bottom rung far down beneath the lowest layer of the social surface as defined by the sacred mark of color. No thanks to our free institutions that he emerged from that subterranean abyss. But for his undaunted energy, he might have lived and died a poor degraded beast of burden.

Human slavery is abolished forever, and its abolition was slow enough in coming. Some day in the remote future, men will be as much ashamed of recognizing distinctions of color or race, socially, as they would be to-day of advocating a restoration of old-time slavery. Prejudice dies hard, and the most inveterate prejudices are those which have the least rational excuse for being, that founded on the tint of skin being the most abominable and absurd of all.

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Editorial from the Detroit "Tribune," Michigan, March 4, 1895.]

DOUGLASS.

He has ranked with great statesmen, great orators, great reformers and leaders of great social movements.

He was the friend of Sumner; he was sought in counsel by Lincoln; he was appointed to honorable station by Grant, and sent abroad as

our national representative by Harrison. What a remarkable chattel was this! What a millennium stretches between 1845 and 1895! He stood then as one of four millions of like chattels, who, as was decided more than ten years later, had "no rights which white men were bound to respect." Four millions of men and women without legal family ties; without lawful claim to the fruits of their own labor or of their own bodies; without the possibility of ownership of property, or the control of their personal liberty. The bodies of their women at the disposal of their lustful master; the children subject to be torn from the arms of the mother, and sold on the auction block; the men who sought to make real the doctrine of our great magna charta that "all men are created equal," hunted down by bloodhounds, and lacerated with the cruel lash. Such was American slavery fifty years ago, protected by the Constitution and the laws.

Frederick Douglass was one of the orators of the volcano that was even then boiling and seething beneath the American republic, destined soon to rend the nation and overflow in a fiery flood of scorching and consuming lava. He was more. He was himself one of the forces that brought on the upheaval. He was the voice of one crying in the wilderness, crying prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight. Few things and few men had more to do with the awakening of the conscience of the people against the infernal system of slavery than this living, speaking, burning chattel, arisen out of the depths of its infamy. Between that bill of sale and the honors paid to that chattel in these last days stretches the greatest halfcentury of the world's history. In the procession of the years we see the forms of many great men—now passed away—and many great events now crystallized into the world's progress. Much of it he was. And when his work was completed, how gently the messenger came! Still in the full possession of his powers; still busy with his great plans for the progress of his race, suddenly he was summoned. Millions, not only of his own race, but of the race that oppressed his people, honor his memory. What an epoch it marks!

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From the "Presbyterian Journal," Philadelphia, Pa., March 7, 1895.]

The death of Frederick Douglass removed the most prominent Afro-American of the land. He had a most remarkable record. As has been said "He rose from the slime of the sea with a stone on his head and a shark at his back." He came to exhibit some of the noblest qualities of the two races from which he sprang. He was among the first of the colored race to be listened to by white audiences. This was over fifty years ago, and when only a short time out of slavery. His words of silvery eloquence made him a telling and forcible orator. It was his passionate utterances, arousing enthusiasm wherever he went

that to a great extent kindled the anti-slavery spirit in New England. He was the forerunner of emancipation and did much to prepare the way for it. And it is true that the freedmen owe more to Douglass than they can know. He was at the time of his death, which occurred February 20, seventy-eight years of age. We read that, not since the unveiling of the Lincoln Emancipation statue, in 1878, has there been such a popular outpouring of colored people to pay tribute to a benefactor of their race as was witnessed in and about the Metropolitan African Methodist Church, of Washington, where the funeral services were held. All the leading colored men of the city took active part in the ceremonial observances. Mr. John Hutchinson, white-haired and white-bearded, the last of the famous Hutchinson family of Abolitionist singers, who, with his sister, accompanied Mr. Douglass to England on his mission against slavery, took part in the services, and told some touching little stories of his life-long friendship with the deceased, and then sang two requiem solos.

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From the "Chicago Western Newspaper Union," Chicago, March 16, 1895.]

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Physically, mentally and morally, Mr. Douglass was a grand specimen of manhood, and any race might be proud to claim him as a representative. Notwithstanding his unpopular complexion, he was decidedly good looking, and was one who would attract attention under any circumstances and in any crowd. As an orator and thinker he ranked among the best in the land, though slave-born and excluded from the advantages of education, and he had a command of the English language that was marvelous in its perfection. Few persons can write and speak equally well, and still fewer excel in both writing and speaking. Mr. Douglass was one of the latter. Many of the greatest authors utterly fail when they attempt to make a speech, and there are orators who lose all their power when they put pen to paper. In Mr. Douglass was found a pleasing combination of the author and the orator. He entered the arena of reform with Garrison and Phillips and Rogers and Gerritt Smith, and in debate he was the peer of the strongest men who dared to measure lances with him. Sneered at, hissed, mobbed, stoned, assaulted, he stemmed the tide and came off conqueror. When it was dangerous for white men even to speak the truth on the question of slavery, he did not equivocate or palliate the evil, with soft words. He lifted up his voice like a trumpet, and told the people of their transgressions. He lived to see the fruition of his hopes, to see the slaves freed from the chains and to see them vindicate their manhood, their courage and their patriotism, in the field.

During the war he was one of the safest counsellors of Abraham Lincoln, of all of whose counsellors, none, probably were more welcome than Douglass. Through the latter's efforts, Massachusetts was the first to put colored soldiers in the field, and the first colored men to enlist in the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth colored regiments of that State were two of Mr. Douglass' sons.

After the close of the war the great question before the people was, "What shall be done with the freedmen?" And to the solution of this question Mr. Douglass devoted himself most assiduously, knowing that every advantage would be taken of the defenceless—because ignorant—condition, by the scheming politicians. His efforts were, in the main, devoted to bringing order out of the chaos that existed in the States in late rebellion and which were overrun with men and women but just now getting their first taste of freedom. He sought to impress upon those in power the necessity for preparing the manumitted slaves to enjoy the blessings of citizenship, by inculcating the spirit of industrial independence.

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From the Topeka "Daily Capital," Topeka, Kansas, March 16, 1895.]

The death of Frederick Douglass suggests the oration of Wendell Phillips on the great negro soldier Toussaint L'Ouverture, and it has called forth, as was to be expected, much discussion of the progress and place of the colored race in the last thirty years.

Much has been said of the negro as orator and politician; much of what has been done for him and what he has achieved for himself in education and in adjusting himself to his surroundings as a man and a citizen; but we have seen nothing about the negro as a soldier.

Yet there is no line in which the colored race in this country has shown greater adaptability than the line of military life. The best soldiers that the United States has to-day are its colored troops. They are the least addicted to the liquor habit. They are the cleanliest soldiers in the army; they are not behind in discipline; they have a splendid pride in the service; they are obedient, courageous and cheerful.

At the close of the Chicago strike in 1894, Colonel Burt of the Twenty-fifth United States Infantry, said of the conduct of the colored regiment detailed for duty during the strike:

"I never saw such detached service as these colored men rendered during the strike. But one man had to be even reprimanded during the whole month of that trying service. They did their duty as soldiers, and obeyed orders implicitly. They did not talk but referred everybody to their officers, and behaved under the trying circumstances better than I have ever known white troops to do. In fact they are ideal soldiers, and all their officers are very proud of them. There

were many reckless men in the strike trouble who thought that they could intimidate the negro soldiers, while others thought that they could easily manage them by treating. In both attempts they failed. The colored soldiers knew their duty and they did it so courageously and so courteously that they soon won the respect even of the strikers.

"As for fighting, they will follow an officer wherever he leads and they will do whatever they are commanded, without fear. I could march these four companies into certain death, and not a man would flinch or hesitate.

"As for discipline, I can but refer you to the report of the Acting Inspector General of the Department, made last October. He made official report to the commander of the Department, expressing the belief that this colored battalion is one of the most effective bodies of infantry in the country."

Army officers are not in the habit of publishing fulsome praises of their men, and this tribute from Colonel Burt is high testimony to the worth of the colored soldiers. Their conduct during the exasperating circumstances of the Debs strike, has been applauded by others besides officers. The colored soldiers of Uncle Sam are not only a credit to their race, but to their country also.

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From the "Christian Recorder, Philadelphia, Pa., April 18, 1895.]

In whomsoever true greatness or excellence inheres, it is remarkable to what extent the hero-loving instinct of men will assert itself. This impulse is both indomitable and universal. From time immemorial it has had its exponents, even though it be necessary at times to overleap caste barriers or uproot race prejudices in order to secure them. It is for this reason that Moses has not been left for the Jews alone, but for that larger humanity he blessed to do him honor. The same is true of Socrates and pre-eminently true of that Sovereign Benefactor whose life, in the event of its being lifted up, was pledged to draw all men unto himself.

In this universal fact of the meeting of the race varieties upon some plane, broad and royal enough to afford each a footing while uniting the whole in a common bond of taste and sympathy, is evidence enough that duty rather than separateness was the Divine thought in the plan of creation, and that the whole rather than the parts should concern men, as it has concerned their Maker.

Representing so much of transcendent worth as he did, it is not strange that the world should claim Frederick Douglass. He was cosmopolitan, and not metropolitan; hence it is equally befitting whether his fellows adorn his name with wreaths, or memorialize the same in brass or marble. That America, his native land, should even in its most illiberal sections, eulogize him as her son, rather than as a

serf, shows her sensitiveness to the eternal fitness of things, and her disposition, though tardy, to exalt character in preference to color. Though late in coming to her senses, it is better than never; but to Mr. Douglass is due the credit after all, of her willingness to depart from the mourner's bench.

There is one phase of the estimate of Mr. Douglass, to which the better thinking of all varieties will take prompt exception, and that is, the imputation of his greatness to the Caucasian element of his make-up and the dissociation of the negro from all that made him so remarkable. These truth dodgers would, in his case, reverse the facts of history, and present to the posterity of their conception, a Frederick Douglass of Anglo-Saxon identity. Of this, however, there need not be the slightest misgiving. Our race hero has ineffaceably stamped his impress upon all succeeding time. With his own hands and through generations of patient and pains-taking toil, he has reared a monument which no canker-worm can undermine, nor moth or rust corrupt.

Frederick Douglass' faith in God and the final triumph of the right, was the basis of his great moral strength. His religion was not a religion of creeds, churches, hymnals and prayer books, but he believed in precept, the life and practice as taught by the Master of "doing unto others as we would have others do unto us." It was the "cups of cold water in His name," "feed the hungry," "clothe the naked," not in professions of church phraseology and beautiful song, but in the example with love to our fellows and our neighbors as ourselves, which, after all, is the greatest and only evidence of our love to God. He believed that the professed religion of the American church was but a license not to practice the teachings of Christ, and hence, a mockery. To him there was a want of connection between the dialect of its religious phraseology, the sweet songs, the beautiful words and its outward life practice toward the poor and outcast, especially of his race. To him, all of Christ's teachings referred to life, and, if not in the example here, of no avail hereafter.

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From the "Review of Reviews," April, 1895.]

The death of Frederick Douglass leaves little to be said. It has come in the fulness of time at the end of a rounded and noble career, the dignity and worth of which had won complete approval everywhere. Mr. Douglass was one of the group of great American platform orators and reform leaders of the period when Phillips, Garrison, Beecher and the other giants of the anti-slavery movement were at the height of their work and fame. The fact that he had been a slave lent something of the same peculiar power to his impassioned appeals against slavery that John B. Gough's temperance addresses gained

from his own confessions of former subjection to the slavery of drink. Mr. Douglass was one of the earliest and most constant of the workers for woman suffrage; and he and Susan B. Anthony might well be said to represent the historic link between the anti-slavery and the suffrage movements. Mr. Douglass had been honored by the United States Government with several positions of dignity and emolument, and had, in every capacity, private and public, won the esteem of all who knew him. Throughout his long career he remained the constant and solicitous friend of the negro race in America, and his advice was almost invariably wholesome and shrewd. He was far more desirous to see the negro advance in education, moral strength, industrial capacity and the accumulation of property than in political directions.

## **Reminiscences.**

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## REMINISCENCES.

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From the "Methodist," Philadelphia, Pa., March 2, 1895.]

### THE LATE FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

A Reminiscence by Rev. J. H. Hargis, D. D.

Now that over the newly-made grave of this essentially great man, even the *Picayune*, of New Orleans, calls in question the general estimate that he was the most eminent man of the negro race, which America has ever produced, only because of the white man's share in the claim to his greatness, by reason of the Saxon strain in his blood, conceding at the same time the undisputed proposition that Frederick Douglass was eminent as an orator, one may be pardoned, as an "Eastern Shore" Marylander, for pride in the rise and progress of Douglass, born a slave away down there at Tuckahoe, as he was.

It was through another Eastern Shore man, the Rev. John D. Long, whose "Pictures of Slavery" had long before been published, that as a college student, passing through Philadelphia during the holidays of 1867, I was privileged, for the first time, to see the majestic form, and hear the eloquent voice of this uncrowned king, the Frederick the Great of his race. His lecture was on "The One Man Power," a phillipic against President Johnson, whom he accused of "sacrificing the only true friends we had in the South during the war to make peace with our enemies."

A sibilant sound from the far-off corner of the old National Hall on Market street greeted this utterance of the orator of the evening. In an instant Mr. Douglass' wrathful tones turned into pathetic appeals, as he caused, by the turn of his tongue, to pass before the minds eye of the immense audience a panoramic view of the battlefields whereon "the colored troops fought nobly." "A *black* wall of flesh then stood between your own peaceful firesides, my friends, and the fusillade that had followed the rebel yell." And so, in complete command of himself and his audience, he went on to the climax in these words: "Ah, you are silent now (thrice repeated, *ab imo pectore*). Would to God the American people could learn to be true to the black boys in blue, even as they were true to you. When the very life of this nation was at stake, then there was room under the ample folds of the *flag of the free hearts*, hope for *all* its defenders."

The profound silence of the assembly was suddenly broken by cheer after cheer.

On that occasion Douglass retrieved, out of seeming defeat, a decisive victory. His reception at the close was simply an ovation. No wonder that such a capable critic as my friend, Professor Trickett, was constrained to exclaim, while we wended our way out of the hall, "God set the seal of greatness on that man, and slavery could not stamp it out." For my part I have always been glad that I took notes that night, especially after a score or more of years had passed, and I heard, for the last time out here in Germantown, "the old man eloquent," in his lecture on John Brown, to whom he paid tribute in this sententious style: "I could *speak* for the negro; John Brown could and did *die* for him." And when only the other day, the news was brought us that, on the announcement of his death, the legislature of a Southern State adjourned, came to a *stand-still*, I thought of the soul of Frederick Douglass, as like that of John Brown, *marching on*.

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From the "Narragansett Times," Providence, R. I.]

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

A Reminiscence by Isaac P. Noyes.

My knowledge of Frederick Douglass commences with the campaign of 1860. In the fall of that year he came to Providence in the interest of the Republican ticket. There was some prejudice against color then and but for this prejudice he would have spoken in the larger Howard Hall, or perhaps at the depot, that was so much utilized during the Fremont campaign of 1856. The committee evidently had a delicate and even difficult course to steer. They wanted to utilize every person or factor that would tend to make the campaign a success. Douglass was then coming to the front and as a veritable ex-slave, with a personal experience, he was quite a noted character. Had the people realized what a treat was before them they would readily have crowded Howard Hall, the largest hall then in the city; but Douglass suffered from being a new man and negro, as well as ex-slave; and not much in the line of oratory was expected from a negro slave. Douglass being the man he was the committee evidently did not want to ignore him, nor treat him with disrespect; so he was given the "Richmond," or smaller Howard Hall.

At that time Douglass was quite slender, which made his tall form show to advantage, as he was also very straight and commanding. His hair was more after the type of the Indian than the negro; that is, it was black and long, and not much if at all like the genuine African hair. His dress was very plain, and the whole manner of the man was that of a worker. The polish that he acquired later in life he did not

then have, but there was polish enough. He did not suffer on that account nor in comparison with the many able speakers of that memorable campaign. He had something to tell the people of Providence, that was of deep interest to them. When he first entered the hall there were a few disrespectful remarks, in rather a quiet tone; as though feeling their way, the parties were ready to become boisterous if their little labors should prove successful.

No more manly form ever stood on a public platform; and could we have had kodaks then I would have given a fabulous price to have had the picture of Frederick Douglass as he then appeared on the platform of Richmond Hall. Naturally he referred to slavery and to the slave, but did not confine himself to that point. He launched out into as fine an analysis of public men as I ever heard or read of. We of the east had not heard much of Lincoln. We became interested in his contest with Stephen A. Douglass. Frederick Douglass was perfectly familiar with these men and their speeches in that memorable contest for the United States senatorship. Lincoln's speeches he said were replete with wisdom and originality; for every occasion he had new thoughts and new treatment of his subject; whereas, he said Douglass had the same old speech every time; and as he humorously expressed it, he sometimes commenced at the beginning, and went through to the end; sometimes he commenced at the end and went backward; sometimes in the middle—and sometimes at both ends! But it was the same old speech every time.

Almost all over the North and West they have, within the past twenty-five years, seen and heard Douglass. Some have undertaken to compare him with Phillips and Sumner, and the other great lights of slavery times. He was like none of them. He was Frederick Douglass. He followed no type, nor did he ape any man. His style was free, natural and dignified. Sumner himself was not more dignified.

As for scholarship, he was the peer of the ablest. He had evidently been a good reader of the best English literature; he never lacked for a good, apt and elegant illustration; his mind was well stored, and a grand dignity presided over the whole man. This dignity gave him character with the world.

He was highly honored, yet he bore his honors without ostentation, and every act revealed the cultured gentleman that he was. The very best born of the land could not have conducted themselves with more dignity, or with more gentlemanly bearing. He was a natural gentleman as well as natural orator. Nowhere but in America could such a character have developed itself. Some of his training was in England, and he undoubtedly received much from the old country. But his work was here, and here he developed the grand character that nature endowed him with. The great work of slavery existed. He was earnest in condemning it and in doing all in his power to help drive it from the borders of the great republic; and this honesty of purpose

only added to his character, and the more elevated the man before the world, and gave him such a standing and rank as fell to the lot of few men.

For years he stood in the front rank with the peers of the land; and on the platform before the most polished audience he was able to, and did obtain the most flattering attention for gifts that made him on that platform the peer of the best men that at times stood there.

His life was grand, from beginning to end. The old prophet said, it was well for a man to bear the yoke in his youth. He bore a heavy yoke—yet that yoke, nor all the adverse surroundings of the years was not able to keep such a spirit down, and it 'rose and 'rose until it became one of the mighty spirits in the land; and one that was always true to itself, and ever labored for the advancement of men. Frederick Douglass was a grand character and he well deserves all the honors that he has or shall receive.

I. P. N. \* \* \*

Washington, D. C., Feb. 28, 1895.

From the "New Englander," 1850.]

#### FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

##### A Reminiscence.

I went to the Fugitive Slave Convention at Cazenovia the other day for the purpose of daguerreotyping the world-known man whose name is at the head of this article. The meeting was held in a pleasant orchard, owned by a friend to humanity, who kindly permitted the colored Kossuths, Garibaldis and others, to meet under her vine and fig tree where no tyrant dare molest them or make them afraid. At the proper time for the commencement of the services of the meeting a large number of persons of every sect in religion, of every party in politics, and of every shade of complexion, met in this magnificent temple of nature. The golden chandelier in the blue roof above shone down like the smile of God upon that happy group of beautiful women and brave men—for though some of them were black, they were comely. There was Loguen, a noble, portly, dignified looking black, who escaped from slavery several years ago. He is now an acceptable and popular preacher of the gospel. There were the beautiful Edmonson girls, who were recaptured on board the "Pearl," but who have now found a safe and welcome asylum here at the North. They are emphatically *bright* mulattoes, with even features, soft voices, perfect forms and eyes radiant with intelligence. Woe be unto the men who hold such beings in bondage!

Their chivalry is cruelty, their gallantry licentiousness, their hospitality the benevolence of free-booters. Gerritt Smith, the *Great Heart* of his party, was present and Miller, his son-in-law, acted as secretary,

while that king of fugitive slaves, that black Demosthenes, Douglass, occupied the chair. It must have been extremely mortifying and humiliating to the slaveholders present, who came to the convention to hunt up their runaways, to see the chair occupied by a man who was once a slave, but who is now a freeman able to defeat any slaveholder in the land in a debate on the question of abolition.

Frederick Douglass is nearly six feet tall, and well proportioned. He is a mulatto, not much darker than some of the slaveholders of the South. He has crisped hair which is marked with a few silver threads; a square brow, which does not indicate the giant mind of its possessor; an aquiline nose; a wide mouth and compressed lips which show the unyielding firmness of the man. He has a habit of twitching the muscles of the mouth when he becomes excited, as though a speech was breaking out of it in silent syllables. He dresses neatly, moves about deliberately and gracefully, and is courteous and gentlemanly in his deportment. He is perfectly free from affectation. The honesty of his intentions shines transparently through his actions. As an orator, he ranks with the best speakers in Congress. Indeed there are but few men in the Senate whose language is as pure and forcible as his. One of the most eminent reporters in this country observed that he never heard but two speakers whose impromptu addresses were fit for the press as they came fresh from the lips of the orators—and these two persons who speak so accurately are the Governor of Canada and Frederick Douglass. While but few of our educated men have such a command of classical English as Mr. Douglass, a still smaller number can equal him in eloquence and originality. His glowing logic, biting irony, melting appeals and electrifying eloquence astonish the multitudes that throng his meetings.

It is universally admitted by the *litterati* of Europe and America that Douglass is a great man, whose mind bears the unmistakable stamp of true genius. Yet this man, who had sufficient ingenuity and courage to escape from the prison-house of bondage, who has talent enough to make a name that will not die, who was received into the best society of the old world, is not permitted to sit at the same table with a white man, is insulted on board of our steamboats and rail-cars, and driven from our omnibuses and stage coaches, because of his complexion. Not long since he was mobbed in the city of New York, because he walked in the street with some white ladies of distinction who had crossed the Atlantic to pay him a visit. Since that time a band of ruffians assaulted him in the capital of Ohio, because he was black. Shame on the people who, by their voice and their votes, will sanction such an outrage! Shame on the church that remains dumb when she should cry aloud and lift up her voice like a trumpet against such sins!

Let us for a moment look at the wickedness and absurdity of this prejudice against color. A few months ago Douglass was grossly insulted by the spruce captain of the "Alida." Why did this white

fellow treat his passenger with such indignity? The latter paid his fare, treated all present with the utmost respect, did not assume any pompous airs, committed no crime and obeyed the rules which white people are requested to observe. The only fault in him was the color of his skin. Now place these men side by side, and look at them! Douglass is the more perfect model of the two, and decidedly the better looking man. In a personal encounter he would prove to be more than a match for his fair, or rather unfair, brother. But we say that the mind makes the man. Give to each of these a pen and paper and ask them to write an essay on whatever subject they may choose to select. The captain could only write a few dull common-place, disjointed sentences, that would fall like feathers in a vacuum, whilst the fugitive slave would write "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," and his rich essay would make the grand tour of the press, eliciting the admiration of men and women of taste and talent in both hemispheres!

Lead them to the platform to address the masses. Let the captain speak first. He trembles, his tongue thickens, he cannot collect his thoughts, although they are not numerous, but he speaks "words, words, words," nothing but words, and they are neither constructed according to the rules of grammar, nor pronounced properly. He says that he is done, and the people shout "Amen!" Douglass is called. He rises deliberately. Owing to his color you cannot tell whether the blood rushes to his face or recedes from it, but the trembling of his hands, the twitching at the corner of his mouth and the shake of his voice, betray his embarrassment. He is modest, humble and unassuming. His fine figure and manly tones command the attention of the people, and they have almost forgotten that he is a colored man. He appeals to their sympathies and stout men weep like children; he argues, and they are convinced that it must be so; he touches their mirthfulness, and the sunshine of good humor lights up every countenance. He says that he must stop—"Go on, go on," exclaim the hearers from all parts of the house. Off he goes again. "How chaste his language!" says one; "What a sublime thought!" observes another; "Did you ever hear such sublime eloquence?" inquires a third.

Now permit me to ask, Ought Douglass to blacken that captain's boots, and eat off his dirty plate at a second table? Is he such a contemptible creature that he ought to pay cabin fare and then be kicked from the table into the steerage when he answers the bell that calls others to their meals? Must he be compelled to sit outside the stage coach in the storm, because inside there happens to be a white man with such a wooden head and such a wicked heart that he cannot endure the presence of his black brother? Shall we exclude him from our division rooms because a few tyrants at the South (and a few trucksters at the North), whose dwellings are cemented with the sweat

and blood of the slave, insult their Maker by trampling upon what he has made? These plebeian pale-faces who condemn a man because of his complexion, show an obtuseness of mind and a hardness of heart which fit them for no other place than that now occupied by the slaves. Place them in the rice and cotton fields, let them cultivate crops of sugar and tobacco, and they will never do anything to secure their own emancipation. Shall such men as Douglass be returned to chains and slavery?

The English people have paid a large sum of money to the man from whose clutches Frederick Douglass escaped. They did so to prevent his being recaptured. Now suppose that Douglass was a fugitive, and that no money had been paid to secure his liberty. He visits Massachusetts at a time when a number of Southern senators are visiting a distinguished man at Marshfield. "There goes Douglass!" exclaims Clemens. "Let us give chase and catch him!" replies Foote. Douglass will not run. There he stands, like a lion at bay, before hounds that dare not whet their fangs in his blood. They approach him with bowie-knives and pistols. He knocks the weapons from their hands, and, grasping them by their coat collars, puts their heads closer together than they ever were in Congress. They cry "enough!" and consent to argue the case in Faneuil Hall. A public meeting is called. The slaveholders speak first; the fugitive follows and answers their arguments. He batters down their hiding-place and builds a fortification for himself with the ruins. Even these men reluctantly acknowledge his power, and would deem it no disgrace to be beaten by a white man of equal ability.

Douglass has imperfections. He is sometimes ferociously severe. Some of his plans are impolitic and impracticable. His firmness amounts to unbending obstinacy. He does not give due credit always to the staunch friends of the slave that are not found within the pale of his party. He is the editor of the *North Star*, a paper which deserves extensive circulation. Few men have greater versatility of talent than Mr. Douglass. He can write a splendid essay, deliver an eloquent speech, labor a strong argument, mimic the mountebank jugglery and tomfoolery of politicians in search of office, and scourge with the lash of sarcasm the Priest and the Levite who pass on the other side when the slave is bleeding in chains.

CRAYON.





## **Biographical Sketch.**



## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

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Slave, fugitive, crusader, champion achiever of truest success, statesman, wielder of vast usefulness, commander of the world's respect, yet with all of his honors humble, gentle as are all of the truly great—such was Frederick Douglass. In his immense ascent from the lower depths of condition where the masses were reached not even by the faintest glimmer of hope, to the heights of meritorious and even majestic triumph; in his vast compass of experience, his strivings and failures, his noble aspirations and persistent upward mountings, his final complete and serene success, the life of this man affords one of the most satisfying illustrations of high human realization, that appears in the whole history of the world. And beyond all this his character and career were distinctly and distinguishedly unique. He was to the Afro-American what Washington and Lincoln were to the Anglo-American.

Frederick Douglass was born a slave in Tuckahoe, near Easton, Md., on the plantation of Colonel Edward Lloyd. He never knew the exact time of his birth, but it was probably in February, 1817. The identity of his father was also a matter unknown, but he was unquestionably a white man. His mother, a slave, was Harriet Bailey, one of the five daughters of Isaac and Betsey Bailey, whose mere possession of a surname is evidence that they were one of the oldest and best class of slave families in Maryland, as it was not customary to allow any but such to bear surnames, and the superiority of the mother over the majority of her race in that time is further attested by the

fact that she was the only colored person in the whole village who was able to read. She called her son Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey, but after his escape he took the simpler name which he made famous. His life was not dissimilar from that of other child slaves. Placed at work as early as his services had any value, he toiled on incessantly until he found freedom, seeing meanwhile with his own eyes, day by day, all of the details of slavery, the whippings, the outrages, the "grievous burden of life," and too, the little softening amenities, for such of course there were. He pondered upon the injustice of the "peculiar institution" as a million of his class had before him, but with a mind of far finer native fibre than the masses of his fellows he perceived far more than they—realized more acutely—and we have his word for it spoken when he was near the meridian of his life, free and educated, that he became "just as well aware of the unjust, unnatural and murderous character of slavery when nine years old, as I am now." Among the few bright spots in the slave boy's plantation life was the kindness of his master's daughter, Mrs. Thomas Auld, and later he was the recipient of valuable favors from Mrs. Hugh Auld, of Baltimore, to whom as his new mistress he was taken in 1825, soon after he had begun his ninth year. She taught him to read, or at least gave him rudimentary instruction in that medium of knowledge until her husband forbade, and this forbiddance being in the hearing of the boy and coupled with a remark that education was a dangerous thing for a slave to possess, set the shrewd boy to thinking, with the result that he soon saw clearly the vast value of being able to read and sought to acquire the art with tenfold his former zeal, though surreptitiously, and he made rapid progress from that day forth. Education and freedom became coupled in his mind as a means and an end and he diligently worked his slow, hard way along the road toward

his great objective point. By the time he was fifteen years old, the comparatively easy life of the boy was exchanged for one of hard labor in Mr. Auld's shipyard in Baltimore, and by the death of his mistress soon after he became the property of her husband who removed in 1833 to St. Michael's, a fishing village on the bay about forty miles from Baltimore. In the meantime our hero had made some good friends, had got larger glimmerings of the light of possible freedom, had gleaned fragments of knowledge, grown in mind, and had become converted to the creed of Christianity. He endeavored to study and also in a small way to teach, even organized a little school of black boys, which was quickly dispersed by his master and was threatened with the lash and with bullets if he did not desist. His master finding that there was danger he would rise in spite of all his efforts, surrendered the completion of the obdurate young slave's industrial education to one Covey, who was famous alike for his devout religion and his success in breaking unruly slaves. By this man he was overworked and ferociously flogged for what it had been beyond his power to prevent. Again and again this chastisement was repeated during a period of six months, and the sterling, strong, courageous spirit which finally prevailed and became the champion of his race as well as the corrector of his own wrongs, was, for the time being, thoroughly cowed. Douglass has said that, if at any one time more than another, it was then that he was "made to drink the bitterest dregs of slavery. . . . A few months of this discipline tamed me. . . . I was broken in body, soul and spirit. . . . My natural elasticity was crushed; my intellect languished; the disposition to read departed; the dark night of slavery closed in upon me; and behold a man transformed into a brute! I had neither sufficient time in which to eat or sleep, except on Sunday. . . . I spent this in a sort of beast-like stupor, between sleeping

and waking under some large tree. . . . I was sometimes prompted to take my life and that of Covey, but was prevented by a combination of hope and fear. . . . The overwork and the brutal chastisement, combined with that ever gnawing and soul-devouring thought 'I am a slave—a slave for life—a slave with no rational ground to hope for freedom,' rendered me a living embodiment of mental and physical wretchedness." But a great change—a revulsion and revolution—was near at hand.

It soon came about that he was again most brutally assaulted, kicked and clubbed by Covey. He fled to his master, Captain Auld, who ordered his return to the overseer. He obeyed, but there had grown up in his heart a fierce and determined spirit of resentment and resistance in place of the submission which he had been taught was the only proper attitude toward the oppressor. The opportunity for exercise of this newly engendered heroism was not delayed. No sooner had he met the overseer than that individual proceeded to punish him for his absence and his appeal to his master. Instead of meekly receiving chastisement, the slave stood up manfully and a terrific fight followed in which Covey and those whom he ordered to his assistance were vanquished. The overseer never tried again to inflict punishment upon Frederick though he had opportunity and even provocation within the few following months. Douglass called this the "turning point in his life." It made him a man instead of a timid boy, or, as he says, "a freeman in fact while I remained a slave in form."

He was four years more in bondage, but was never again whipped, although it was several times attempted. For two years after that, in 1835 and 1836, he was hired out by Covey to a neighbor who treated his slaves much better than had been Frederick's lot for some time previously. Even the comparatively humane treatment that he

received, however, was not sufficient to put to sleep in his soul the idea of freedom, and it was not long until the restless spirit was engaged in an attempt to escape to the North. This proved abortive and he was sent, in the latter part of 1836, to serve as an apprentice in a shipyard at Baltimore. He had been there before as a boy, but he returned now as a man—at least in physical and moral stature and stamina—and his education which had stood still for the most part during the interval of his absence, was again resumed under those meagre advantages which he could command. Young freedmen of the city permitted him to enter a club, the East Baltimore Mutual Improvement Society, from which other slaves were excluded. He met, too, during this period, Annie Murray, a free woman of color, with whom he fell in love and whom he eventually married, though he made no effort to then, because he was resolved to be a freeman before he took a wife.

And now came the realization of the purpose he had secretly cherished for a dozen years. It was upon September 3, 1838, that he made his break for freedom and became a fugitive instead of a slave. A sailor's passport was obtained through the kindness of an old free negro, which allowed the bearer to go wherever he liked. Provided with this, disguised as a seaman, under the assumed name of Stanley, and with the command of all the odds and ends of knowledge as to a seafarer's life which he had picked up about the shipyard, he took a train for the North and after several times escaping recapture, enduring trepidation and an agony of suspense, he at last reached New York City and breathed with comparative ease and a sense of immunity from danger. He went to the house of a colored preacher who had previously been made acquainted with the plan and there waited for a few days until the arrival of his betrothed, to whom he was soon married by his clerical friend.



It was not until many years later, indeed after the abolishment of slavery, that Douglass talked freely of the manner of his escape, though often pressed to do so, but when his revealing of the facts could no longer imperil the chances of other fugitives, because there no longer were such, he told the whole story. The marriage proved a most happy one and it may be remarked in passing, was blessed with offspring. (Rosetta, born June 20, 1839; Lewis Henry, October 9, 1840; Frederick, March 3, 1842; Charles Remond, October 2, 1844, and Annie, March 22, 1849.) The fugitive and his wife journeyed in the middle of September to New Bedford, Mass., where he had reason to believe he could have employment in one of the great shipyards. In that old seaport town, the ex-slave received the name he was destined to make world-famous, adopted at the suggestion of a free colored man named Nathan Johnson, who greeted him on his arrival hospitably, and entertained and befriended him through the years of his greatest struggling. Johnson suggested the name of Douglass because it was fresh in his mind from reading of Sir Walter Scott's hero, and it was not an inappropriate name for the man who was to carve out such a career as did the one time slave and the future champion of his race.

His life was full of vicissitudes and both himself and wife were obliged to go out to service when other employment failed him, and it was when he stood behind a chair as a waiter he first heard the conversation of one of the great men with whom he was to be a co-worker, Robert C. Winthrop. He carried on his studies with new zeal and greater advantage, now that he was a free man, and made corresponding advancement. He became somewhat noted in a year or so as a speaker to colored people, and in the beginning of August, 1841, in an assemblage at New Bedford, heard for the first time William Lloyd Garrison, Parker Pillsbury and other leading abolitionists, and later in the

same month, going to Nantucket to attend another series of meetings of the same nature, was called out for the first time in his life to address a white audience. He spoke in fear and trembling, but according to the testimony of several of his distinguished hearers, with fine effect. Before he returned to New Bedford, he accepted an invitation from the agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society to enter into its service as a lecturer and travel to and fro with him narrating his experience wherever he could find an audience. He accepted reluctantly, doubtful of his ability, and for a period of only three months, but that was the beginning of more than fifty years of public pleading for his race,—a score of years for the overthrow of slavery, and that being accomplished, more than a score and ten years for the betterment of the blacks by other measures, political, humanitarian, religious and educational. He fast mounted to the position of a great power in the cause which he espoused. He became a strong factor in the vanguard of freedom's soldiers and was a constant, brave, effective fighter through the whole long struggle,—a crusader until he stood among the champions, and then enlisted over again for still other crusades.

In 1845 he wrote his autobiography which exerted a great deal of influence in the anti-slavery movement and brought the writer into prominence. From that time onward his career was before the greater public. It is a part of the larger history of the United States, indeed of freedom in the world. Its details are too innumerable for mention within the limits of a rapidly drawn outline such as is the province of this work. His life henceforth belonged to the people and grew larger and nobler and more useful in the ken of the masses. He was invited to deliver a series of lectures in England and was absent on that errand for about a year. Upon his return in 1847, he established in Rochester, New York, the *North Star*, with money given

him for the purpose by friends whom he made in England. Its name was soon changed to *Frederick Douglass' Paper*, and for a period of seventeen years it was a prosperous and influential organ of the propaganda of freedom, its publication being abandoned when slavery was abolished.

During all of that time he was a noted lecturer and achieved great distinction, not alone by the righteousness of the cause he fought for, but by the ability he developed as a thinker and an orator. Immense crowds flocked to hear him in the cities of the North, but not at once, for he had to pass through the dark and even perilous days when anti-slavery sentiments were far from popular. At length, and in larger measure from his own efforts, the public conscience was aroused and the majority were upon the side of the erstwhile much hated pioneers of freedom. When John Brown of Harper's Ferry fame came into the arena as one of the militant forces in the "impending struggle," Douglass had some connection with him—just how much was not known at the time and has perhaps never been fully shown. After Brown fled from Kansas charged with murder and other crimes, he was for weeks in Douglass' house in Rochester, while Federal officers were searching for him. Douglass was aware of all of Brown's intended movements, knew that he proposed to strike in Virginia, and that his purpose was to run the slaves off to freedom without using violence. Previous to the expedition, Douglass visited Brown who was hiding in a secluded spot near Chambersburg, Pa., had several long talks with him, and gave him considerable money. When news of the Harper's Ferry insurrection came in 1859, Douglass' friends were uneasy for his personal safety though he himself felt no uneasiness. But his friends were wiser than he. They came to him with word to flee because officers were even then searching for him. Realizing at last that he was in danger, Douglass made his way by "underground railroad" to Canada and

thence sailed for England. There he remained until the Virginia authorities were glad to *nolle pros* the indictment against him, for he had been formally and legally indicted for murder and would have been hanged if caught. All through the war period which followed, Douglass was an incessantly active force in pushing projects for the abolition of slavery, and when that was accomplished, in aiding the freedmen by the numerous schemes that were found imperative and some of which resulted in lasting and great good.

In 1866 he was elected a delegate from Rochester to the loyalists convention at Philadelphia. It was mainly by his efforts that the convention declared in favor of universal suffrage. In 1870 he went to Washington with a modest fortune, and bought the *National Era* newspaper, but it was never a commercial success, and after sinking considerable money in his endeavor to make it so, he relinquished his purpose. From that time on Washington, or its suburb, Anacostia, was his home, and he was conspicuously identified with the life of the National Capital, though often seen in the chief cities of the country. Long before this Mr. Douglass had become a leader in politics. He supported General Grant for the Presidency in 1868 and 1872, and was elector-at-large from New York State in the latter year, and to him more than any one else was due the support of the great general by the colored vote in the campaign of that year. The President soon afterward appointed him a councillor or member of the upper house of the legislature of the District of Columbia. He was afterward a member of the Presidential Commission to San Domingo. Making, as he did, almost constantly, political, sociological and religious addresses, he maintained in all a high average of excellence and great effectiveness, but the zenith point in his achievement of this kind was undoubtedly reached on April 14, 1876, when he delivered in the presence of the President, Cabinet, Judges of the

Supreme Court, Senators and Representatives, at Washington, an oration on the unveiling of the freedmen's statue of Lincoln. President Hayes appointed Douglass Marshal of the District of Columbia, and during the administration of Presidents Garfield and Arthur he was Recorder of Deeds. These several posts with that of Minister to Hayti, to which he was appointed by President Harrison, and all of which he filled with ability and distinction, were his few official rewards for a lifetime of service to principle and party. His greater reward was the honor of the whole liberty-loving world, the consciousness of a noble and most difficult duty satisfactorily performed. He labored heroically for his race, with no hope or expectation of reward, and from absolute singleness of motive—duty to humanity. Upon his devotion to the interests of the colored people and his views in regard to them, one of their number has said since his death :

“Consistency was a strong feature of his character. He never compromised his principles. During the darkest hour of his career his patriotism never waned. America he claimed to be the proper home of the Afro-American and no other country could claim his fealty. An American he would live, an American he would die. Therefore every scheme of deportation, colonization, segregation of the Afro-American met with his unqualified disapprobation. He discountenanced any movement looking to the removal of the negro from the South. The South, he claimed, belongs to the Afro-American. It is his natural habitat, he has enriched it by his labor, watered it with his tears, and preserved it to the Union with his life's blood. His attitude on all political questions and at all times was consistent with those principles. . . . He had also the courage of his convictions. Ever faithful to his race throughout the changes and chances of political life his indomitable courage knew no defeat, his bold spirit

knew no discomfiture. When other men quailed and surrendered before the enemy, Douglass unfurled the black flag and rushed in where the battle was fiercest. He never allowed the wily later-day negro-phile to pose before him as an apologist for Southern barbarism. The iron of slavery had sunk deep into his soul and the rust rankled there and roused in him on such occasions a fury of burning invective or biting satire."

And another writer adds: "Mr. Douglass believed in the colored people. He believed that in this country there is a great future for them and that they will ultimately justify every prophecy for good made with regard to them. He not only gave expression to his belief in their ability to become capable men of business, if given a fair trial, but he emphasized that confidence by contributing his money liberally to help their industrial enterprises. Right here in the city of Washington, he was the first president of the Industrial Building and Savings Company; a large stockholder in the Alpha Life Insurance Company, and one of the heaviest depositors in the Capital Savings Bank—all institutions controlled and managed by colored men." It was as here indicated that Mr. Douglass continued to use his ability and influence for his people even down to the day of his death.

In the meantime, his domestic life had undergone a change. His first wife died in 1882, and in 1884 he was married to Miss Helen Pitts, a cultivated and intelligent lady, a native of New York but who had resided for some time in Washington. His residence, well known to public men and through the press to the people generally, was in Anacostia. It was there that his remarkable life closed suddenly on the evening of February 20, 1895. He evidently died of heart disease after passing the day in usual health and in the pursuit of his customary mode of life. The announcement of his demise was flashed over the country,

and the press of two continents the next morning contained ample sketches of his phenomenal public career from slave to statesman, and glowing tributes to the qualities of his mind and heart. There were numerous public and private testimonials of bereavement and tributes paid to his worth. Most marked of all was perhaps the adjournment of the legislature of North Carolina as a mark of respect called out by his death. It was the more significant from the fact that the action was taken in the legislature of a Southern State and one in which but a short time before there had been lost motions to adjourn in honor of Washington and Lee. So it had surpassing significance to the people who were watching intently for some of the passing away of old conditions and the coming of the new. That an ex-slave who had passed upward into fame and finally into "the great security" should be thus honored in a former slave State, was indeed one of the strange and thought-inspiring events of this mightily changeful generation.

Frederick Douglass' career, his purity of character, his allegiance to principle, his fearlessness, his unceasing fight for freedom, his high ability, his sound and moving oratory, his picturesque and noble appearance, his powerful personality now fresh in the minds of the people will be perpetuated in the history of the country and the heart of humanity. Of him, it may be said in the words spoken of another apostle of liberty: "He lived to see justice triumphant, freedom universal, and to receive the tardy praises of his former opponents. The blessings of the poor, the friendless and the oppressed enriched him."

THE END.











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